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SONGS AND TALES FROM THE DARK CONTINENT

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SONGS AND TALES

from the

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CARVED WOODEN GOBLET

(West Central Africa)

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SONGS AND TALES FROM THE DARK CONTINENT

Recorded from the Singing and the Sayings

of

C. KAMBA SIMANGO

Ndau Tribe, Portuguese East Africa

and

MADIKANE ČELE

Zulu Tribe, Natal, Zululand, South Africa

By

NATALIE CURTIS



New York • G. SCHIRMER • Boston

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CONTENTS

Page

INTRODUCTION xi

C. KAMBA SIMANGO 1

SIMANGO'S LETTER TO THE READER 12

PROVERBS, BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS, SONGS AND TALES OF THE NDAU TRIBE, EAST AFRICA 13

MADIKANE ČELE 57

SONGS AND TALES OF THE ZULU TRIBE, SOUTH AFRICA 62

SIMANGO'S FAREWELL TO THE READER 77

APPENDIX 153

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ANALYTICAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

The three columns of page-numbers denote, severally: first (left-hand) column=text, explanatory and descriptive prose, song-poems; middle column=music; last (right-hand) column=interlinear translations in the Appendix.

	Text	Music	Appendix
INTRODUCTION: AFRICA AND THE AFRICANS	xi		
Songs, Tales and Proverbs of the Ndau Tribe			
KAMBA SIMANGO	1		
SIMANGO'S LETTER TO THE READER	12		
NOTES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF CHINDAU' TEXT	13		
AFRICAN PROVERBS	14		153
BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NDAU TRIBE	15		
MATE'KA : SONG OF THE RAIN CEREMONY (I) A ndi'na mwa'na wokwe'nda na ye *No child may journey with me*	20	81	154
MATE'KA : SONG OF THE RAIN CEREMONY (II) Nyamakamba'la tape'la *Thunder-of-the-East, we're dying*	22	90	155
MANTHI'KI : SPIRIT-SONG (I) Sa'lanyi, sa'lanyi *Farewell, farewell*	24	93	156
MANTHI'KI : SPIRIT-SONG (II) Nyam'nje'nje we'nda *On homeward pinion*	25	98	156
MANTHI'KI : SPIRIT-SONG (III) Vamalo'ra nje'che *Who little ones doth beat*	26	99	157
MANTHI'KI : SPIRIT-SONG (IV) Nyamuzi'ra wo'ye *He who knows*	27	100	157
LU'MBO RI'O JU'DO : LOVE-SONG A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya *I have not my own, Muzi'ya*	28	101	157

Digitized by Google

MAFU'VE : DANCE OF GIRLS	29	103	157
Eyo'we, Kwa'maiwe			
Alas, Mother's home			
CHILDREN'S SONGS			
(I) Mu-to-to-li'le (Drip-Drop the Rain)	30	106	158
(II) Cha-Kom'ba-Kom'ba (Hopping Song)	31	106	158
(III) Muvi'li, Zu'ma-Zu'ma (Drying Song)	31	106	159
LABORING SONG (I)	32	107	159
Kwae'ja no makashot'			
Day dawns with freight to haul			
LABORING CHANT		108	
Kanye', kanye'!			
Come on, come on!			
LABORING SONG (II)	33	108	159
Ma'le Kambe'n'			
Money in Kamben'			
PWI'TA : DANCE-SONG (I)	35	110	159
Ku muse'ngele wa Lu'nde!			
To hammock now for Lu'nde!			
N*th*KO'DO : DANCE-SONG (II)	37	114	160
Chamale'bvu (The Long Beard)			
N*th*KO'DO : DANCE-SONG (III)	38	118	160
Baba' va lova'la ngwena' ino luma'			
My father he married a crocodile wife			
KUFA'MBA : MOCKING-SONG	39	119	161
Kufa'mba			
To walk thus			
CHILI'LO : LAMENT	41	120	161
Ndi'no muwana' pi i'nga Bala'nku			
Where shall I find one like to Bala'nku			
FOLK-TALES			
(I) The Hare and the Tortoise	43		
(II) The Hare and the Baboon	44		
(III) How the Animals Dug Their Well	45		
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje / *I'm coming joggy-jog trot* } Song I		122	162
Na'ndi Shu'lo kupe'mbela-u / *Hi, oh Hare, going away* } Song II		122	162

Digitized by Google

The Hare's Dance-Song : English Paraphrase 123
(IV) The Jackal and the Rooster 47
(V) Death of the Hare 48

LEGEND AND SONG OF THE DAUGHTER AND THE SLAVE 49
Lusi'nga, lusi'nga, da'ndali! } Song I 124 163
O cord, O cord, whirr!
Mai *va*-i-le'*va* } Song II 125 163
Mother, she was saying

*V*ASA-GO'RE : LEGEND AND SONG OF THE SKY-MAIDEN 51 127 164
Sam'du'mbi-we'-we', ndekande'
O youth, I entreat thee, I pray

Songs and Tales of the Zulu Tribe

MADIKA'NE ǪANDEYA'NE ČE'LE : AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH 57

NOTE FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF ZULU TEXTS 62 164

IGA'MA LE 'MPI : SONG OF WAR 63 133 165
Se'nge sa'ba naku'pi we mako'si?
Fear I aught, ye hostile Kings?

IGA'MA LA BANTWA'NA : SONG OF CHILDREN 66 135 167
O tu'la, mtwa'na, O tu'la
O hush thee, baby, O hush thee

DANCE-SONGS 68
IGA'MA LO KUSI'NA:' DANCE-SONG (I) 69 136 168
Be'ngi le'le egǫume'ni
On the hillside I slumbered

IGA'MA LO KUSI'NA : DANCE-SONG (II) 71 139 168
Dubul'! U'ngi bambe'le i'nto i'nye
Shout! She kept me waiting for one thing

ZULU LOVE-SONGS, OR SONGS OF MEDITATION 71
IGA'MA LO TA'NDO : SONG OF LOVE
(I) U-ye'ze, u-ye'ze 73 143 168
He cometh, he cometh
(II) Uda'li use'le ematsho'n' 74 145 169
My darling stayed in the West
(III) Awu-yi'ni-ye'lelema'm' 74 146 170
Ah, think of this, 'lelema'm'
(IV) Ngi hla'gene nento'mbi za se nza'nsi 75 148 170
I saw some maidens coming from the Southland

CREATION STORY 76

SIMA'NGO'S FAREWELL TO THE READER 77

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Carved Wooden Goblet (*West Central Africa*), Frontispiece	
Native Africa	xii
African Wood-Carving—Boxes, Bowl, Drinking-horn (*West Central Africa*)	xxiv
The Mbi'la (A Native Instrument)	3
C. Kamba Simango	8
Diviners—Called by the Whites "Witch Doctors"	16
African Textile Designs (in native plush, woven and cut from palm-fibre)	46
Madikane Čele	57
African Textile Design	60
African Wood-Carving—Cups and Ladle (*West Central Africa*)	77

Note—The cover design and all incidental decorations are reproductions of African textiles.

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INTRODUCTION

AFRICA AND THE AFRICANS

I

NOTE.—Ba'ntu African words are usually accented on the *penultima*, or syllable before the last.

The future of the black African, whether on the Dark Continent or in the Americas, is to-day sharply silhouetted against that red which still burns in the sky although the fires or war are quenched. How much colonial expansion in Africa and the desire for it may have contributed to the deep underlying causes of the world-war, one fact is certain: the African, who had seen his land wrested from him by wealth-seeking European ambition, was summoned to stand shoulder to shoulder with the white man in the white man's country helping him to fight his battles. And no one questioned his loyalty. The war has taught the white man that he needs the black as the black man needs the white. For neither in their struggle nor in their advance can races to-day be independent of each other. Though the quest for power, for dominion, for economic supremacy which meant the oppression and exploitation of simpler, weaker peoples, recoiled with tragic fatality upon the white race itself—a boomerang, slaying the thrower—yet the war leaped beyond the white man and caught the darker races in its clutch. And though the grip was hideous and bloody, yet it linked the world together; and doubtless, when the dust shall clear, we shall find that men of diverse colors and creeds, men high and low, have been brought to know one another as never before.

We Caucasians have known the black race for the most part from the outside only. We have thought of the natives of Africa and the Negroes in America chiefly as a labor supply. Though scholars have written of Africa and of its indigenous culture, history and folk-lore, the white man in general has known little of the soul of the black man. The African songs in this book and the various types of Negro songs in separate volumes of this same series[1] have been gathered and written down not alone for their intrinsic interest; they are here offered for what they reveal of the mind and heart of the black man and of his life and customs. In the folk-music of a people is imaged the racial soul; to simple or primitive men who are close to nature and are impelled by her creative spirit, song

[1]See Negro Folk-Songs, Hampton Series, Books I, II, III, IV, recorded by Natalie Curtis. Published by G. Schirmer, New York.

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is a vital part of existence itself. Music is not only an individual expression accompanying daily tasks and reflecting experiences; more than that, it is the voice of tribal, even of racial prayer; the moulding, in art-form, of communal group sentiment; and the living fluent utterance of a people's inspiration. Particularly is this true of African song. For the black man is naturally both musical and emotional: unreserved in expression, warm, impulsive, intuitive, deeply impressionable and quickly responsive. May those who look within these pages clearly see that the human family is near of kin and that basic emotions of love, of sorrow, of rejoicing and of prayer, whether men be primitive or advanced, white, yellow, red or black, are the same root-feelings planted in us all.

This work of research into the music and song-poems of the black race is known as the "Hampton Series," and has been pursued under the auspices of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, the pioneer industrial training-school for undeveloped races in America. Besides hundreds of American Negroes and Indians, Hampton has numbered among its students native Africans who have come the long way from the Dark Continent to equip themselves for service to their race at home. It is with the help of two of these sons of that ancient tropic world that the Songs and Tales in this book have been set on paper. Ka′mba Sima′ngo,[1] of Portuguese East Africa, and Madika′ne Ǫande′yana Če′le,[2]

[1]For the phonetic spelling of Sima′ngo's name, see Appendix.
[2]For the phonetic spelling of Če′le's name, see Appendix.



NATIVE AFRICA

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of Zululand, have offered to the recorder this folk-lore of their tribes to form a book which should hold in permanence the unwritten music and poetry of their race. For even as, in Africa, carved wood and stone bear testimony to the ancient African art-sense in design and sculpture, so would page and pencil here record enduring symbols of African music which should thus be unforgotten.

What does our geography teach us of Africa to-day? The black native, fighting in the white man's war in Europe (and at home loyally holding in abeyance his grievance against white injustice to fight against even his own brethren in the extension of the world-war into Africa), this child of the Dark Continent has indeed a curious status in his own land. The map to-day shows two small patches called "Black Man's Africa"—two little isolated spots divided by the width of the entire continent: Abyssinia on the east, the ancient stronghold of those earliest black Christians; and Liberia on the west, the modern refuge of the Christian freedmen from America. All the rest of the huge continent, a land as large as North America and the whole of Europe combined, is divided between European "spheres of influence."[1]

Yet in spite of conquest, slavery, oppression and exploitation; in spite of strange new diseases that sweep in death-dealing epidemics through villages and communities; in spite of the curse of alcohol and the demoralization and disintegration that inevitably follow, the black race, vital and elastic, steadily increases. European influence has wrought this good to the African: it has practically abolished the decimations of intertribal warfare. Black Africa has now a population of about two hundred million souls. South of the Equator there are fifty million people speaking the Ba'ntu[2] dialects alone. The British South African Union holds some five million blacks—four to six natives for every white man. In the Western hemisphere the black population of South America is nine and a half million; and of North America, some eighteen million, of which twelve million dwell in the United States. Seventy per cent. of the population of the West Indies is colored; colored, too, is sixty-four per cent. of the people of Bermuda; thirty-five per cent. of Brazil; nine per cent. of Central America. The United States counts over ten per cent. of its entire population Negro, which means that one of every ten persons in this country is colored. Surely a race now numbering close on three hundred million people scattered by the slave-trade throughout the world, should evoke serious consideration. Should we not indeed do well to know more of these dark neighbors who now form a part of the future civilization of so many nations?

[1]France's influence extends across about 45 per cent. of the total area of the Dark Continent, controlling in the North the French Sahara, Algeria, and Morocco; in the West, Mauretania, Senegal, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey and the French Congo; while toward the centre of the continent lies French Equatorial Africa. The Island of Madagascar to the Southeast, also controlled by France, is alone larger than France herself. Great Britain holds, in the North, Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan; in the East British East Africa, the Protectorate of Bechuanaland, the Somali Coast Protectorate, Rhodesia; on the West, Sierra Leone, the British Gold Coast, Ashanti and Northern Nigeria; to the South, the Union of South Africa, comprising the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Italy holds Tripolitania on the North, Eritrea on the Red Sea, and Italian Somaliland on the Indian Ocean. Belgium owns that great portion of central Equatorial Africa known as the Belgian Congo; Spain has a comparatively small slice of the Northwestern coast called Rio de Oro; while Portugal still claims a long section of the Eastern coast, facing Madagascar, known as Portuguese East Africa, and on the West coast the land called Angola. Before the world-war, the German colonies comprised German Southwest Africa and the Kamerun, German East Africa on the Indian Ocean, and Togoland on the Atlantic.

[2]Bantu—See page ix.

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Whence came this hardy and fecund race of such apparently unlimited capacity for assimilation and adaptation? Speculations are many, for traces of the ancient kin of this black people are found along the Mediterranean basin and as far east as distant Polynesia. Dr. Franz Boas, the well-known anthropologist, says that "negroid races are found on the Andaman Islands, in the interior of the Malay Peninsula, in the Philippines, New Guinea and Melanesia, Tasmania; they are mixed with many Polynesian tribes." But science has as yet discovered no certain geographical point of origin for the race whose skin for untold centuries was taught by nature to resist the heat of a tropic sun.

It is thought that the aboriginal people of South Africa were the pygmies, a stunted, dwarfish folk of the jungles who are related to the Bushmen,[1] a yellowish race with somewhat slanting eyes who lived—and still live—by hunting alone. It is supposed that these African aborigines of prehistoric times were pushed steadily southward by migratory black tribes who were increasing in population, even as the American Indians in our own time were thrust westward by white invaders. Now, with the added pressure of European colonization in Africa, the Bushmen have diminished almost to the point of extinction; but they have silently left immortal records of their race in the art of their primitive cave-paintings. The doom of annihilation is also rapidly overtaking the Hottentots of South Africa, another yellowish race (thought by some authorities to be a mixture of Blacks and Bushmen) who were a numerous, healthy and pastoral folk when first encountered by Europeans.

But there are many peoples who have been long in Africa besides the pygmies, Bushmen, Hottentots and Blacks. In the North are Caucasian Berbers, the Libyans of ancient history; the Moors, a blend between Berber and Arab, comparative newcomers; the Hamitic people of the Sahara; the Jews, colonists in North Africa since the seventh century; and lastly, but most important of races in all North Africa, the Arabs and other Mohammedan branches of the great Semitic family. Firmly rooted since the seventh century when the conquering hosts of Islam swept westward over Africa, the Mohammedan has stamped the sharp impress of his uncompromising religion and his cultural characteristics upon both subject and neighboring peoples and tribes. Nor may we forget in North Africa the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. For while the great black race spreads Southward in many branches and several linguistic stocks, we must remember that since earliest times, even before the days of Egypt's splendor, strains of black blood flowed into the white North, while the great caravan routes and the trade in gold, ivory and other treasure brought a filtering of white blood southward. Particularly is this true of the Semitic influence carried by Arab traders across the Red Sea to the east coast, and in later centuries down from the Mohammedan North.[2]

[1]The yellow Bushmen of Africa are not to be confused with the Bushmen of Australia, who are black. Both races received this colloquial name from early explorers and settlers because they were savage people living in the "Bush."

[2]See introduction to "Negro Folk-Songs," Book II, Natalie Curtis, published by G. Schirmer.—Some authorities place the date of Arab colonists in East Africa at about 300 B. C. These polygamous colonists are said to have taken black wives from the surrounding Ba'ntu tribes.

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The two tribes represented in this book, the Zulu and the Ndau,[1] or Shanga'ne, belong to the great linguistic family called Ba'ntu, a word of their own language meaning "The People." The earliest trace—and this by inference only—that we have of this stock is in the region of the Great Lakes in Central Africa, whence this sturdy, powerful folk spread southward and across the continent from ocean to ocean. In the eighteenth century, under the great Zulu chieftain Tsha'ka[2] ("the black Napoleon of South Africa," as he was called), the Ba'ntu power reached its zenith to be finally crushed only by the European. It must not be supposed, however, that all tribes speaking languages of Ba'ntu stock were as fiercely militant as the Zulu, for the Ndau people were particularly peaceful, agricultural and pastoral, and like many other tribes were conquered subjects of Zulu aggression.

When first encountered by Europeans the Blacks of South Africa were found to be above the Bushmen and Hottentots in development. They practised agriculture; they were herdsmen who counted wealth by cattle; they had a clearly defined political system abounding in laws as to the kingdom, the village, the household, marriage; the inheritance, transmission and exchange of property; crime and its punishment. The average white man is apt to conceive of primitive people as men who in their relation to each other have no definite social organization; whereas truth points to the reverse. An unbiased study of social organization among primitive men leads usually to a much more respectful conception of that sense of law apparently inherent in the human race. But in Africa alone have we found crude men possessing a knowledge unknown to our European ancestors —*the use of iron*. All over Africa there sounded, since ancient times, the forging hammer. Dr. Franz Boas says: "It seems likely that at a time when the European was still satisfied with rude stone tools, the African had invented or adopted the art of smelting iron. Consider for a moment what this invention has meant for the advance of the human race. Neither ancient Europe, nor ancient Western Asia, nor ancient China, knew the iron, and everything points to its introduction from Africa." In olden times as to-day, the Blacks were doubtless skilled craftsmen, fashioning weapons and ornaments with rare artistic sense. This fact alone places them high in the scale of primitive culture.

Of the tribal organization of many of the Ba'ntu, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois[3] says: "Each tribe lived by itself in towns with from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants surrounded by fields of millet, beans and melons. Beyond these roamed their cattle, sheep and goats." There were smaller villages as well and also settlements where the huts were widely scattered. Each family was governed by the father[4] of the large polygamous household with its group of huts for the different wives and their progeny; each village was governed by a governor, and each tribe by a ruling chief or King.[5] According to Dr. Du Bois, the government vested in fathers and chiefs varied among different African tribes from absolute despotism

[1]In the dialect of this Ba'ntu group, the name of the tribe is Ndau, the people are called *V*andau' and the language Chindau'. For description of the Ndau tribe, see pages 1, 28.

[2]Or Cha'ka. See pages 28, 63.

[3]See "The Negro," W. E. B. Du Bois, published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

[4]See allusions to the veneration in which the father of a household is held in Africa, page 15.

[5]For descriptions of the power of the King, see page 63.

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to limited monarchies, almost republican in character. The idea of private property never included land, which was conceived as being for the use of the people.

The elaboration of African law has often been a source of great perplexity and annoyance to missionaries and other Europeans who unconsciously found their relations with the natives complicated by legal transgressions foreign to white men. Whereas with the white race, the usual idea of justice metes out punishment to the offender while the State assumes the position of avenger, the native Shanga'ne Ba'ntu law of Portuguese East Africa is based on reparation. For instance, if a man steals, he or his family must repair the theft by giving an equivalent to the robbed person, or to that person's relatives. If a man takes a human life, instead of forfeiting his own life, which would mean simply more death, he must repair the wrong by giving life to replace the life that he took: he or his family must give children to the family of the murdered person. For a man to have to give up his children is in itself a grave punishment and in a primitive State, where every individual is important to the work of field or household, to the care of cattle and to the defense of the people, one can well see how just would be this idea of restitution. In fact, the principle of life for life, rather than of death for death, and of reparation instead of vengeance, shows a constructive logic. Only the crime of witchcraft, which is believed to imply supernatural powers, receives a death penalty, and even this was not always accorded by the Shanga'ne people. Europeans seem to agree upon the hard-headed logic and the clear sense of equity possessed by the Blacks, who have a very great respect for law and the giver of law. The age-old institution of polygamy, practically universal in Africa, presents many difficulties to the European advocate of monogamy, because it is interwoven with the whole economic and social fabric of native law, each wife with her offspring having her particular place in the household and in the distribution and inheritance of property. Some writers have drawn analogies between the polygamous system of the Zulus and of the ancient Hebrews, arguing from marked similarities that the Blacks are remnants of that "lost tribe" which used to present so many easy solutions to questions of race-origins before the science of ethnology had spoken. Such naïve deductions at least serve to remind us that the history of races is full of natural human analogies, though in this case they may with greater truth emphasize that contact of Black and Semitic cultures offered, as has been said, by the ancient slave-trade and the merchant traffic in Africa.

Why, we may ask, when in the "high spots" of native attainment, history tells of Black kingdoms and empires, prosperous trading cities and merchant towns possessing in some respects almost as high a civilization as the walled towns of feudal mediæval Europe—why has the Black race, as a whole, remained primitive in Africa?

According to Dr. Du Bois, the main cause lies in the topography of the country, which presents few natural barriers between adjoining tribes, so that tossing waves of migratory people caused constant, decimating warfare and the taking of captives, which in turn gave rise to a native slave-trade, utterly disrupting local achievement and advance. Another cause for the stagnation of native culture lay undoubtedly in the enervation of the climate in many parts of the

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continent. In our times the widespread havoc caused by the European slave-trade and the subsequent exploitation of native Africa brought such destruction as would have annihilated a race less hardy, even as white aggrandizement and tyranny are fast destroying the American Indian.

But the Black race seems destined for a future. One key to that future lies in the impressionability and adaptability of the Negro, as evidenced by the profound hold which Christianity has taken on the lives of converted natives and of the colored people in America.

II

Some idea as to the spiritual beliefs of the pagan Blacks will be found in the Chindau' section of this book. The conception of Malu'le,[1] a supreme force, would seem to approximate the impersonality of the American Indians' "Great Spirit." This belief in a vague, unknowable, creative power seems, however, far less vital in shaping the thoughts and conduct of the *V*andau' than the well-defined spiritism which forms the basis of Ba'ntu supernatural conception. The omnipresence and the power of the spirits of the dead to affect the living, even to enter into men's bodies and control the thoughts and actions of those thus obsessed, such a spiritualistic interpretation of life makes most of Black Africa "mediumistic," and has given rise to an immense amount of fantastic superstition. Through this tangled terror of charms, fetishes, propitiation of spirits and exorcising of demons, stalks the benumbing fear of witchcraft, casting its blighting shadow over nearly every phase of native life. There can be absolutely no doubt that witchcraft and its alarms constitute to-day one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the black man in Africa. And the white friend, whether missionary or layman, cannot do better than to lift this terrible shade from the mind and the path of the credulous native.[2] The fear of witchcraft is indeed so dominant in Black Africa that it has tended to convince the white man that the native is a being of definitely limited intelligence, incapable of higher development. But before we adopt this superficial conclusion let us stop to learn from science and from history that the African is only passing through a period of development wherein he holds beliefs common to mankind at large at certain stages of mental evolution. In his excellent book on Southwest Africa,[3] Lord Bryce says of African superstitions: "Considering, however, that nearly all the ancient world held similar beliefs and that a large part of the modern world, even in Europe, still clings to them, the persistence of these interesting superstitions need excite no surprise, nor are they productive of much practical ill now that the witch-doctor is no longer permitted to do men to death."

It is perhaps a relic of our own primitive manner of thinking that when dealing with less developed races we are quick to denounce in others faults which we have ourselves barely outgrown. In view of our self-complacency it is startling to realize that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth (that brilliant period of blossom

[1] See page 15.

[2] For description of the splendid work done by some Christian missionaries in Africa, see the story of Kamba Simango, page 1.

[3] "Impressions of South Africa," by James Bryce. Published by the Century Company.

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and rich fruitage in English intellectual life) no fewer than three thousand witches were put to death in one month. It is only about two hundred years since the last witches were officially executed in England, only one hundred and fifty years since they were condemned in Germany, while in America, whither men had come seeking "freedom to worship God," the hanging of witches was an unhappy and well-known feature of early Colonial life.

Since we of the white race (who have behind us science, philosophy and the art of printing with its wide dissemination of knowledge) have only recently broken the bonds of the same fears that still shackle the native African, is it just to condemn the unlettered man of the Dark Continent as a constitutionally inferior being? Should we not rather quote to ourselves the satire of the Chindau' song[1] which tells us how he who holds himself wise always knows more about the faults of others than he does about his own? As we read in this book how the African diviner, entranced and possessed of a familiar spirit, rocks to and fro while the encircling onlookers chant a spirit-song, let us not forget the mediumistic circle of our own day with its price of admission and its tambourines, combined with hymns and music-boxes! Seriously, a close student of these Chindau' beliefs cannot but wonder whether indeed a scientific comparative study of psychic phenomena in native Africa might not yield something of value to modern psychology. A naïve, unselfconscious people among whom psychic phenomena are recognized as regular occurrences and important matters of life, might reward scientific investigation with a new angle of light on the obscurer problems of the human spirit.

Indeed, the whole pronouncement of Negro inferiority is a verdict which has been denied by some anthropologists as an unproved assertion. Dr. Franz Boas says, "An unbiased estimate of the anthropological evidence so far brought forward does not permit us to countenance the belief in a racial inferiority which would unfit an individual of the Negro race to take his part in modern civilization. We do not know of any demand made on the human body or mind in modern life that anatomical and ethnological evidence would prove to be beyond the power of the Negro."[2]

Granting that it may be years before the black race as a whole attains the intellectual development of the white, must we not concede that there are qualities other than those of the intellect alone that may also aid in the progress of human beings? We have had ample proof in this country of the ascendency of the religious nature of the Negro over conditions of bondage and oppression. Should we not seriously weigh the dynamic force of Negro emotions and aspirations, rightly directed? Are these not attributes of human nature important to progress, since they also go to build up character? Do not qualities of loyalty, affection, kind-heartedness, cheerfulness, and the power for self-sacrifice, contribute toward a man's advancement? Can we forget that in our own civil war the white masters who went forth to fight against the liberation of their slaves, unquestioningly left their homes and property, their wives and children, to the care of those same slaves, confident of the Negro's loyalty? Has any oppressed and subject white race, during the world-war, surpassed this faith to a trust?

[1]See pages 27, 100.

[2]Atlanta University Publication No. 11.

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Have not we in America seen in the Negro—segregated, discriminated against, mobbed and murdered—a long-suffering patience, an absence of resentment, a sunny good temper that would seem heroic were it not so simple and child-like? Do not such traits argue well for the future of a race? If even a semblance of human consideration were to-day accorded the Negro, might not the promise offered by these characteristics leap to fulfillment? Shall we who call ourselves his superiors wait until the Negro at last *forces* us to yield him justice?[1]

A certain gentleness even in brawny men makes the Negro naturally a ready friend. That gentleness is emphasized in this book by the story of Ka'mba Siman'go, whose white mistress when starting on a journey left behind her all her children, including a nursing baby, in the care of the African boy.[2] Indeed, in Africa men are often employed by the whites as nurses, while in America the figure of "Uncle Remus" typifies that tenderness for children that so often made the Negro the trusted and life-long friend of his master's household. The folk-tales told by "Uncle Remus" find their counterpart in this book,[3] where the African ancestor of "Br'er Rabbit" is seen in "Shu'lo," the Hare, who outwits the other animals with the same whimsey of inventive humor. These delightful African tales, so keen in characterization and wit, so full of drama, so complete in their unerring triumph of climax, are another proof of the link between the American Negro and his mother-land.

III

Art is the imperishable legacy of a people; its influence, caught up and transmitted to other generations and different lands, is like an unending vibration. As a creator of beauty the black man is capable of contributing to the great art of the world.

The Negro's pronounced gift for music is to-day widely recognized. That gift, brought to America in slave-ships, was nurtured by that mother of woe,

[1]Of the possibilities of the black race we can perhaps best judge by the advance of the colored people of the United States in the half-century since the abolition of slavery. In forming an estimate, we must remember that progress in America has been made from a state of complete ignorance of everything in the white man's world except the bondsman's work in farm, field and household; we must take into consideration the fact that the Negroes were a transplanted people originally knowing nothing of the type of culture surrounding them; and we must not forget that the majority of white people in this country have preferred to keep the Negro *down* rather than to help him *up*. Yet the children of those slaves who fifty years ago were utterly illiterate, can now meet the needs of even the most advanced members of their race. There are Negro doctors of divinity, lawyers, physicians, architects, teachers, musicians, bankers and business men in nearly all the walks of life. In 1913 there were in all some 43,000 Negro business enterprises, including real estate and insurance companies, showing that race prejudice, instead of crushing the Negro, has but forced him to develop within his race the power to minister to nearly all the economic and cultural necessities of a civilized people.

As slaves in this country the blacks had had no experience in property holding, nor had they had in Africa any idea of the individual ownership of land. Yet in 1910, not fifty years since Emancipation, there were in the Southern States nearly two million Negro homes of which nearly half a million were owned. In 1913, seventy per cent. of the race was already literate, the Negroes having themselves raised a million and a half dollars toward their own education; while in the same year, the total wealth accumulated by the race was valued at $700,000,000. These statistical facts, quoted from the Bureau of Census in Washington, D. C., rather than proving constitutional race inferiority, would seem to argue that the Negro is not only quick to respond to the influences of environment, but also strong enough to endure and thrive amazingly in spite of discouragement. If those who survive are the "fit," the Negro has abundantly proved his right to live and develop.

[2]See page 3.

[3]See page 43.

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human slavery, till out of suffering and toil there sprang a music which speaks to the heart of mankind—the prayer-song of the American Negro.[1] In Africa is rooted the parent stem of that outflowering of Negro folk-song in other lands.

The songs in this book prove in the native African a genuine art-sense. Most primitive music is expressed in rhythm and melody alone, all voices singing in unison or in octaves usually conceived as unison. But the African has evolved polyphony of a rarely interesting type, and, from the evidence at hand, it is safe to assume that at a time when Europe was laboriously making crude experiments in polyphonic art, the African had already developed part-singing to the elaborate degree found among black native peoples to-day; while the round, or catch, had probably been in use in Africa for hundreds of years. It was this same polyphonic instinct which developed in America into the intuitive gift for extemporized harmony so marked among the Negroes of the United States.

The complex rhythms of the Chindau' songs in this volume will doubtless offer new suggestions to even the erudite. Here are rhythmic units unfamiliar except, perhaps, to those ultra-modern musicians who, like modern painters, are breaking away from inherited traditions and are eclectically seeking ever wider and more varied means of expression, studying the ancient art of the brown and yellow races, even turning for inspiration to the art of primitive man. The forceful, free, barbaric outlines of many of these African melodies offer to modern music a new silhouette, nor can we look with other than profound respect upon the sense of form, symmetrical and beautiful, which builds these songs into well-balanced musical structures.

The songs of the Rain Ceremony[2] are particularly interesting examples of rhythmic organization. Founded upon the steady rhythm of the moving feet that circle in slow dance, the verses of the songs are nevertheless grouped (as are the dancers) around the drum, the "heart" of the song, which throbs a wordless invocation more potent than the voices of men. The chant of the solo voice, followed by chorus, is here seen as a common feature of African song which may be the forerunner of that form prevalent in America called by the Blacks "verses and chorus."

The African instinct for rhythm has developed syncopation[3] to a high degree and has given rise to a pronounced individualization of the drum, which in the hand of a native seems a live and speaking thing. Different qualities of tone as well as the most subtle gradations of rhythmic accentuation are made by striking the drum in different ways with the palms, with the fingers, or with rubber-tipped sticks. Through this highly varied manipulation the African drum possesses a veritable language by means of which signals are given. A natural response to

[1] See "Religious Folk-Songs of the Negro," Hampton Institute Press, Hampton, Virginia; "Jubilee and Plantation Songs," Oliver Ditson; "Calhoun Plantation Songs," by Emily Halowell, C. W. Thompson Co., Boston, Mass.; "Folk-Songs of the American Negro," Work Bros., Fiske University Press, Nashville, Tenn.; "Afro-American Folksongs," by H. E. Krehbiel, G. Schirmer, New York; "Old Plantation Hymns," by Wm. E. Barton, D. D., Lamson, Wolffe & Co.; "Negro Folk-Songs," Books I and II, by Natalie Curtis, Hampton Series, G. Schirmer, New York.

[2] Songs of the *Rain Ceremony*, pages 20, 22, 81, 90.

[3] The Century Dictionary gives the following definition of syncopation: Act, process or result of inverting the rhythmic accent by beginning a tone or tones on an unaccented beat or pulse and sustaining them into an accented one so that the proper emphasis on the latter is more or less transferred back or anticipated. Syncopation may occur wholly within a measure, or may extend from measure to measure.
Compare Foreword to Book II, "Negro Folk-Songs," Hampton Series, published by G. Schirmer.

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rhythm and a mastery of rhythmic form, these are inherent in the very nature of black folk.

For melody alone we turn in this book to a rare example in the poignant beauty of the Chindau' "Lament" whose plaintive phrases slurring downward like those tears that the African proverb says fall "backward into the heart," seem to tell of grief in a primeval world—that grief of human loss, old as all mankind yet young as yesterday. Here too we have complete symmetry of form —indeed, a striking bit of melodic sculpture.

The Chindau' songs are from pagan Africa; but many of the Zulu songs show undoubted white influence. Highly sensitive to sound, the African is quick to absorb the obvious melodies of the missionary hymn-tunes. Travelers and scholars have remarked the extraordinarily quick musical ear of the African, who is receptive and imitative.[1] A European melody once heard will travel far into the Interior and crop out again in the most unlooked-for places among an entirely pagan people. But after the black man has been impregnated by the art of another race, his own creative musical faculty again asserts itself and gives birth to a new art-form—African, though European—as in the music of the American Negro in the United States.

The Zulu warsong and some of the love-songs have however the true native flavor, notably the ecstatic melody sung by a woman who likens her approaching lover to the "strong wind," while male voices support the free extemporization of the song by a determined and sharply accented rhythmic figure. Even the Zulu dance-songs—evidently "white" tunes—take on an African sound when accompanied by that hand-clapping which, like the drum, is singularly expressive in Africa; for this hand-clapping is no monotonous iteration; it is charged with all the variety of rhythm natural to the African. Nor is this rhythmic pattern mere rhythm alone; it is colored with many tonal effects made by striking the hands together in different ways. Sometimes one hand forms a cup-like hollow against the other, emitting a deep mellow tone; sometimes the hands are slapped flat, with a dry, crisp smack. These contrasts and gradations of tone and volume are struck on the air with such a rare sense of dynamic values that the white listener pauses in amazement at the artistry expressed through such rudimentary means. Perhaps the song may here and there be emphasized by two deep-toned claps, followed by three rapid slaps; or again, there may be one or two loud smacks, alternating with a few quick, muffled throbs. Indeed, it would seem as though all the combinations of rhythms, accent and tone possible to hand-clapping were fashioned by this percussion orchestra of human palms.

We see then that African songs are many of them folk-art-creations calling for musical intellect as well as emotion. Nor are the songs, rich as is their weave of rhythm and polyphony, the only music of the African. Through instruments of his own invention, the black man achieves that independence of the human voice

[1]The American Indian, another type of primitive man, on the contrary is reserved, conservative and aloof. In most cases he sternly holds intact his native music as well as his other racial characteristics, even though surrounded for generations by white people who make every effort (both personal, and officially organized by Government Indian Schools) to stamp out all things characteristic of the race, in the attempt to turn the Indian into a white man in a generation. There is perhaps in all the history of education nothing more tragic than the form of race-suicide demanded of the Red Man, who tragically clings to his racial soul and to his inherent right to his own form of art-expression.

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who are defenceless may not even show our tears, which fall not down our cheeks but backward, silently, into our hearts."

The cost of book manufacture in these days has unfortunately precluded the possibility of reproducing in this volume more than a few illustrations of African artistry in wood-carving and textile weaving. However, these fragmentary examples will offer a glimpse of that inspiration which some French artists are to-day finding in the native art of black Africa. For modern art, in seeking archaic influences in order to cleanse itself from the deterioration of superficiality, has found, in the African's childlike though spiritual grasp of sculptural essentials, a powerful stimulus. A recent exhibition of Congo sculpture at a modern art gallery in New York, brought the primitive art of the Dark Continent vividly before the white world in America and awakened in many of us the question: Why could not the art-instinct latent in the Blacks add a note of strong individuality to the art and the art-crafts of America?[1]

The illustrations in this book were kindly furnished by Hampton Institute. Through the efforts of Miss Cora M. Folsom, curator of the Hampton Museum, the school now owns a small but most significant African collection, particularly important from the artist's standpoint. Too little is known of the very valuable material so modestly housed in the Virginia school. It was a Hampton graduate who, fired with the ideal of service to his race, went to Africa as a missionary and there gathered the fabrics woven from palm-fibre, the weapons and implements of wrought iron, the bead-work and the carved utensils of wood and ivory whose rare craftsmanship now forms a part of Hampton's proof of the potentialities of the black race. This collection, brought together by a Negro, should be a veritable inspiration to the black man of America in whom the warm love of bright color and the vigorous impulse for decoration have not been wholly deadened by the prosaic monotone of commercial civilization. In art-crafts as in music the Negro, whether in Africa or transplanted to other lands, might have a distinctly racial contribution to make to the cosmopolitan art of the world.

And now a word as to the method of recording the African songs in this volume. The task was one of appalling difficulty, and though the success of such an effort can at best be approximate only, no pains were spared in trying to be true to both spirit and letter of the African poems and music. Every word of the text, every note of the music, was gone over hundreds of times. Could the work have been done *in Africa*, how much less difficult and how much more satisfactory would have been the result! As it is, if the unfailing patience and devoted coöperation of the African informants, Ka'mba Sima'ngo and Madika'ne Če'le, have been rewarded with any degree of fulfillment, the long and exacting labor of years of research will seem justified. Besides studying the songs directly

[1] "Of all the arts of the primitive races, the art of the African Negro savage is the one which has had a positive influence upon the art of our epoch. From its principles of plastic representation a new art movement has evolved. The point of departure and the resting point of our abstract representation are based on the art of that race. It is certain that before the introduction of the plastic principles of Negro art, abstract representations did not exist among Europeans. Negro art has reawakened in us the feeling for abstract form; it has brought into our art the means to express our purely sensorial feelings in regard to form, or to find new form in our ideas. The abstract representation of modern art is unquestionably the offspring of the Negro Art, which has made us conscious of the subjective state, obliterated by objective education." From "African Negro Art—Its Influence on Modern Art." By M. de Zayas. Published by The Modern Art Gallery, 549 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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AFRICAN WOOD-CARVING
Boxes—Bowl—Drinking Horn
(West Central Africa)

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from the singers, phonograph records were made for careful comparison, and when the song was polyphonic, a record was made of each part, sung separately. Then one part was played on the machine and the African sang the other part, thus performing a duet with his phonograph double, enabling the recorder to hear both parts together. The same device was used in recording drums and hand-clapping.

So this book, fruit of much dedicated toil, is offered to white men and black —offered, not as an achievement, but as a prophecy. May its pages, devoted to a true portrayal of African thought, make an unconscious plea for that sympathy which shall bring nearer the dream of justice and the recognition of spiritual and cultural values as well as geographical and political rights of nations. The brutal carnage of the world-war has shattered the belief that true civilization is anywhere a complete accomplishment. It is still an ideal. Should it not now be more than ever a composite ideal? For only when we admit that each race owes something to the other, only when we realize our vast mutual, human indebtedness, may we hope for that inter-racial and inter-national tolerance, understanding and coöperation which can at last bring permanent peace.

NATALIE CURTIS.

September, 1919.



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SONGS, TALES AND PROVERBS

of the

NDAU TRIBE

(Portuguese East Africa)

Recorded from the Singing and the Sayings of

C. KAMBA SIMANGO

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SONGS, TALES AND PROVERBS OF THE NDAU TRIBE

C. KA'MBA SIMA'NGO

I

Ba'ntu African words are usually accented on the *penultima*, or syllable before the last. As there are a few exceptions to this general rule, all the accents are here given, for the greater convenience of the reader.

C. Ka'mba Sima'ngo is a full-blooded native of that long strip of Africa's east coast seized for Portugal by those daring navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who, in seeking a sea-route to the Indies, circled the Dark Continent and landed on its eastern shores.

Portuguese East Africa, lapped by the Indian Ocean, had long been known to Arab traders who had founded settlements upon its coasts. Indeed, the gold and ivory of Africa had traveled eastward and northward to the Orient long before the coming of the European. East Africa is a country around which clings a golden haze of fable and where, some scholars assert, arose in ancient times an indigenous Negroid culture, later overthrown by the migrations of wilder hordes of black Ban'tu[1] tribes swarming southward to the coasts from the Great Lakes. Indeed, the storied "Land of Ophir," whence came gold to Palestine as recorded in Genesis, is supposed, according to some authorities, to have been part of this ancient culture of which traces are seen in the long-abandoned workings of gold and quartz mines and in the ruins of dwellings, fortifications, citadels, or temples, —still the puzzle of the archæologist.

The Shanga'ne[2] or *V*andau',[3] to which tribe Ka'mba Sima'ngo belongs, are a branch of the great Ba'ntu stock of full-blooded black men which increasing population and the stir of the ancient slave-trade had thrust out from the centre of Africa.[4] The villages of the *V*andau' cluster along the low miasmic shores of the Indian Ocean and, stretching out on the rising uplands, sweep through jungles and along river-beds toward the interior. The *V*andau' are not a numerous people and early in the nineteenth century they were bloodlessly conquered by their Ba'ntu kindred,[5] the militant Zulus, at the time when the fiercely disciplined hosts of the imperious King Tsha'ka[6] swept up through South Africa from Zululand like a monsoon of terror.

Though the Portuguese now hold the country from German East Africa on the north to Natal on the south, a distance of some 400 miles, the climate of the natural trading-posts is so deadly to Europeans that colonization never flourished. Missionary enterprises have been few, partly because of the climate and also because Protestant missions were discouraged by the Portuguese. The native population has thus remained comparatively intact. But the trade-

[1] See page xv, also footnote on page vii. [2] See page 28.

[3] Peculiarities of the native language spoken by this people describe the tribe as "Ndau"; the people as "*V*andau'"; the songs and language as "Chindau'."

[4] See pages xiii, xvi. [5] See page 63. [6] Or Chaka.

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routes through the jungles connecting British Rhodesia with the coast, and the railroads built by the more enterprising English through Portuguese territory, have kept the stream of gold and other wealth of Africa flowing to the ports, while European commerce unloads and tranships through East Africa its manufactures. How primitive are still many of the routes which link some parts of Rhodesia to the railroads running to the ports and thus to the European world, may be surmised from the fact that mail from the mission station of Mt. Selinda in Rhodesia leaves on the heads of black carriers.

The kraal where Ka'mba Sima'ngo was born lay in a pagan village where life was guided by belief in the all-prevading presence of the spirits of the dead who have power both to help and to harm. The throb of the native drum and the ceremonial chants of the "Diviners," or Spirit-Exorcisers (called by the white men "witch-doctors"), beat upon the ear of the little Sima'ngo from his birth, and the ceremonies for healing the sick by casting out evil spirits are among his earliest recollections. For his grandfather was a *N*a'nga,"[1] a diviner, and his uncle a "Nyamso'lo,"[2] a diviner of another order. So the little boy grew up, close to the inmost soul of the native life, Mother Africa holding him against her pagan heart, the mysteries of spirit-obsession and the terrors of witchcraft forming the background of his childish consciousness. So familiar to him was the sight of the Nyamso'lo exorcising troubling spirits, that he and his little sister used to play at curing one another through the casting out of demons, imitating to the minutest detail the ceremonies of the "witch-doctor." The "Spirit-Songs,"[3] the "Rain-Songs,"[4] the "Dance-Songs,"[5]—all are indelibly graven on Sima'ngo's memory. How could he forget? When the scourge of small-pox swept from the ports to the natives, was not Sima'ngo himself cured by the Nyamso'lo, whose hypnotic singing never ceased until the evil spirit had fled and the boy fell into a normal, healing sleep? When the fields lay parched with drought and famine threatened and the great drums were brought out for the Rain-Songs, did not Sima'ngo's childish voice join the chorus of singers who all night long, and night after night, invoked the rain? And when there was a festival after the brewing of "do'lo" (native beer), and the old people so stingily forgot the young, did he not laugh over the satiric songs of the boys and girls who scoffed with hidden words at the aged long-beard who would not pass the cup?[6] There can be no doubt that the Chindau' songs in this book are pure African, untouched by European influence, for Sima'ngo never went among white men until he was practically full-grown.

Indeed, so far as he knows (for Africans keep no record of their age), the boy must have been fifteen or more years of age before he first left his kraal to work for Portuguese settlers. At Beira, a malarial seaport town, he cooked for natives who were hauling freight. The natives sing as they work, and it was at Beira that Sima'ngo learned the first laboring song in this book.[7]

His next experience was unfortunate: he left Beira and entered the employ of a Portuguese who made the boy work hard, and then did not pay him! So Sima'ngo went back to Beira, and for half a year he served as a "boy" in a hotel—

[1]See pages 17, 26. [2]See pages 16, 24, 25. [3]See pages 24, 25, 26, 27, 99. [4]See pages 20, 22, 81, 90.
[5]See pages 35, 37, 38, 110, 114, 118. [6]See pages 37, 114. [7]See pages 32, 107.

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for natives who are hired to do any kind of work are called "boy," whether they be ten years old or sixty.

The railroads built by the English through Portuguese East Africa were now in operation, and Sima'ngo next worked as "laundry-boy" for a French conductor, washing the man's linen. It was here that he heard the song of the African laborer on the railroad, also contained in this book.[1]

Native fashion, in the intervals between his chance occupations he went back to his kraal. Next he became house servant to a white woman of whose little children he took charge. The woman treated him harshly and was always very impatient when he could not understand the things that he was required to do, which were all utterly strange to him; yet such was her confidence in the boy that she went on a visit to Victoria Falls for several weeks, leaving the children, including a four months' old baby, in the care of the African. Sima'ngo

[1]See pages 33, 107.



THE MBI'LA

(*A Native Instrument*)

To the left, an instrument in process of construction, showing sounding-board. To the right, an old "Mbi'la."

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tended the little ones faithfully night and day, feeding the baby and caring for it as he had seen the mother do, and when she came back she found all as she had left it. One day, as Sima'ngo was dressing the children, the mother brought out some little boots which she told him to fasten. While he knelt in front of the children in perplexity, wondering how such extraordinary footgear was to be put together, the mother, with her customary impatience, picked up a stick of wood and beat him so cruelly over the head that, though he loved the children, he decided that he could no longer endure such treatment.

He left, and went to work for an Italian who was employed on the railroad by the English; but here again the man's wife scolded so constantly that Sima'ngo and another boy, when their time was up, decided to run away; for they knew that the man would keep them by force if he thought that they wanted to leave. They ran for many miles along the railroad track until they came to a native camp where the other boy had friends. Though these people spoke a dialect which Sima'ngo could not understand, they were kindly and they gave the boys shelter. Here the fugitives slept, but when they awoke in the morning they found that their earnings, which Simango had carried, were gone! Much distressed, the boys sent for a "*Na'nga*," a diviner, to come and detect the thief; but while waiting for him they were overtaken by a native servant of their Italian employer who had been sent to find them and bring them back. The other boy escaped, but Sima'ngo was caught.

"Why must I go back?" he said, "what right has that man to send after me? I have stolen nothing nor harmed him in any way. Am I a slave?" But such was the pressure of circumstances that Sima'ngo returned with the servant. But as soon as he saw another opportunity to escape, he promptly ran away again. Reaching the camp of the people who had befriended him (and stolen his money), he preferred this time to sleep in the open beside the railroad track. In telling the story afterwards he said:

"I could hear the wild beasts prowling about, but I feared them less than to be caught and sent back to that master."

Sima'ngo now made his way southward toward Beira again, where he worked for a Welshman. One day he met a boy who told him of a wonderful new experience: *he had been to school!* For a white man had established in Beira a mission to teach the natives.[1] Sima'ngo asked if the boy could teach him; and then and there they sat down together, and Sima'ngo learned the alphabet. From that moment awoke in him a longing to learn—a hunger which has never since abated—and he started to go to the mission school. The Portuguese, however, were not in sympathy with the mission station and they waylaid the boys on their way to school, arrested them, and brought them before a judge who sentenced them to be beaten. They were cruelly punished and one boy, Mataka'le, was given stripes on his hands and then sent to hard labor. As soon as he was released, he straightway went back to school, was again caught and sentenced this time to fifty stripes, which were administered with such stinging, weltering blows that the blood spurted from under the boy's finger-nails. Then, with swollen, bleeding hands, he was sent again to hard labor.

[1]Work conducted by the American Board of Foreign Missions.

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But such was Mataka'le's pluck and his desire to learn, that he again returned to school the moment he was released.

The missionary now decided, however, to abandon the station at Beira owing to the opposition of the Portuguese and to his own ill health. So distressed were the boys at this that the missionary told them that if they indeed wanted so much to learn, he would send them to Rhodesia (British territory adjoining Portuguese East Africa on the west), where they could be received at the mission station and taught.[1] The missionary even gave them railroad fare as far as the train went toward their destination. So Sima'ngo and his friend Mataka'le started out; but the mission station was one hundred and sixty miles from the railroad station, and so on alighting from the train the boys walked the enormous distance. They were hospitably received at the school and staid there two years; then, filled with longing to see their families and friends again, they walked all the way back to their kraal, two hundred and twenty-five miles, part of their way lying through unbroken jungle where they could hear the lions roaring at night. They staid at home only three weeks, but their zeal for their studies was so contagious that a number of the natives decided to follow them on the long backward march to Rhodesia. It was now a party of twenty young people that bravely set out on the dangerous journey from their kraals in search of light and learning. Meanwhile the Portuguese had got wind of this expedition and sent a man to intercept the party, but the natives travelled warily and the Portuguese did not find them.

It was in all six years that Sima'ngo spent at Mount Selinda School in Rhodesia, returning to his kraal at intervals for visits whenever he could, drawn by his love for his mother.[2] He then came to Lovedale Institute in Cape Colony, the oldest school for natives in South Africa, and from there to Natal in Zululand.

Meanwhile one of the teachers at Mount Selinda, a British Colonial born in Africa, had taken keen interest in Sima'ngo, recognizing the boy's steadfastness and ability. She decided that he should have better industrial training than the African schools could give him, for she believed that he could do much to help his people: Sima'ngo was to be a leader! The teacher had been to America, studying the schools in the United States, and had visited Hampton Institute; she was convinced that to Hampton Sima'ngo should go. Money was raised by these brave, unselfish missionaries, and the boy was sent to America, making the long six weeks' journey alone and coming straight to Hampton Institute. When he arrived, he knew not one single human soul on the American continent. In telling the story afterward he said that he would have been overwhelmed with loneliness and homesickness had it not been that on arriving at Hampton he found two letters from the missionary-teacher awaiting him. She had had the rare forethought to send the letters in advance so that the boy should find a warm welcoming word from home in the strange new land. Sima'ngo entered the Trade School at Hampton, where he speedily won the respect and good-will of his companions and instructors. In speaking of him the other students say: "Sima'ngo——he's *good!*"

[1] Mt. Selinda, Rhodesia, S. A.

[2] See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

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II

Though the African boy had enthusiastically agreed to help me in making this collection of the songs of his tribe, yet it was hard for him to find much time at Hampton for such researches, as the school wisely keeps its students busy from dawn until bedtime. So it was agreed that Sima'ngo should spend a month of his summer vacation at my home by the sea, in order that we could work together uninterruptedly. For it is a part of Hampton's "education for life" to place the students during the summer in positions where they can practice in the outside world what they learned in school. Moreover, through "learning by doing" and earning a regular wage, they gain self-reliance and a knowledge of the value of time and money—a most important link in the chain of industrial progress, for it is just here that adjustment often fails backward peoples in the difficult transition from primitive life to the sustained habits of modern industry.

Though Sima'ngo had small opportunity while with me to apply the trade that he was studying at Hampton—carpentry and building, much needed in South Africa—yet everything that he undertook showed the excellence of his general training, that inter-training of hand, head and heart which is the fundamental principle of Hampton instruction. He had a logical way of reasoning things out beforehand; there was method in the planning of his work and there were brains behind his fingers. Before breakfast he cut the grass, raked the paths and swept the steps. Then he put his own room in order (for he kept it scrupulously clean and neat), changed his clothes, and by nine o'clock he was always waiting for me at my desk, smilingly ready for our musical and ethnographical researches. Into this work of African record he threw himself with complete devotion and concentration. For in spite of missionary training he had retained the balanced judgment and the keenness of vision to realize that all was not bad in the native life simply because it was pagan. He heartily shared my hope that this book might help to throw a little light into obscure corners of the Dark Continent and promote a truer estimation of the human side of black Africa. No contact with the white world could ever efface from Sima'ngo's mind the memory of the old days, nor change his deep loyalty and affection for his people. He used to say, "There is not a day nor a night that I do not think of home and of my mother."[1]

The boy's intelligence in answering questions and explaining the songs, his patience in the language work, and his untiring enthusiasm for every phase of this difficult undertaking, were worthy of the highest praise. Nor have I ever seen greater industry. Sima'ngo spent his odd hours over a manuscript dictionary of his own language which he was correcting for a missionary publication, and often the little lamp in his room burned beyond midnight. No diversion drew him aside; in this task, as in the African song-book, his application was intense and continuous, for he was working for the recognition of his race. Indeed, one never forgot that his mere presence in America was for a purpose, the great purpose that burned behind everything that he did—service to his people. He had a keen sense of humor, and his strong teeth, filed in African fashion and

[1]See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

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white as the native ivory, often flashed in a ready smile. Yet I never knew any young man of his age who took life more earnestly or adhered with greater firmness to his own inner standard. He always carried in his breast-pocket a fine-typed New Testament, the gift of the missionary at Mt. Selinda who had sent him to America. This was his most treasured possession and over it he pored each day. I think he knew the teachings of Christ thoroughly by heart; he certainly tried to practice them with that simplicity and directness lost to more sophisticated races, but still the hope of cruder and more primitive men.

Often in the evenings we would call Sima'ngo to join the family group in the drawing-room. There he would tell us stories of his early boyhood and of African life and customs. He described the hippopotamus hunting in old days and told how the natives made their bows of hard, strong wood and tipped their arrows with poison. And we heard too of the crocodiles that so swiftly dashed and snapped at the unsuspecting bather or swallowed the water-carrier who had come to fill her earthen jar at the river's edge. Of the dreaded evils of witchcraft, also, Sima'ngo would tell us at length, and we delighted in the fantastic story of the man who had fabled power over a crocodile which would do his bidding, devouring those whom the man doomed to die; for this witch talked and sang to his crocodile, made offerings to it of "do'lo" (native beer), and decorated it with a necklace. Such stories held a thrill of imaginative appeal. The picture of the tangled and wooded river-bank with its engulfing mystery of shadows, the black witch with charms and fetishes, the basking and bedecked crocodile, itself a fetish—all this and the atmosphere of the fever-breeding jungle seemed mirrored in the strange chants that Sima'ngo sang with such blood-stirring rhythm.

There is usually a powerful dramatic sense in people who have lived as part of the elemental drama of Mother Nature whose passions lie at the root of all being. Primitive man, drawing sustenance from the bosom of the earth and filling his lungs with the breath of the open sky, expresses life in big gesture and in symbols that link human existence with cosmic forces. The offering of prayer through dance, and the invocation and exorcising of spirits with song—all this is essential drama and an important part of pagan African life. Sima'ngo's graphic portrayal of the entranced and sometimes cataleptic "Nyamso'lo," or diviner, made one's flesh creep! In his weird singing of the Spirit-Songs we heard the hoarse, sepulchral tones of the diviner whose Familiar Spirit sings through the lifeless body; and the white, upturned eyeballs, the groans and spasmodic shudderings, made us feel a clutching sense of obsession, as though some loosened force from out the darkness enveloping existence had thrust parasitic claws into normal human life. The whole impersonation was so ghastly, so uncanny, that one realized with a chill at the heart the hold that such a sight, real or feigned, must have upon the minds of the simple, credulous natives. For Sima'ngo made us see too the circle of onlookers, singing and clapping, while through their chanted responses they help the controlling spirit to tear itself loose from the body of the diviner. This was not mimicry only, but an extraordinary visualization, through personality, of that phase of native life which is completely dominated by belief in the presence of unseen spirits. Indeed, like a parasite itself, the controlling idea of witchcraft has fastened on savage Africa a veritable curse of

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fear and superstition, blocking progress. Yet this is only one of the backward pulls upon the black man in his cultural evolution. Climate, wild beasts, poisonous plant-growth, pests (the hook-worm, the tse-tse fly, the malarial mosquito)—these are but a few of the handicaps which tropical Africa, with heavy hand, has laid upon her children. Yet, as though the struggle for normal human development were not already hard enough in such a land, to nature's burdens have been added the deliberate demoralizations that the coming of the white man so often thrusts upon savage countries. To hear at first hand of the terrible intoxicants sold to ignorant and unsuspecting natives by Europeans and Americans, and of the alcoholic drink distilled from sugarcane with which those who call themselves civilized debauch whole villages—this makes the "white man's burden" seem indeed an ominous load, especially when one realizes how black men are still compelled to toil without pay for white masters through industrial systems that are slavery in all but name. "And," said Sima'ngo, "when we try to learn and rise a little, even those white people who want to be just and kind still like us to feel the weight of their hand upon our head. They wish us to know that we may not rise higher than they allow."

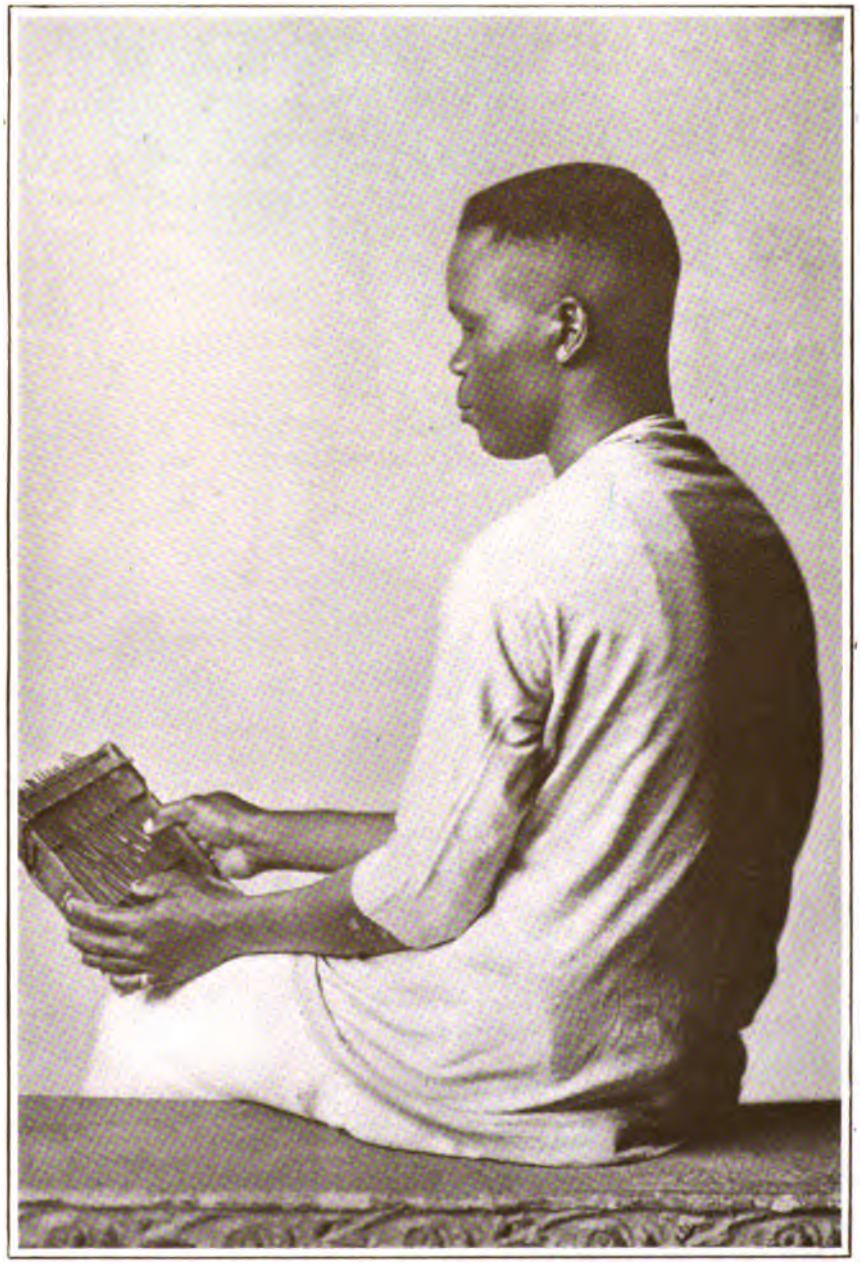
Had it not been for the hope and courage that lay behind Sima'ngo's eyes, there would have been something wistful and at times tragic in the boy's quiet but fully intelligent recognition of the shadow that lay across the pathway of his people. Yet, in the capacity of the black race for deep religious devotion and childlike faith in spiritual teachings, lies a great power for advance, and this Sima'ngo knew; for the converted African, no less than the American Negro, is profoundly a Christian, and he clings with real longing to the ideal of divine love and human brotherhood, however emotional and fantastic may be at times the expression of his belief.

Indeed, the black man is in most things emotional by nature. The love of music with the necessity for self-utterance in song is a fluent evidence of the warm upwelling of feeling in the African people. Sima'ngo had brought with him to our home a "mbi'la," a small native instrument, and this was his constant companion. When he was not working with me, writing his dictionary, or studying his testament, he would sit quietly by himself, playing his mbi'la with a rapt and faraway look—dreaming of home.

The mbi'la was made of a block of wood about a foot long and some three inches thick, the lower end of which was partially hollowed out to give resonance, like a rudimentary sounding-board. Attached to the flat surface were thin tongues of metal, one end fastened to the instrument, the other free to vibrate when snapped downward and outward by the thumbs and fingers. At the lower end of the mbi'la were pinned thin disks of tin, two on each pin, which vibrated when the metal tongues were played upon. The silvery, tinkling tones accompanied by the constant jingling buzz of the vibrating disks sounded like a brook purling over stones amid rustling reeds. It was a most poetic and sylvan music, evoked by the little mbi'la which seemed the very voice of nature. Cried a white musician who overheard Sima'ngo improvising: "How can human touch bring forth such sounds?—When that African boy plays, the forest speaks!"

The tunes for the mbi'la usually consisted in rapid running phrases, always rhythmic, sometimes of even beat and length, sometimes sharply uneven. Though

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C. KAMBA SIMANGO

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no groups of phrases actually matched each other as in more stereotyped civilized music, yet they always made a distinct musical design. They reminded me of the tuneful drip of raindrops tinkling down in different pitch, for however rhythmically the drops may fall, they never twice follow each other in identically the same sound-pattern.

Sima'ngo loved to improvise, making up tunes and forming new combinations of the mbi'la's bell-like intervals. So skilled was he that he could hold the instrument behind his head and play it upside down. One day he surprised me by going to the piano; using his two forefingers stiffly like drum-sticks, he beat out some of the mbi'la melodies on the nearest approximate tones of the keyboard. In this way, too, he played for me tunes of the "mari'mba," another and better known African instrument whose mechanism, although the material is wood with gourd resonators, corresponds somewhat to that of the xylophone. It was immensely interesting to watch these experiments in a totally new manner of manipulating the keyboard, for Sima'ngo never failed to use his fingers as drum-sticks, since he was but transferring to the piano the technique of the mari'mba. But the tones did not always correspond, and the boy would sigh with disappointment and say quietly: "This note is too high and the next one is too low and there is none in between!"—an unconscious commentary on the limitations and crude inflexibility of our European tonal system.

The high development of Sima'ngo's rhythmic sense was amazing. He would sit humming to himself while beating on his chair a syncopated accompaniment that would have baffled many a drummer in our modern orchestras. Indeed, I was more than once reminded of the passage in H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folksongs," in which he says of a group of Dahomey musicians heard at the Chicago World's Fair: "The players showed the most remarkable rhythmical sense and skill that ever came to my notice. Berlioz in his supremest effort with his army of drummers produced nothing to compare in artistic interest with the harmonious drumming of these savages. . . . . I was forced to the conclusion that in their command of the element which in the musical art of the ancient Greeks stood higher than either melody or harmony, the best composers of the day were the veriest tyros compared with these black savages."

Sima'ngo knew the African dances also—strange and often beautiful steps, some quite simple, slow and solemn; others intricate and bewildering in their rhythmic elaboration. Sometimes in the more rapid dancing it seemed to us as though the boy's body were loosely strung on a wire, like those marionettes whose steps seem to be mere fluttering vibrations, so fast did his feet move. We were particularly impressed with the dignity of many of the native dances and with Sima'ngo's unconscious nobility of mien. No white blood paled the rich purple-black of his skin; he was a true child of the Dark Continent; simple, frank, sincere, affectionate and manly; open of countenance, tall and straight as an *assegai*.

My little nephews he entranced with tales of the Hare (the original African "Br'er Rabbit"[1]) and of the animals of folk-lore. If the children were ever inclined to be naughty or noisy, we had but to call Sima'ngo, and at the first mention of the "Hare and the Baboon," or "How the animals dug their well," quiet reigned in

[1]See page 43.

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the household. The African with his mbi'la was a benign Pied Piper; the children trailed after him wide-eyed and open-mouthed, or sat silently before him listening endlessly, never tiring. They loved him dearly, and as Sima'ngo's stay with us drew to a close we overheard their little voices pleading with their mother: "O, *why* can't we have him for always? Why does he have to go back to Hampton? We want him for *ours!*"

When Sima'ngo left there was not a person in the house or neighborhood that did not miss him. Said the Irish gardener: "I wish that African boy could 'a' stayed! If that's what a Negro school turns out, I'd like to send my own boy there!" Sima'ngo's little room that he had so scrupulously cared for himself—even washing and ironing his own bed-linen—now seemed vacant and desolate to us all. His dictionary and papers were gone. But in their place beside the lamp, lay a little letter which with his usual delicacy he had silently left behind. The letter was so characteristic in its alternating humor and deep earnestness and also in its naïve allusion to the Arab (who naturally thought that the woman who made him feel at home was "homely!")—that I give the African boy's parting words in full:

"I want to express to you my deep gratitude. You have been very, very kind in every way to me during my stay here. Your interest was growing each day.

"I think that you know the story of a man from the East who, when thanking Mrs. Smith, said, 'Mrs. Smith, you are the homeliest woman that I ever saw.' So on my part I think in many cases I have showed or said something which would shock people because of not knowing the right thing or word to say, but in your judgment on such a thing you will know that I just began to climb the tree of civilization.

"Please extend my thankfulness to your mother, brother and sister. They have been very kind to me and I got a new lesson about white people.

C. KAMBA SIMANGO.

September, 1915."

III

Hampton, April, 1918.

Three years have passed since Sima'ngo and I worked together over the African songs. Inevitable delays held back the publication of this book. And now, I am once more at Hampton for a final revision of the manuscript. As I meet Sima'ngo again, I am not sorry that the book is still "in press"; for the delay has enabled me to see with my own eyes and to here record how high the African boy has climbed on the "tree of civilization." Unchanged in the steadfastness of his purpose (though quietly awaiting the possibilities of being drafted into military service as a subject of Rhodesia), Sima'ngo has remained simple and direct, while deeply matured by his schooling in America. His keen intelligence has sent him to the fore in all his studies. He has greatly improved in English. Though I had always believed in the boy, I confess that I was astonished at the position he had won at Hampton. On parade, when the daily drill on the campus

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musters the whole school in uniform, it is the African boy who carries the Institute's colors—a privilege conferred in recognition of high standing in classroom and general conduct. When the prize was awarded to the student who had made out and read the best list of books during vacation, it was Sima'ngo who carried off the honors. Twice the boy from the Dark Continent had taken a prize in speaking contests held by the students—and this in English, to him a foreign tongue![1]

Though Sima'ngo may be exceptionally intelligent, the example of his progress during the three years since first I knew him drives further home the question: Is there proven truth in the white man's assertion that the black man is constitutionally inferior? The boy from the pagan kraal, who never heard of the alphabet until he was sixteen or seventeen years old, is now fitting himself in evening hours for the difficult examinations imposed by the British Government on those who would fill government posts in South Africa. And we white men, with the blood of a world-war on our heads, dare say to Sima'ngo and his people: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further"?—

NATALIE CURTIS.

[1]Sima'ngo is now (1919) at Columbia University, New York.

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SIMA'NGO'S LETTER TO THE READER

These are genuine African songs, uninfluenced by European music. I, who sang these songs for this book, was not only born in the country where these songs are sung, but when I was a boy I took part in singing them in different kinds of dances and ceremonies, and took part also in drumming and in playing other African instruments, as "mali'mba," "mbi'la," etc. So, in singing them for this book, I sang what I knew and did before I went to school. In writing these songs, Miss Curtis and I were not satisfied by "almost like it," but by "just like it," which work she succeeded in putting them down just as I sang them, so that when they are played or sung, they undoubtedly carry to ear the real African sound and time.

To everyone into whose hands these songs will fall, should know that they are real African songs, got from an African. I have been in this country one year, and I am at Hampton Institute studying, and I was glad to do this work so as to make known the real African songs to white people and make them see and hear the real African everyday life and movements in their leisure time and in time of distress, which thing has always been misunderstood by travellers. So, by this work it is hoped to open interest on that line. It is a noble work of bringing the weak and unnoticed race to the enlightened people of the civilized world, and I was willing to give every minute that I could spare.

(Signed) C. KAMBA SIMANGO.

September 26, 1915.

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NOTES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF CHINDAU′ TEXT

The spelling here adopted is that which is in common use among the missionaries of South Africa, who have reduced the Chindau′ language to written form, translated hymn-books and the Bible into the vernacular, and are teaching the natives to read and write their own tongue. A revised scientific and phonetic spelling of this text, very kindly made by Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University, New York, will be found in the Appendix. Both the author and Ka′mba Sima′ngo wish to express their thanks to Dr. Boas for this revision.

Vowels are given the Continental sounds.

G is always hard.

g (in italics) is a soft guttural with hard g sound at the end.

l and *r* (in italics) are interchangeable according to dialect. *l* is usually used in the present transcription, and the sound is between the English l and r.

n (in italics) is pronounced like *ng* in the English word "hang."

v (in italics) is a sound between the English v and w.

nth is *not* like the English th, but is a sound of *nt*, followed by an aspirate *h*.

th alone, is *not* like the English th. It is a sound something like *t*, followed by a slightly guttural *h*, like the ch of German in the word "ich."

For literal interlineal translations of Chindau′ song-words, see Appendix, page 153.

Unless otherwise indicated, all words are accented on the penultima.

The attention of the reader is called to the fact that in the song-words as written in verse-form the accents differ from those of the ordinary spoken words as written in the Appendix. The *V*andau′ accent the words differently in singing from what they do in speaking, a peculiarity also noticed in the syncopated accents of English Negro song-words in America. Therefore, in order that the written verses should scan as sung, retaining their musical rhythm, and that the eye of the reader might catch this rhythm from the printed page, the song-accents have been given in the verses, while the correct accent for the spoken words is offered in the Appendix.

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AFRICAN PROVERBS

I

Ka kulili'la mu ha'na che ha'mba. — We weep in our hearts like the tortoise.

Meaning: The tortoise has no means of defence. He can only draw himself into his shell and weep in his own heart where none can see, while he patiently awaits his fate. So under oppression and injustice we are defenceless, nor may we even show our tears, which must not fall down our cheeks, but only backward, silently, into our hearts.

This proverb refers to tyranny in every form, whether that of conquerors over a people, rulers over a tribe, or thoughtless parents over children.

II

Ho'*ve* ji no te*ve*'la mula'mbo wa'jo. — Fish follow their own river.

Meaning: Even as fish follow their own course with their own shoal, so there are people of narrow sympathies who will never help outsiders, but only their own family and friends.

III

A ndi chala'mbi kunu'ma pa cho'to ngo,po nda'li. — I do not refuse to yield fat when on the fire.

Meaning: I must yield when caught in the press of circumstances.

IV

A ndi nyi'swi nge chi'lo chichi'na mulo'mo. — I am not vanquished by a thing which has no mouth.

Meaning: Man must persevere. The thing that we are trying to achieve has no mouth to tell us that we shall fail. We must try until we find the way to success, for discouragement lies only in our own faint heart. Failure comes from within.

V

Muli'lo wo mba'va a u ko'twi. — Warm not yourself at the fire of a thief.

Meaning: If a thief steal corn or meat, he builds a fire wherewith to roast it, then eats and goes away. If you, in passing, see the fire and warm yourself thereat, you may be taken for the thief. Avoid bad company, or you may be condemned with them, even though innocent.

VI

Manthe'de a no *ve*nga'na pa kurg'a na pa mvu'mvu a no besa'na. — Baboons quarrel while eating. In danger they help one another.

Meaning: There are many families who quarrel in times of happiness, peace and plenty; but in sickness or danger they stand together and help one another.

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BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NDAU TRIBE[1]

(Every statement in this chapter was made by the African, Kam'ba Sima'ngo, except the bracketed phrases, which are interpolations by the author, N. C.).

The *V*andau' believe in a Being, "Mulu'ngu" (Spirit), who created all things and controls everything and who is also sometimes called "Malu'le" (Creator). The same word, "Mulu'ngu," is also used to mean the spirit of the dead.[2]

The *V*andau' do not worship Mulu'ngu, although certain expressions used by the people show that they recognize this Being. For instance, in the Rain Ceremony, knowing that rain comes from Mulu'ngu, they appeal indirectly to Mulu'ngu through the clouds: "Thunder-of-the-East, we are dying!"[3] Also there is prevalent an expression sometimes used by healers: "Mulu'ngu, nga no ziv'a" (Mulu'ngu, he knows), meaning that the healing power is alone from Mulu'ngu, and not a human attribute.[4] Or if a man be unfairly treated and find that nothing can help or justify him, he lifts his hand and says, "Mulu'ngu, nga no ziv'a," to protest his innocence; or "Mulu'ngu, u no vo'na" (Mulu'ngu, he sees!).

But the supernatural beliefs of most African peoples have to do chiefly with spirits. The *V*andau' believe that there is no other world than this, and that the souls of the dead do not leave this world to go elsewhere, but remain here invisible. Spirits can communicate with the living in dreams and by obsession, also they are sent by witches to cause sickness. Some people believe that when a man sleeps, his spirit goes forth so that dreams are an actual experience of his spirit. When he is slow in awakening, it is because his spirit has gone afar.

The all-pervading belief in witchcraft is one of the most important factors of African life. Another powerful influence is the "Nyamso'lo," diviner [commonly called by the whites "witch-doctor"], who detects witches, furnishes charms against witchcraft, reveals the presence of malignant forces, and through his own supernatural power rids the sick of troubling spirits.

The *V*andau' never worship idols or animals, but they ask the spirits of their dead fathers to help and protect them as the fathers did in life. The father of the household has absolute authority and is revered accordingly [as indeed in most forms of tribal life, especially among polygamous peoples].[5] Thus among the *V*andau' the father is master of his household as the king is father and master of the tribe. To the king, or great chief, the sub-chiefs and the people owe absolute allegiance, and to the father of the household the wives, sons and daughters render complete obedience. A young man brings his earnings to his father, and the father will keep them for him, divide them, or return them, as he thinks best.

[1]Peculiarities of the language of this tribe cause the tribe to be called "Ndau," the people "*V*andau'," and the language "Chindau'."

[2]Compare with the name of the Supreme Being among some Indian tribes of North America: "The Great Spirit" or "The Great Mystery."

[3]See Rain Ceremony, pages 22, 90.

[4]This is exactly analogous to the conception of the North American Indian.

[5]See Zulu polygamy, page 72.

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When the father is dead, it is believed that he still looks after the welfare of his household. His counsel and his help are asked, and the son will still lay offerings before the vacant place in the hut and talk to his father as in life. This veneration of the father, the head of the House, is one of the strongest sentiments of patriarchial and tribal peoples, and the father is revered in death as in life.[1]

The *V*andau' bury their dead in "sipa," graveyards which are often in the shady forests. Here, of course, there are many snakes; and when these snakes are apparently free from all hostile intent toward man (probably after they have just eaten and are therefore quiet), the people believe it is the spirits of the dead that have made the snakes gentle and harmless. They say that such snakes are "the snakes of the spirits."[2] The spirits can go everywhere; but though they have power over animals, the *V*andau' *do not believe that the spirits actually enter into snakes or any other animals.* The spirits live as they lived before when in bodily form, but invisible.

The normal state of man is healthful life. Sickness and death are abnormal, and when a man dies it is usually because he has been bewitched in some way. Even if he be killed in battle it is because some evil influence has brought him bad luck. Death is never natural. There is always some cause for it.[3] A witch is one who influences others for evil through charms, wicked magic of various kinds, and through power over the spirits of the dead.[4] Even animals that injure man, such as lions, snakes or crocodiles, if found near human habitations, are sometimes thought to have been sent by witches. Witchcraft is a secret practice, for in many tribes witches are killed, and among the *V*andau' they are severely punished. Most African tribes live in constant fear of being bewitched, or of being accused of witchcraft. A witch may kill a man by magic (destroying bits of the victim's nail-parings, scraps of his hair, any intimate belongings, or even an image of the man),[5] or he may send the spirit of a dead person to make the man sick. Any one may be a witch in secret—any man or woman—even a man's own wife might be a witch without the knowledge of the husband. Thus frequent accusations of witchcraft lead to many a rupture of friendly relations, making it difficult for large numbers of people to dwell together in harmony, since any sickness or death may give rise to suspicion and to searching inquiry as to its cause.

Opposing the witch is the "Nyamso'lo," the diviner, who "smells out" witchcraft through supernatural power that is his by virtue of a "Zin*thi*'ki," a familiar spirit or "demon"[6] who controls the diviner [in the sense that the word "con-

[1]Since the Hebrews had this same reverence for the father of the House, who was absolute lord over his children, is it not possible that Jesus' allusion to "the Father" implied that Hebraic veneration for the ruler that made even the human father almost an object of worship? (See inter-relation of Semitic and African cultures, pages xiv, xvi.)

[2]White people have believed that the *V*andau thought that the spirits of their ancestors entered *into* snakes, but this is not true of this tribe.

[3]Compare with Zulu statement, page 76. See also "Mate'ka," Song of the Rain Ceremony No. II, page 23.

[4]Compare with witchcraft in mediæval Europe—Encyclopedia Britannica. Also, see Introduction to this volume, page xvii.

[5]This is almost identical with the beliefs and superstitions of mediæval Europe.

[6]"Demon: A supernatural protector or helper." Century Dictionary. Compare with Witch of Endor in Old Testament.

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DIVINERS
Called by the Whites "Witch Doctors"

Note the "maze'mbe" (divining "bones"), on the mat in front of the diviner to the right; also the wand tipped with an antelope's tail in the hand of the diviner to the left.

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trol" is used in modern spiritualism], taking possession of his body and speaking through him. This Familiar Spirit is a being whose works are friendly to man; it is a spirit who comes from afar, for it can never be the spirit of any relative or of a friend. When the diviner is obsessed by the Familiar Spirit, his eyes are closed, or else fixed and glassy, the body shudders, trembles and rocks slightly, while the voice is hoarse, guttural and unnatural. The diviner is himself unconscious of what goes on, and after returning to himself has no memory of what has been said or done while the Familiar Spirit obsessed his body. The Familiar Spirit it is who can detect the presence of a spirit which is troubling a sick man and causing the illness, and it is through the agency of the diviner and his Familiar Spirit that the troubling spirit may be communed with, reasoned with, propitiated and finally induced to leave. [The African diviner corresponds, in fact, to what modern spiritualists would call a "medium."] Women as well as men are Nyamso'lo, diviners. They carry a wand tipped with an antelope-tail, and are usually accompanied in their duties by an assistant or attendant; if the diviner be a man, the attendant may be one of his wives; if a woman, she will probably be accompanied by her husband; or the attendant may, in either case, be a friend.

Not all sickness is caused by witchcraft or spirits. Much is ordinary sickness which can be cured by drugs. Besides the diviners (the Nyamso'lo, who can always find the cause of sickness), there are other healers called "*N*a'nga," or "Be'ze," men and women who are literally doctors of medicine or apothecaries, and who cure with drugs, herbs, sweat-baths and other natural agencies. They may also induce a troubling spirit to depart from a sick man, though this is not their peculiar function as it is that of the diviner (the Nyamso'lo), because the diviners are the only doctors who have Familiar Spirits. All healers of all kinds, however, make medicine and charms to protect people from witchcraft, to ward off evil, to avert danger, to win love and allegiance, to insure success in hunting, and so on. The *N*a'nga also foresee the future, detect criminals, find lost articles, and soothsay. The doctors and apothecaries as well as the diviners carry pouches containing the "Maze'mbe"—a collection of small bones of different animals, bits of tortoise-shell, crocodile-scales, etc. These are for the purposes of divination. Some doctors and diviners use as many as fifty of these "Maze'mbe"; others do not know how to use more than six. But all must use at least six. The Maze'mbe are shaken in the hands [like dice in a box] and then thrown on the ground. From the position of the different articles, whether they fall with the inside or the outside uppermost, the doctor divines certain truths and reasons out certain conclusions [he reads the Maze'mbe as a white man reads cards in fortune-telling]. Of course, in cases of ordinary sickness, where a simple dose of medicine is the obvious cure, no Maze'mbe are used. Every man, however, seeks for charms of some kind to protect him from witchcraft, or to win him the things he desires. If a man build a new house in a fresh spot he goes to the diviner, who gives him medicine which, sprinkled about, will keep poisonous snakes away and fortify the place against evil influences and bad spirits. When a new king comes into power he seeks from all the diviners and doctors, far and near, charms and medicines to ward off dangers and ills and to make the people give him their affection and loyalty. Often the diviners lie

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and trick the people; yet often they tell the truth. The people believe in them, though if sometimes a diviner is proved false he loses favor and is shunned.

A typical case of the diviner's treatment of the sick might be as follows: A man lies grievously ill. He sends for the diviner. Perhaps he suspects some man of having bewitched him; or perhaps if he himself be guilty of having killed another man by witchcraft, he knows that his present sickness is caused by the spirit of the man whom he killed. But he does not tell the diviner; it is for the diviner, if he be a true one, to find out the trouble. The diviner throws his Maze'mbe and reads them. This constitutes one ceremony. If the man be very ill [with epilepsy,[1] perhaps], and the diviner sees at once that a spirit is troubling him and there is no time to lose, he goes to work immediately to take out the spirit, without throwing the Maze'mbe first. If no spirit is troubling the man and ordinary medicine will suffice, the diviner himself doctors the patient quite simply, without spiritual practices. If, however, it be indeed a spirit that is causing the trouble, then follows the ceremony of supernatural intercourse with this spirit. "Man*thi*'ki," spirit-songs, are sung by the diviner and by the people who have gathered, and sometimes there is a dance and the diviner works himself into a state of ecstasy or frenzy, when his Familiar Spirit "wakes" within him and assumes control. Now the spirits who come to injure a man can kill him, but they themselves can never be killed, for they are deathless. They can only be sent away. The spirits of babies or of feeble old people in their second childhood have not power enough to kill when they affect a living person, but if a strong spirit trouble a man, these weaker spirits can lend their aid. So the first duty of the diviner is usually to rid the sick man of the "Nji'mu," or weak spirits; then, after the strong spirit has thus been bereft of all support, the diviner will treat with him alone. He "takes out" the weak spirits by stroking the sick person with his "Mvi'ngo," a wand tipped with an antelope-tail, decorated with beads and filled with "medicine." He sniffs the "Mvi'ngo," and if through this inhaling he catches a spirit, he cries "We'nsia!" like a loud sneeze, which expels the spirit. So he continues, until he is convinced that he has removed all the weak spirits. Now sometimes the strong spirit, finding itself thus alone and unsupported, leaves the sick man. It runs away and hides, fearful of being discovered and revealed. But it must be found. For unless it has been reasoned with and propitiated, it will return when the diviner is gone. The Familiar Spirit controlling the diviner knows how to find the fleeing spirit. He blows a whistle made of the horn of the antelope to call the spirit back. If he has not the power thus to induce the spirit to return, he goes after it on his hands and knees, making strange noises like an animal chasing its quarry. (This statement [to the end of the paragraph] was made to Ka'mba Sima'ngo by a diviner, and is here repeated, though Sima'ngo says that "no one can confirm as true anything concerning things so mysterious as spirits.") When this hiding spirit is finally captured, it may sometimes fall upon the shoulders of the diviner, and if it be very strong, the diviner often drops to the ground as though fainting. The troubling spirit, now in the power of the diviner's Familiar Spirit, *enters also into the diviner*, while the Familiar Spirit sinks down to the breast and

[1] A not uncommon disease among the natives.

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abdomen, leaving the upper part of the diviner's body in the control of the captured spirit, so that this latter may now speak through the diviner's mouth and answer questions.

The attendant of the diviner, or perhaps one of the friends of the sick man, now greets the spirit and questions it, asking its name, why it is here, and what its grievance. The spirit may then confess that it has been sent to kill the man, and tells the reason. Then the people ask it, "What do you want?" They offer a gift, that the spirit may go away satisfied and cease troubling the man. The spirit tells what it would like to have—perhaps the gift of a piece of cloth, perhaps food. The family of the sick man therefore bring such an offering and it is placed in a wooden bowl or in a hollow gourd. The diviner then sneezes into the gift, crying "We'nsia!" which expels the spirit, who thus leaves the diviner's body. The Familiar Spirit then again assumes complete control, while the people carry off the bowl of gifts and cast the cloth, or whatever article the spirit may have desired, into the bush, away from the dwellings of people and from passers-by. They are careful to carry with them the wand of the diviner in order that the spirit shall remain afar with the gifts and not return with them.

Sometimes the troubling spirit is not easily appeased and demands far more than a gift of cloth. If the spirit be that of a man who was killed by witchcraft it may take its revenge by making sick the members of the witch's family. And this spirit would be very hard to propitiate; it might cause illness and death among all the household of the witch and come back many, many times. It might require, to be satisfied, that a girl be given free, without pay,[1] as wife to some friend of the spirit, still alive. This friend would fill all a son-in-law's duties, but he would not have to pay the father-in-law for the girl, as is the usual custom. He would have her for nothing as a free gift, to appease the spirit, which would then be satisfied and depart.

Of course, the diviner is paid for his work, which differs with different cases. He usually gives medicine to the sick person besides dealing with the troubling spirit. Nor does the troubling spirit always come to *harm* the sick person. Sometimes, if the illness be slight, it may be caused by a friendly spirit who can find no other way to draw the attention of friends or family to the fact that a spirit wishes to make itself known. In such a case, it might be the father of a household who causes some slight illness, usually to a child—a cough, perhaps, or a headache. The diviner is summoned, and he throws his bones and then announces, "Your father" (or it might be another relative, or a friend) "is asking for something." Then the offering is made, and the sick person is supposed to recover. To make some one ill in order to draw attention to a want, is often the only way that a spirit can communicate.

The sick man can invite people to the healing, or not, as he likes. If the healing take place in the hut with all doors closed, outsiders do not enter. If the healing is not to be private, the neighbors are invited to help in the singing, and others who hear the singing and dancing will gather, knowing that the ceremony is a public one.

[1]See Zulu statement, page 72.

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MATE'KA

SONG OF THE RAIN CEREMONY

I

"Mate'ka" means "Ceremony," and when the word is used alone, "Rain Ceremony" is understood; at the death of a chief a somewhat similar ceremony is held which is called "Mate'ka-o-Mali'lo," "Ceremony of Mourning."

These Rain-Songs are old. Many Chindau' songs are ephemeral, but the Rain-Songs are usually traditional. They were composed by the upper classes or men of rank because the rain ceremonies are solemn and important rites which concern the welfare of the whole nation and are held at the command of the king. A rainless year means famine to the *V*andau', so that the prayer for rain is a cry of distress from the heart of the people. When singing this song, the aged men and women weep and wail, remembering the old companions with whom they used to dance and who are now no more.

The order of the ceremony is as follows: Each family brings its own basket of "mapfu'nde" (corn with which to make the "do'lo," native beer), and the people engage in the brewing, which takes usually about seven days. Meanwhile the people sing and dance from evening until midnight. On the last day, when the beer is finished, they dance from sunset till sunset. They make a wooden stand and on this they place the drums, usually four in number, all being of different size to emit different tones. These are special drums used in ceremonial dances for rain or for the spirits. They are known as "Ngo'ma hu'lu," big round drum; "Mbiku'la," middle-sized round drum of different pitch, whose name means "changing" because it is used "when the tone is changed" —in other words as a tonal link between the big drum and the little drums; and "Mitu'mba," the two small round drums.[1] The drums are made of hollowed wood slightly narrowed and rounded at the bottom, where there is a hole to let out the air. Across the open mouth of the upper section is stretched the skin of a calf or antelope. Some drummers are so skilled that they can beat two drums at once, but usually, for religious dances, each man beats only one drum and there are therefore four drummers.

The beer-making for the Rain Ceremony is in itself a ceremonial act. When the beer is finished, the people pour some of it upon the earth as an offering, to indicate the flow of rain. On the last day of the ceremony, they visit the graves of the dead and pour a few drops on the ground or under a tree, wherever they think that the spirits might come to rest. This is a purely symbolic act to show reverence for the dead. The man who pours the beer calls the name of the man who has last died—the youngest man among the spirits—and says: "We offer a sacrifice, take this to————" (mentioning the name of the man who died just before); then he repeats the same formula, asking the spirit of the second dead man to bear the sacrifice to a third, and so on, till the names of those who died long ago are reached. Each time he pronounces the message and speaks the

[1]Singular form, "Mutu'mba."

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name of the spirit, the people, after the name is mentioned, solemnly clap their hands three times—two little short hand-claps each time with a pause between, signifying "so be it." The soul of a man does not die, nor can it enter the grave with the body. Therefore, when the people offer food or beer, they place it elsewhere than on the graves, sometimes in the house of those who make the offering (as though the spirit were their guest) and often under a shady tree, which is a lovely resting-place where the spirit might linger; for the spirit never clings to the dead body, but goes everywhere.[1]

This song is a cry of distress. The rain has failed, the crops will fail and the people will perish. The *V*andau' say that when a person dies, he must go alone. In living, people can share all things, and can suffer together; but dying cannot be shared; even when surrounded by children and those we love, each one of us must go alone. Thus the opening words of this song:

"No child can now go with me—aye!"

To the *V*andau' the exclamation "O Mother!" has come to mean a general exclamation of distress, an invocation, even as the white man cries "O Heaven!" or "O God!"; for the very word "Mother" means one who cares for the helpless and is an ever-present succor. "Mother" is one who listens, who is always tender, always faithful. So the people sing in their misery and want, like hungry children crying to their mother.[2]

While performing this ceremony, all the minds of the people are concentrated upon it. Even as when a country is fighting, the people put all their faith in their army, so now when the country is starving, they depend on the Rain Ceremony of which the drumming is the life-pulse. If the ceremony should fail, there would be no hope left and the drum would be as the grave of the nation.

Now among the *V*andau' there are different groups of people: Those who live by the coast; those who live further back, but on lowland; those who are inland dwellers on higher land, and are called the highland people; and those who live in the mountains, and are called the mountain people. Each group prides itself on being better than the others. In this song it is the lowland people who are supposed to be singing, and they ask: "Know ye the way the highland people drum?" meaning that these are lowland people drumming; "do they play as

[1]Some white observers, seeing offerings beneath the trees, have made the superficial mistake (unfortunately characteristic) of supposing that the natives worshipped *trees*.

[2]Miss Mary Kingsley, in her book "West African Studies" (p. 373), makes the following quotation from the Rev. Leighton Wilson:

"Whatever other estimate we may form of the African, we may not doubt his love for his mother. Her name, whether dead or alive, is always on his lips and in his heart. She is the first thing he thinks of when awakening from his slumbers and the last thing he remembers when closing his eyes in sleep; to her he confides secrets which he would reveal to no other human being on the face of the earth. He cares for no one else in time of sickness, she alone must prepare his food, administer his medicine, perform his ablutions, and spread his mat for him. He flies to her in the hour of his distress, for he well knows if all the rest of the world turn against him, she will be steadfast in her love, whether he be right or wrong."

The Rev. Leighton Wilson's "Western Africa" (pp. 116-117) contains the following paragraph:

"If there be any cause which justifies a man using violence toward one of his fellow-men it would be to resent an insult offered to his mother. More fights are occasioned among boys by hearing something said in disparagement of their mothers than all other causes put together. It is a common saying among them, if a man's mother and his wife are both on the point of being drowned, and he can save only one of them, he must save his mother, for the avowed reason if the wife is lost he may marry another, but he will never find a second mother." See also "Mafuve," Dance of Girls, this book, page 29, and Zulu Lullaby, page 66.

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well as the people of the lowlands?"—And the indirect answer tells how the lowland people drum, for they reply that the coastpeople do not know this way of playing; it is *they* who are poor drummers.

Though the form of the song, with its refrain, is traditional, the singing is always extemporaneous, and verses are made up by the leader. The opening phrase with words is sung by a leader and the people all join in the refrain, even as in Negro songs in America the leader sings an extemporaneous verse and the people join in the chorus. Of course, if the people already know the words sung by the leader, they may sing them too; the words here noted are traditional and have been long in use. But as this one song is sometimes sung for three hours at a time, new verses are constantly composed. The age of this song was unknown, but the Mundau'[1] singer who sang it for this recording states that it was old before his father was born.

	(*Metrical and literal translation*)
A ndi'na mwana' wokwe'nda na ye, *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	No child may journey with me, ne'er a one, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Ngoma' hu'lu-yo ngo gu'va la'ngu, *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	The Big Drum waiteth for me as a grave, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Ndozo' vi'gwa-mwo no nda'fa pano', *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	And dying, I shall be buried therein, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Chimu'kwi'lo mu'no chi'konavo'? *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	The Upland manner of drumming, know ye? *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
*V*amwe'mba dovo' hava' lu koni'! *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	No Coastland people can drum in this way! *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!

MATE'KA

Song of the Rain Ceremony

II

Nyamakamba'la

Thunder-of-the-East

The sky is made of a hard substance like iron, that makes a noise when struck.[2] From the East we hear Nyakamba'la, "the Thunder-of-the-East," and this means that rain is coming. The thunder is caused by Halakavu'ma, "the

[1] "Mundau'," singular form of *V*andau'.

[2] The iron sky of African mythology surely goes to prove the important part that iron played in the life of prehistoric Africa. (See Introduction, page xv.)

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Noisemaker," who dwells in the sky and looks like a great river tortoise. There are many Halakavu'ma, and during a storm they fight in the air and make a great noise as they strike each other, because they are hard. Also they hit against the iron sky, which reverberates, and the terrible sound of the Halakavu'ma in battle is the thunder.

Mbe'ni, "the Outspread-One," is the lightning, and this is a bird whose right wing is tipped with fire.[1] The left wing is dark. There are many lightning-birds and these, too, fight in the air. One can hear the crackling of their fiery wings as they strike each other in battle or against the metal sky; and one can see the flame too as the wing passes through the clouds, brushes an enemy, or knocks against the iron heaven.

If a man is struck by lightning, it is because a wizard has sent Mbe'ni, the lightning-bird, to kill him. No man dies by nature, but only by being bewitched in some way.[2] Sometimes when the Halakavu'ma are fighting, one will fall from the sky. But when found, it looks only like a river toirtoise!

In this song the people call upon Nyamakamba'la, the Thunder-of-the-East, who is the precursor of rain; for without rain, the crops will fail and the people will die of famine. The song continues for an indefinite number of verses, sometimes for two hours, while the singers call to the peoples of different localities, sending abroad on the air their cry of distress. They call in song only, for the appeal is to higher powers for rain, not for the tangible aid of other men. "Mambo'ni," "Masha'nga" and "Nyali'nge" are names of places.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Nyamakamba'*la*[3] tape'la.	Thunder-of-the-East, we're dying,
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
Mbu'li yo' 'pela' nyamwa'ka!	And the race will die this season!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Mu'kwilo talo'*v*a!	O ye Highland folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ku'jombe' tape'la!	O ye Sea-side folk, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ma'mboni talo'*v*a!	Ye Mambo'ni folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ma'shanga tape'la!	Ye Masha'gna folk, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Nya'linge talo'*v*a!	Ye Nyali'nge folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
Nyamakamba'*la* tape'la!	Thunder-of-the-East, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*

[1]Compare with the North American Indians' belief in the Thunder-Bird.

[2]Compare page 76, Zulû section. Also see page 16.

[3]The accent of this word is changed in singing from the fourth syllable to the third. This rhythmic shifting of accent is found in many of the Ndau songs.

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MAN*THI*'KI
SPIRIT-SONG

I

Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi
Farewell, Farewell

After the "Nyamso'lo" (diviner) has tended a patient by communicating with the spirit which troubled the sick man, the "Zin*thi*'ki," or Familiar Spirit who controlled the diviner and worked through him, makes known its wish to depart, since its task, for the moment, is ended.[1] So the Familiar Spirit, still obsessing the "Nyamso'lo," sings through him a farewell song, in which it is joined by the people.

While the Familiar Spirit has possession, the body rocks to and fro, and often shudders slightly. During the singing of the farewell song, violent trembling sometimes seizes the form of the "Nyamso'lo," until at last the Familiar Spirit frees itself in long loud cries of "We'nsia! We'nsia!" which is the symbolic "sneeze" by which spirits are expelled from the body.[2] The people finish out the phrase of the song, and then stop singing, for the Familiar Spirit is gone.

The song, accompanied with the clapping of hands and the rhythmic shaking of a gourd rattle, is in two parts, a higher and a lower voice, with two rhythmic accompaniments corresponding to each part. In the words of the song, the voice of the Familiar Spirit sounds out above that of the people; in the refrain, which is a response to the Familiar Spirit's farewell, the people are often heard above the Spirit.

The song usually begins with the words "Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi" and ends with "ndo mbulu'ka, ndo mbulu'ka" (I fly, I fly!); but there is no regular order for the other phrases, which are interchangeable and may be sung an indefinite number of times in varying order, until the cry of "We'nsia! We'nsia!"[3] proclaims the Familiar Spirit fled.

	(*Metrical and literal translation.*)
Sa'lanyi, sa'lanyi!	Farewell O, Farewell O,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Ndo'da kwe'nda, ndo'da kwe'nda,	I would leave you, I would leave you,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Ka' kwe'nda, ka' kwe'nda,	I'm going, I'm going,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Sa'lanyi, sa'lanyi!	Farewell O, farewell O,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Mwo'chisa'le, mwo'chisa'le,	We are parting, we are parting,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Ndo' mbulu'ka, ndo' mbulu'ka!	I am flying, I am flying,
We'nsia! We'nsia!	*We'nsia! We'nsia!*

[1] See page 18.
[2] Compare with the cataleptic "trances" of mediums in modern spiritualism.
[3] Some Nyamso'lo cry "We'nsia," some "Wo'nsia," others "Wo'chi."

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MAN*THI*'KI

Spirit-Song

II

Nyam'nje'nje

The Bird

When the controlling Familiar Spirit or Demon, the "Zin*thi*'ki" of the Nyamso'lo, has done its work and has detected, exorcised and placated the spirit or spirits that troubled the sick man, it is itself ready to depart and to leave the body of the diviner. The people who have been attending the healing ceremony then begin a chant, likening the departing Zin*thi*'ki to a bird ready for its homeward flight. The second and last verses of the song may be variously interpreted. One version likens the Nyamso'lo himself to a water-bird, for as his body rocks to and fro in the throes of the obsessing Zin*thi*'ki he dips up and down, even as the water-bird dips into the sea. The other interpretation compares the Zin*thi*'ki which flies when its work is done, to the water-bird which wings away with the rising tide.

The first two verses are repeated over and over again, accompanying the violent trembling, the stiffening and shuddering of the Nyamso'lo, who groans, catches his breath, sighs or gasps with eyes rolled back in his head, while the controlling Zin*thi*'ki thus tears his body in its efforts to free itself. This may last for some time, the steady, monotonous clapping and singing of the people being broken in upon now and then by the hoarse ejaculations of the Zin*thi*'ki still struggling in the Nyamso'lo's body: "I want to go! I want to go!"—"I am going! I am going!"—"Farewell—farewell!" When the people see that the Spirit is at last nearly free, they stop clapping and chant the last verse, "Now thou fliest—fliest!" which they sing till the sudden cry of "*We'nsia! We'nsia!*" from the Nyamso'lo at last expels the Zin*thi*'ki. There are many of these songs of farewell to the departing Spirit.

The English translation of this song, which is in three distinct sections, corresponds exactly to the original African rhythms.

	(*Metrical and literal translation*)
Nyam'nje'nje we'nda	On homeward pinion
Kumba' kwa'ke,	The bird flies forth,
We'-ye-wo-ye!	*We'-ye-wo-ye!*
Nyam'nje'nje we'nda	On homeward pinion
Kumba' kwa'ke,	The bird flies forth,
We'-ye-wo-ye!	*We'-ye-wo-ye!*
Shilima'jiwe ma'ji,	Water-bird of the ocean,
Shilima'jiwe ma'ji,	Water-bird of the ocean,
Shi*l*i mb'lu'ka, mb'lu'ka,	Now thou fliest, fliest,
Shi*l*i mb'lu'ka, mb'lu'ka!	Now thou fliest, fliest!
We'nsia!	*We'nsia!*

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MAN*THI*'KI
Spirit-Song

III

*V*amalo'*v*a nje'che
He who beats the Little Ones

This is a song sung by the "*N*a'nga," a diviner of a different order from the Nyamso'lo, and whose skill in medicine and charms usually surpasses that of the latter, even though the *N*a'nga has no Familiar Spirit, as has the Nyamso'lo, and so does not work in the same way.[1] It is the *N*a'nga, or Do'ta, as he is sometimes called, who is usually summoned to "smell out" witchcraft when settling disputes with regard to the detection of witches still alive or at large.

Suppose a man dies; his family and friends at once try to find out who has bewitched him.[2] Their suspicions fall perhaps on some individual, and they accuse him of witchcraft. This is a very terrible charge, and one that is much dreaded, for in old times among the *V*andau' people, a witch used to be severely dealt with, while among some tribes he was put to death.

The suspected man appeals to the Chief, protesting his innocence. The Chief then summons before him the accuser and the accused and hears both sides. The function of the Chief is to try to find if the charge is based on fact. If the accuser retract his charge, which may have been made in anger, the Chief may end the dispute amicably and send both people home; or he may fine the accuser for having defamed the good name of the accused. But if the accuser persist in his charge, the matter is then beyond the wisdom of natural human agency; the Chief cannot settle the affair, and the accused has the right to petition the Chief to send for a diviner.

The Chief gives his order that a *N*a'nga be summoned from afar; a distant diviner must be chosen, one who lives perhaps three or five days' journey from the village of the dead man and will thus know nothing of the case in question. On arriving at the village, the *N*a'nga and his attendants are prohibited from seeking or gaining information concerning the case, and are supposed to start at their work of divining as soon as possible.

The people gather at the place of trial, an open space under a wide-spreading tree in the kraal of the Chief, where cases of all kinds in the village are usually tried. The accuser and the accused come forward and the people form a circle around them. It is now the task of the "*N*a'nga" to discover through his power of divination what he has been sent for, the nature of the dispute, the death of the man, and the quarrel or the suspicions that gave rise to the accusation of witchcraft. He makes short statements, to each of which the people answer "Yes," no matter if the *N*a'nga be right or wrong. The people are of course anxious that the *N*a'nga shall find the truth, and it is not difficult for him to tell by the tones of their voices whether he is on the right trail. For instance, he will say: "There has been trouble in this village," and

[1] See "Beliefs and Customs of the Ndau Tribe," page 15.
[2] See page 16.

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the people will respond in chorus, "Yes!" "Some one is sick"—the people will still say, "Yes!" but the *Na'*nga will see at once that he is wrong. "Worse than sick—some one has died," he will continue. "Yes! yes!" the people will answer. So, bit by bit, he unravels the case until he hits upon the truth.[1]

Now the *Na'*nga takes his "maze'mbe"[2] (divining bones), and sometimes gives them first into the hands of the accused. This man shakes the bones, declaring all his wrong-doings, steadily maintaining, however, that whatever may have been his faults in other things, he is not guilty of the crime with which he now is charged. The *Na'*nga then throws the bones, and if they fall in such a way as to mean "innocent," the man is acquitted; if they proclaim "guilty," the accused again searches his heart, names whatever wrong-doing may have yet been unconfessed, but still affirms his innocence of the present accusation. If, after repeated confessions, the bones persist in their condemnation when they have been thrown three times, the "*Na'*nga" touches the victim with his divining wand and pronounces: "Guilty!" Then follows punishment. In old times this used to be very terrible, but owing to the strong opposition of white people, the death-penalty has been abolished and other severe forms of retribution are no longer in use. But the trials for witchcraft are still secretly held.

During the divining ceremony, before the throwing of the bones, the following song of divination is sung by the *Na'*nga. The meaning of the song would seem to be that he who practises witchcraft to destroy a helpless and unknowing person is like a strong man who beats a child. The final phrase, "He is here!" proclaims the *Na'*nga's power to "smell out" the guilty. This song is repeated again and again, and the *Na'*nga dances also. The people are worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and the accused suffers tortures of suspense.

The fear of being bewitched, or of being accused of witchcraft—this is the great shadow over the life of the African.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

*V*amalo'*v*a nje'che,	Who little ones doth beat,
*V*a pa' no!	He is here!

[The tune of this song is very like some of those heard on high-pitched nasal reed-pipes in the North of Africa. The author has even heard Turkish tunes of something the same character. There is perhaps Arabic influence here.]

MAN*THI*'KI

Spirit-Song

IV

Nyamuzi'*v*a

He who knows

This song, like the preceding one, is sung by the *Na'*nga while divining. It relates to the common human failing of seeing the faults of others quicker than

[1]Sima'ngo said that when the *Na'*nga was wrong in his statement, the people answered in a listless, apathetic way. When he guessed right, they answered "Yes! yes!" with enthusiasm and alacrity. Sima'ngo did not think that this form of divination required a very high order of supernatural power!

[2]See page 17.

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one's own, for it is the nature of man to see the evil in another first. So, in the matter of witchcraft, men are quick to suspect each other even when they may be secretly practising witchcraft themselves. It is thought that this song was not originally composed for use in the trial for witchcraft, but it has been adapted to that purpose because of its significant and appropriate words. Its sarcasm should fill with guilty terror the man who falsely accuses, or who charges another with a crime which he may be practising himself.

(*Metrical translation*)

Nyamuzi'va wo'ye,
E'ya, e'ya-ye,
*V*a no zi'va zo va'mwe,
E'ya, e'ya-ye.

He who knowledge boasteth,
Truly, yea, truly,
Yes, he knoweth of others!
Truly, yea, truly.

(*Literal translation*)

He who knows,
Yes, yes, truly,
He knows of others,
Yes, yes, truly.

LUM'BO LGO LU'DO

LOVE-SONG

When Tsha'ka,[1] the great Zulu King and conqueror, overran South Africa early in the nineteenth century, he sent some of his generals to conquer other tribes. News reached Tsha'ka that these generals were suspected of having kept for themselves cattle which they had taken from the enemy, instead of having tendered it to the King. So Tsha'ka sent another army after these generals, to kill them. News reached the generals in advance and they fled, taking with them all their soldiers, till they came to that part of the country now known as Portuguese East Africa. There were among them two men of distinction, Muzi'ya[2] ("Muzi'la," in the Zulu language) and So'shanga'ne. So'shanga'ne remained in Portuguese East Africa, but Muzi'ya went to what is now Rhodesia and there established a kingdom; it was his son, Lobe'ngula, who fought with the British. So'shanga'ne came to the *V*andau' and other people of East Africa, with all his troops, as a friend. The *V*andau' are not a warlike people, as are the Zulu, so that the newcomers remained peaceably among them. So'shanga'ne won their confidence and made himself King, allowing the *V*andau' to keep their own kings also, but inducing them to accept him as King of Kings—the highest King over all. He extended his kingdom to the mouth of the Zambezi river. His subjects called him "Muzi'ya" and "Yama'nde" as well as "So'shanga'ne," and all the people over whom he ruled came to be known as "Shanga'ne."

[1]Or Chaka. See page 63.

[2]Also, according to white writers, "Mosilika'tze" and "Umsilika'tze."

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In this song, an unhappy maiden laments that she has "not her own," and calls upon Muzi'ya, the great King over all Kings, even as white people would bewail their misery to God. The song might be interpreted that the lovers who sought her did not include one that she loved; or it might be that no one has yet wooed her; or, again, she might be unhappily betrothed.

(*Metrical translation to fit the rhythm of the African verse and the music*)

A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
Aha!

Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Aha!

(*Literal translation*)

I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
Aha!

MAFU'*V*E

DANCE OF GIRLS

Eyo'we, Kwa'mai-we!

Alas, my mother's home!

The strongest affection an African can know is the love of a child for its mother.[1] This love endures all through life with the same intensity, the people saying, "If a man's wife die, he may get another wife. But he cannot get a mother. If a woman's husband die, she may find another man. But she can never find another mother."[2]

When a Mundau'[3] marries, he may not take a bride from any family descended from the same ancestor as his own, no matter how remote and faint the relationship. Often he seeks his bride in another village.[4] Then he takes her back with him to his kraal. This song tells of a bride or young wife who, overcome with homesickness, thinks with longing of her mother and of her childhood's home, even though she loves her husband and her new life.

The song is sung for a dance of girls, both unmarried and married (for women marry very young in Africa). No drums are used, the song being accompanied by the clapping of hands. Two girls dance at a time, opposite each other, the dance-steps beginning with two stamps [see accented notes in the music, opening bars], while the other girls stand around the dancers in a circle, clapping and singing, until their turn comes to dance.

[1] See "Song of the Rain Ceremony," page 21.
[2] See "The Mother in Africa," pages xxiii, 66.
[3] Singular form of "*V*andau'."
[4] See Zulu Dance-Song, page 69.

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Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai-we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye!*

Kwa'mai nda' lega', *yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Ndo' da kwu'misha, *yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye!*

Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai-we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai nda' lega', eya, eya,
Ewe yo'we,
Ndo'da kwu'misha, eya, eya,
Ewe yo'we!

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Mother's home, *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye!*

I left my mother's home, *yo'we iye,*
O alas, *we yo'we iye,*
I love my husband's home, *yo'we iye,*
O alas, *we yo'we iye!*

Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Mother's home, *we yo'we iye,*
I left my mother's home, yes, yes,
O alas,
I love my husband's home, yes, yes,
O alas!

CHILDREN'S SONGS

I

Mu-to-to-li'le

Drip-drop the Rain

This song is sung by children when playing in the rain. They call the raindrops to pour down till all the pools are full. The African boys and girls love to hunt bullfrogs, especially the big ones with red breasts, and they spear them with little sharp-pointed sticks. "*To-to*" is supposed to be the sound of rain, falling in drops.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

To-to lile',
Mvula' ngaine',
To-to lile',
Maka'ndwa azale',

To-to lile',
Tizo' bumwi'la mwo,
To-to lile,'
Ti ba'ye macheche'.

"To-to," pour down,
Rain, let it rain,
"To-to," pour down,
Let all the pools be full,

"To-to," pour down,
And we will swim therein;
"To-to," pour down,
We spear the red bullfrog.

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II

Cha-Ko'mba-Ko'mba

Hopping Song

In the evening the children play this singing-game, while hopping on one leg in time to the music to a given goal in a hopping race. They must always hop on one leg, for to put down the other foot would be to lose the race.

Cha'komba', komba',
Cha' mn*th*alila![1]

Hoppy-hoppy-hop,
Mn*th*alila's hop!

III

Muvi'li, Zu'ma-Zu'ma

Drying Song

After the children have been swimming, they jump up and down in the sun to shake the water off and dry themselves. They sing this little half-spoken song while jumping in time to each beat of the music. They think that the song and the leaping are a kind of charm which helps to make them dry. They do not know that it is the jumping that makes their hearts beat quickly and thus sets their little bodies in a glow.

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
Kasila', kasila'.

Body, body, dry off quick!
Body, body, dry off quick!
Quickly now, quickly now.

Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
O'mai, O'mai,
Muvili', zuma', zuma'!

Body, body, dry off quick!
You're dry, you're dry,
Body, body, dry off quick!

(*Literal translation*)

Body, dry off, dry off,
Body, dry off, dry off,
Quick, quick,

Body, dry off, dry off,
You're dry, you're dry,
Body, dry off, dry off!

[1]The "th" is pronounced like "t" followed by a slightly aspirate "h." For meaning of "mn*th*alila," see Appendix, page 159.

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LABORING-SONGS

I

Kwae'ja no Makashot'
Day Dawns with Freight to Haul
(Song of the Dock-Hands at the shipping-port of Beira)

Beira is a large seaport and much freight destined for the interior and for Rhodesia is there unloaded.[1] The work begins at daylight, and the boxes are carried off the ship and away by the natives. Everything is done by hand, and by black labor. An overseer reads the label on each box and directs the natives, so that every piece of freight must be turned in order that the label may be seen.

This song, sung by the men while at work, sums up the monotonous, day-long task in the simple phrases: "Day dawns with freight to haul"; and "look for the label." The song has also been adopted as a popular dance-song (a trans-mogrification similar to that of many of the work-songs of the American Negroes). It is usually sung at the dances which take place during the festive drinking of "do'lo," the native beer.

Compare the tune of this chant with the lovely and plaintive little song in the legend of "The Daughter and the Slave" (page 125); the melodies are strikingly alike, though this one shows European influence in the swing of its major phrase and in the three repeated notes which end the cadence.

That a song sung by natives working in Beira might well be tinged with European influence will be seen from the following quotation from R. C. F. Maughan's "*Portuguese East Africa.*"[2]

"In the port of Beira probably every race and tribe of East, Central and South African natives may be daily encountered. At Beira, and in the other principal settlements, moreover, one sees the enormous hold which European manners and customs are obtaining amid a people who, a few years ago, were practically ignorant of them, and how the native, whose needs and horizon were, until recently, bounded by his maize-patch and tobacco-garden, has had needs created for him which only hard work or roguery can enable him to compass."

	(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)
Kwae'ja no makashot',	Day dawns with freight to haul,
Eya, eya,	*Eya, eya,*
Kwae'ja no makashot',	Day dawns with freight to haul,
Jika mala'ka!	Look for the label!

(*Literal translation*)

Dawn,—with freight,
Yes, yes!
Dawn,—with freight,
Look for the label!

[1] See "Kamba Simango," pages 2, 3.

[2] "Portuguese East Africa," by R. C. F. Maughan; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1906; pp. 258–259.

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II

Ma'le Kambe'n'

Money in Kamben'

"Kambe'ni" is the native name for a spot on the Pungwe River in Portuguese East Africa, known on the map as Fonte Villa. At one time the English, who had obtained railroad concessions from the Portuguese, planned to make a large port at this place, and also to build a railroad station there to facilitate traffic into Rhodesia. But the enterprise had to be abandoned because the spot was so swampy and unhealthy that both natives and whites died of fever. During the opening of the project there was, however, a great demand for native labor, which was well paid, and this news spread quickly among the blacks.

The song dramatically portrays the bringing of the tidings, "Money in Kambe'ni" to a group of men. "Who told you that?" the people ask in chorus of the news-bearer. "Money in Kamben'! Money, money!" repeats the man, his words being taken up by others. Then the people shout "Money in Kambe'ni —then work with a will to earn and go home!" for the natives are usually glad of a job where they may earn a good bit at once so that they may not have to stay away too long from their kraals and from their wives and children. The Africans are only just beginning to learn how to labor in the white man's way. It is therefore perhaps only natural that they should be satisfied to make enough to fill their needs for the immediate future, and then go back to their homes. But this intermittent kind of labor, as exemplified in the words of this song, irritates the white man, and is perhaps a contributing cause of that tyranny by which the natives are not infrequently forced to work without pay. Even private individuals will sometimes hold back payment from a native servant whom they want to keep, fearful that when the "boy" has the money in his hand, he will want to return to his kraal immediately. Yet one cannot rationally expect a primitive folk to acquire European habits of sustained industry all at once, especially if their needs are simple and easily filled; also, home ties are not less strong in the African than in those peoples who are able to combine labor with home-life. This the polygamous native, who has an hereditary social system of his own, cannot now do, in present labor-conditions in Africa. The women and children stay in the native village whose life goes on uninterruptedly, while the sons of the kraal go off to work for days, or weeks, or months, as hired laborers. For, as a rule, the South and East Africans do not allow their women to go into domestic service among the whites, nor to work in the towns—for reasons all too well-founded. They try to keep their women, the mothers of their race, safe from corruption; so all labor of every kind, in relation to Europeans, is done by men, or "boys," as they are called, be they ten years of age or fifty. Therefore, under existing conditions, one should not, perhaps, be impatient with the natural and not altogether unpraiseworthy desire of the native to "earn and go home."

The word "Ma'le" used in this song is a corruption of the English word "Money." In old times the wealth of the Ba'ntu tribes lay in cattle, so that there was no word in the Chindau' language to express coin as a means of exchange.

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In form, this song is an antiphonal chorus sung by three groups; though the man, the leader of a gang of workmen, usually starts the song alone with the cry, "Money in Kamben'!" This work-song is used to accompany any kind of labor, whether on the railroads or in the towns. It is an interesting example of how, in folk-music, a live experience can be spontaneously embodied in song. The man who came among his fellows calling out "Money in Kamben'" started a song on its pathway into being. Several men, roused by the experience and all feeling the same song-impulse, responded. Primitive artistic creation occurred on the spot, a song was born, sung, unified into definite form, carried from place to place, and absorbed into that folk-life which it expressed and of which it is a part.

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ma'le,—ma'le Kambe'n'!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ma'le ————!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le,—ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ima'lenyi?————
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Money in Kamben'!
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

Money,—money in Kamben'!
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

Money ————!
Who told you that?
Money,—money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

How much money?
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

(*Literal translation*)

Money in Kamben'!
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

Money,—money in Kamben'!
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

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Money ————!
By whom are you told?
Money,—money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

How much money?
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

PWI'TA

DANCE-SONG

I

Ku muse'ngele

Off with the Hammock

The Pwi'ta is a social dance of men and women, and so called after the name of a peculiar drum used in the music of this dance. The drum consists of a long hollow log, with an antelope-skin or cow-skin stretched across one end. The other end is open to receive the right hand of the player, which is thrust up into the log. The skin of the drum is pierced by two little holes into which are severally inserted the two ends of a piece of string or sinew which are tied to a reed inside the log. The player wets his fingers in a bowl of water near him and plays the "pwi'ta" by pulling on the reed, slipping his moist fingers up and down. His fingers stick to the reed just enough to cause the vibrations which he makes at will, according to the pitch or sound desired. The skin of the drum resounds, and the sides reverberate; to increase this reverberation the body of an ultra-modern drum may be made of a large tin oil-can instead of a log, which makes—for the native—a great deal of pleasurable noise.

Two tones may be made on the Pwi'ta, about a fourth apart. The high tone is produced by pressing the fingers of the left hand on the skin of the drum, thus shortening the vibrations; the low tone is obtained when the left hand is lifted so that the whole surface of the drumskin is free to resound.

The dancers are grouped in an ellipse open at the ends, the men on one side, the women opposite. The drummer sits in the open space at one end, facing the center of the ellipse. The people sing and clap their hands. Two dancers from one side come forward and dance in the center of the ellipse. When they are ready to stop they move toward two dancers standing next to each other on the opposite side—any two—and these, responding, as it were, to the invitation, come forward and dance also while the first two retire to their places. The second pair, when they have finished, in turn advance to two other members of the opposite line, who respond, and enter the ellipse. So it goes. The dance may last several hours.

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There are many dance-songs. This one tells of a group of natives who have been summoned to carry a Portuguese traveller to Lunde, a trading-post on the river bearing that name. There were formerly no wagon-roads in this part of Africa, for wagons were unknown to the natives; even to-day, though some roads have been built, no wagons are used for conveying men or heavy burdens over long distances; the natives carry everything on their heads, their backs or their shoulders. Therefore, the customary way for Europeans to travel is to be borne by the blacks in a sort of hammock swung from a horizontal pole, balanced on the shoulders of the carriers. This hammock is called by the Portuguese "machila," and by the *V*andau' "muse'ngele."

In this song the African carrier, who has received notice of the journey to Lu'nde, calls to his companions named "Le'nda" and "Mandiba'ye," asking if they are going to remain behind, or if they too are coming to carry the hammock; for they will be paid, with the chance of buying in Lu'nde a "Fo'ya." This is a piece of Indian cloth worn as a dress in India and also so worn by the *V*andau', who highly prize the wares of the East Indian and Arab traders, of whom there are many in East Africa.

In his book, "The Essential Kaffir,"[1] the author, Mr. Dudley Kidd, thus describes the "machila."

"A machila is a hammock suspended from a large bamboo pole, in which the traveller lies while two or four 'boys' [see page 3] carry the pole on their shoulders. A machila team generally consists of a dozen boys, four of whom carry the traveller, while the other eight follow at a jog-trot. When one set of boys is tired, they call out to the others, and four fresh boys run in and take the places of the tired boys. The tired boys 'rest' by running along behind, waiting till their next turn to carry comes."

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Ewe', ewe'ye!
Ku muse'ngele wa Lu'nde!
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Mandiba'ye, we ye,
Mandiba'ye we Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Ndi'ni wo kwenda' kwa Lu'nde,
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Fo'ya ya'nguyo we,
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!

Ewe', ewe'ye!
To hammock now for Lu'nde!
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Mandiba'ye, you there,
Mandiba'ye, you, and Le'nda!—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
I am going off to Lu'nde,
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
A Fo'ya shall be mine, too,
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*

(*Literal translation*)

Ewe', ewe'ye!
To hammock for Lu'nde!
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

[1] "*The Essential Kaffir*," by Dudley Kidd. A. & C. Black, London, Publishers; page 170.

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Ewe', ewe'ye!
Mandiba'ye, you there,
Mandiba'ye, you, Le'nda?—*wo!*

Ewe', ewe'ye!
I am going to Lu'nde,
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

Ewe', ewe'ye!
A Fo'ya mine, too,
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

N*TH*OKO'DO

Dance-Song

II

Chamale'bvu

The Long Beard

When a man brews native beer, which is a very mild fermentation of native corn, he not only invites his friends and neighbors to share his hospitality, but any passers-by may join the group, even if they are strangers or men from another tribe. Both old and young, men and women, attend these gatherings, and the beer is served in pottery bowls, which are passed from hand to hand.

This song was extemporaneously composed during such a beer-drinking festival. The old men are quaffing together. Absorbed in their talk and in their reminiscences of former wars, they have neglected to pass the cup to the young people, overlooking them utterly. "The young people have had enough," they mutter to each other in excuse, "if we give them more, they will only fall to quarreling."

Meanwhile these young people have grown tired of waiting. "What are we going to do about it?" they say, for they dare not complain. Then they begin to make fun of the old men among themselves. "See that one?" they whisper. "His beard is long enough to make a bird-snare!" The native bird-snares are made of loops of horsehair. The old man's straggling beard provokes the laughing comment of the young people, and one of them starts a mocking song in which the meaning is hidden from the elders and understood only by the younger group. (The African cries "Mother!" or, less often, "Father!" as an ejaculation, even as the Frenchman exclaims "Mon Dieu!") "Mother! A bird-snare!" the young people sing. "Mother! See that Long-Beard! Farewell, I am going now—for what can we do?"

Later the song was turned into a dance-song.

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	(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)
Maman′ 'amina′,[1]	Mother, mother mine,
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Maman′ 'amina′,	Mother, mother mine,
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Dadan′ 'amina′,	Father, father mine,
Maman′ 'amina′,	Mother, mother mine,
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Maman′ 'amina′	Mother, mother mine,
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Ndè′ta zo′kudini,[2]	What, oh what shall we do?
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Nde′ta zo′kudini.	What, oh what shall we do?
Sa′lanyi, Sa′lanyi,	Farewell, farewell now,
Chingo′da,	O bird-snare,
Sa′lanyi, mu′chimwa;[3]	Farewell (drink[6]), farewell,
Sa′lanyi, Sa′lanyi,	Farewell, farewell now,
Chingo′da,	O bird-snare,
Ka kwenda′[4] ku′no,	Now I'm going away,
Chamale′bvu′![5]	Long beard, long beard!
Hö—ö, chingo′da,	Hö—ö, a bird-snare,
Hö—ö, chamale′bvu′!	Hö—ö, a long, long beard!
Hö—ö, chingo′da!	Hö—ö, a bird-snare!

This translation is so very nearly literal (all but the repetition of "long" in the line, "a long beard," and the addition of the word "now" in the line "farewell"), that it is unnecessary to offer any other English version.

N*TH*OKO′DO

Dance-Song

III

In this song the father of a polygamous household has taken to wife a scolding woman, of whom the song is sung. Needless to say, the song does not refer to the mother of the singer, but to the new wife.

[1]In ordinary speech the word is accented thus: "*wami′na.*"

[2]Accented thus, in speaking: "*zoku′di-ni.*"

[3]Pronounced in speaking "*muchi′mwa.*"

[4]Pronounced in speaking "*ka kwe′nda.*"

[5]Pronounced in speaking "*chamale′bvu.*"

[6]My African informant assures me that the word "drink" implies "You stay here drinking," and that the farewell is addressed to the company, not to the drink, the meaning being that the young people are going because there is no drink for them. The word "Sa′lanyi," used as the English use "farewell," means literally "You remain here," so that "Sa′lanyi mu′chimwa" has in this case a double meaning.

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	(*Metrical translation*)
Baba′ va lova′la	My father, he married
Ngwena′ ino luma′[1]	A crocodile wife,
I-ya, I-ya-wo-ye!	That bites, that bites.

(*Literal translation*)
My father, he married
A crocodile that bites.

"KUFA′MBA"

("To Walk")

MOCKING-SONG

This is a mocking, teasing song, which holds up to ridicule a young man or girl who looks conceited or proud. It is sung by young people—usually boys—to taunt or embarrass the youth or maiden who, while passing by or dancing, has innocently called forth this song. "Is it *thus* that a young man should walk!" the boys sing; or, "Is it *thus* that a young girl should dance!" And then the victim, who has perhaps been quite unconscious, becomes most uncomfortable.

The music of the song is also played on the "mari′mba" (see page xxii), and if any one in passing hears it, he wonders at once if it is he whom the boys are thus mocking. For that tune means that somebody is laughing!

The song-words may be changed in order to deride anything that the object of the song's pointing finger may be doing at the moment. "Is it *thus* that a maiden should laugh!" they sing, or, "Is it *thus* that a young man should stand (or sit, or talk)!"

"Kufa′mba," to walk; "Kuta′mba," to dance; "Kuse′ka," to laugh; "Kui′ma," to stand; "Ku′mba," to sing; and "Kuga′la," to sit, are words often used. The purpose of the song is, of course, to mock whatever the unfortunate victim of derision may then be doing.

The following quotation from the work of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel is of interest in connection with this native "Taunt Song" from the Dark Continent.

"On the plantations where Latin influences were dominant, in New Orleans and the urban communities of the Antilles, the satirical song was greatly in vogue. It might be said that the use of song for purposes of satire cannot be said to be peculiar to any one race or people or time; in fact, Professor Henry T. Fowler, of Brown University, in his 'History of the Literature of Ancient Israel' (N. Y., The Macmillan Co., 1912, p. 15), intimates that a parallel may exist between the "taunt songs" of primitive peoples, the Israelitish triumph songs, like that recorded in Numbers XXI, 27–30, the tescennine verses of the early Romans, and the satirical songs of the Negroes of the West Indies. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a doubt in my mind but that the penchant for musical lampooning which is marked among the black creoles of the Antilles is more a survival of primitive practice brought by their ancestors from Africa than the customs borrowed from their masters." (H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folksongs," G. Schirmer; pp. 140–141.)

[1]These words are accented differently in speaking. See Appendix.

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Kufa'mba mu ka'deya[1] mbudu'mbi?	To *walk thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kuta'mba mu ka'deya mbudu'mbi?	To *dance thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
E we ye ye	*E we ye ye,*[3]
E we ye,	*E we ye,*
Mbudu'mbi?	Of manhood?
E we ye.	*E we ye.*
Kufa'mba mu ka'deya mbudu'mbi?	To *walk thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kuse'ka mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?[2]	To *laugh thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kui'ma mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?	To *stand thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
E we ye ye,	*E we ye ye,*
E we ye,	*E we ye,*
Mbupu'n*tha*?	Of maidens?
E we ye.	*E we ye.*
Kuse'ka mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?	To *laugh thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)

(*Literal translation*)

This song is so idiomatic that a literal translation is almost impossible. The nearest English equivalent to the satire implied in the African words would perhaps be:

"Is it *thus* that a young man should walk!
Is it *thus* that a maiden should dance!" *etc.*

or, as Ka'mba Sima'ngo stated, an equally correct translation would be:

"Is *this* the way that a young man should walk!"

or again,

"This way that you walk—is that the way of a young man?" *etc.*

[1]The accent on the word "Ka'deya" falls on the first syllable in this song, in order to fit the strutting rhythm of the music. But in common usage the word is "Kade'ya" with the accent on the second syllable. Any verb of the same rhythmic accent may replace this verb.

[2]Pronounced like "*t*" followed by a slightly aspirant "*h*"; *not* pronounced like the English "*th*."

[3]Vowels are given the Continental sounds, so these meaningless refrain-syllables are pronounced "*ay way yay.*"

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CHILI'LO

LAMENT

When a person dies, the people notify the chief or governor, and the body is buried the next day. Friends gather, and a procession bears the body to a grove, if possible (not to an open space, where the hot sun beats down, but to some sheltered spot where there are trees and shade), and there the grave is dug. There is no mourning during the burial, for the "Chi*li'lo*," the Ceremony of Lamentations, does not begin until the next day. Those who went to the burial return with the bereaved ones to the kraal, and there they stay till the end of the ceremony.

The next day, at dawn, the sound of wailing is heard in the distance, for more neighbors are now gathering for the "Chi*li'lo*," lamenting as they come. If the dead person be a man, the widow lifts her voice and answers the lamentations of the approaching friends, while those who were with her at the burial now also begin to mourn. With sobs between the different exclamations, the people wail "O Mother!"[1] "What distress!" "We are left alone!" The lamentations last for two or three days, according to circumstances and to the character and standing of the dead person, and during this time all who take part in the wailing receive the hospitality of the family of the dead. On the last day a feast is spread.

This song of lamentation was sung by a woman who lived at the mouth of the Zambesi River, and who was the beloved and only wife of a man named Bala'nku. On her husband's death she poured out her great sorrow in a song so beautiful that it was remembered and sung by others for its lovely melody. So popular has it become that it is also played upon the "mbi'la,"[2] a small native instrument.

I

(Metrical translation to fit the original rhythm of the African verse, a rhythm which is peculiarly songful and melodious)

Ndi'no muwana' pi
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

Ndi'no muwana' pi
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

[1] For explanation of the cry "O Mother!" see page xxiii.
[2] *Mbi'la;* see page 8.

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Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

Mother, Mother, Mother!
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku.

2

Wa kandi zisa'* ko zakana'ka':

Ze'se izi'* ndaka ziwa'na'*
Wa kandi vone'sa kudaka'la'.*
Maï!

I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

2

He it was who brought me unto goodly things:
All these in very truth I did possess,
Through him, my husband, I beheld great joy,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku.[2]
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

3

Ze'se izi' zandi gumi'la'[1]
hwa vulombo' hwangu' wha ndoga'
I'nini nda siwa' ndoga'
Maï!

I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

3

Now all these sorrows have befallen me,
And this great misery is mine alone,
By myself thus weeping I am left alone,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother!
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

(*Literal translation*)

1

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

*The accents in these lines follow the poetical rhythm of the musical phrases. In ordinary speech the words marked with an asterisk are accented as follows: zi'sa, i'zi, ka'ziwana, kuda'kala.

[1]In ordinary speech these lines are accented as follows:
Ze'se i'zi za ndi gumi'la
Wha vulo'mbo wha'ngu wha ndo'ga
Ini'ni nda si'wa ndo'ga.

[2]By the refrain "I'nga Bala'nku," meaning literally "Like to Bala'nku," is here understood; "*None* like Bala'nku," the sense being carried over from the first verse.

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Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku.

2

He brought me unto goodly things,
All these I did possess;
He showed me joy,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

3

All these sorrows have befallen me,
This misery is mine alone,
By myself I am left alone,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

FOLK-TALES

I

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Shu'lo, the Hare, was forever playing tricks on the other animals and getting the best of them. He could almost always outwit them and get what he wanted. But there were two animals, Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, and Ha'mba, the Tortoise, who were a match for him. In this story you will see how the Tortoise outwitted the Hare.

The Hare and the Tortoise went out to steal sweet potatoes. After they had dug all they wanted, they made a fire and roasted enough potatoes to quiet

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Now, of course, though the animals thought they were digging they were really only packing the earth down harder and harder by dancing in the same place. So they all took counsel together and the King called the Tortoise, Ha'mba; and Ha'mba said, "The water is *under* the earth." And so instead of dancing on top of the earth he dug down 'way underneath, far into the ground, and there he found the water!

When the well was finished the animals were very happy, for they knew that they would have plenty to drink. But they also knew that they could not trust Shu'lo, the Hare. They said, "Though Shu'lo would not help and has done none of the digging, we know that he will come at night and try to steal our water." And they said, "Each night one of us must watch the well." And Bon'go, the Hyena, said, "I will watch the first night."

Shu'lo, meanwhile, was planning how he could get the water; and he filled his calabash with honey and went to the well. There was Bo'ngo just as he expected. Shu'lo said as though talking to himself, "*I've* got something here so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Bo'ngo said, "Ho, Shu'lo! Give me some of that sweet stuff." And Shu'lo dipped a stick in the calabash and smeared a little of the honey across Bo'ngo's mouth. Bo'ngo licked his jaws. "More!" he cried. Shu'lo said, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Bo'ngo answered, "Tie me up, Shu'lo, but give me some more." So the Hare tied the Hyena hand and foot, but instead of giving him any honey he went to the well and drank all he wanted and filled his water gourds. Then he jumped into the water and splashed around; then he ran away leaving the well all muddy and dirty.

The next night they set Ka'mba, the Leopard, to watch. And along came Shu'lo again talking to himself and saying, "*I've* got something so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Ka'mba said, "Let me taste it, Shu'lo!" So Shu'lo smeared the Leopard's mouth with honey and Ka'mba licked his whiskers and said, "More!" But Shu'lo answered, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Ka'mba said, "Tie me up as tight as you like, Shu'lo, but give me another taste." So the Hare tied the Leopard, all four paws, but he never gave him any honey at all. He filled his gourds and then drank at the well; then he jumped into the water and splashed and muddied it. Then he ran away leaving it all dirty.

The next night they set Mpho'fu, the Antelope, to watch; and when the moon was rising along came Shu'lo saying, "*I've* got something so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him another taste." And Mpho'fu said, "Let me taste it, Shu'lo!" Then Shu'lo smeared the Antelope's mouth with honey. Mpho'fu had never tasted anything like that before and he licked his nose and said, "Give me some more!" But Shu'lo answered, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Mpho'fu too was willing to be tied up for another taste of the honey; so Shu'lo bound him, all four hoofs, and then he not only drank his fill at the well, but bathed in the water and muddied it and ran away home. So it happened every night, and always Shu'lo carried full calabashes home to his kraal and all through the drought his family had plenty to drink.

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AFRICAN TEXTILE DESIGNS
(In native plush, woven and cut from palm-fibre)

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At last it came the Tortoise's turn to watch by the well, but instead of waiting on the bank, Ha'mba, the wise Tortoise, went down into the water and lay quietly at the bottom. When Shu'lo saw that there was no one at the well he laughed to himself and said, "So they have given it up! And the well is mine without any work and without any digging." So he set his calabashes out on the rim of the well and he jumped into the water. But no sooner was he in than Ha'mba, who was lying quietly on the bottom, opened his mouth and snapped at Shu'lo's foot. He caught Shu'lo and held him tight so that he could not move. When Shu'lo saw the fix that he was in he said, "Is that you, Ha'mba? I've got something so *sweet* that I'll let you have a taste if you want some." He hoped that Ha'mba would open his mouth and let go of the Hare's foot. But Ha'mba never said a word. He held Shu'lo tight and fast till the daylight came; and when the other animals came to the well for their morning drink, there was Shu'lo caught at last.

They bound him and they took him before Mpho'ntholo the Lion to be judged. Mpho'ntholo said, "You would not help to dig the well, but night after night you have stolen the water and made the well all muddy for the other animals. You must die." And the Hare said, "Oh Mpho'ntholo, oh King! If I must die grant me first one little request. Let me sing just one little song, let me dance just one little dance before my death." The King thought, "There can be no harm in that, for all the animals will sit around in a circle and watch Shu'lo so that he can not escape." So the Lion was merciful and granted Shu'lo his wish. Then the Hare began to sing and clap his hands and he danced and sang:

Na'ndi Shu'lo kupe'mbela-u Novi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	Hi, oh Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!
Iwe Shu'lo kupe'mbela-u Novi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	You, O Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!
Kuti' Shu'lo wape'mbela-u Woz'vi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	If, O Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!

Now the other animals, seeing Shu'lo dance, began to beat time to the music and to clap too, and soon they began to sing with Shu'lo, for it was a most irresistible song! And soon their feet began to move because they could not keep still with all the singing and clapping, and in a little while all the animals were dancing. Because of the drought the earth was so dry that a thick cloud of dust arose from all those dancing feet; and when the animals stopped dancing tired out—for it was a fine dance!—they could not see one another for the dust. And when the dust cleared, where was Shu'lo? He had run away!

IV

THE JACKAL AND THE ROOSTER

One day Mu'hwe, the Jackal, found Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, sitting up in a tree.

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"Come down, Jo'ngwe," said the Jackal, "to-day is a holiday. Mpho'ntholo, the King, the Lion, has declared that this day all animals shall be at peace and no one shall eat the other. Come down, and let us play together as friends."

But Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, only kept his eyes on the horizon and did not move.

"Come down, Jo'ngwe," said Mu'hwe, the Jackal, "I tell you the King has said that this day shall be a holiday."

Then Jo'ngwe, still looking off afar said, "Yes, I see that to-day must be a holiday because of the cloud of dust that is coming nearer." It was in reality only a mist on the horizon, but the Jackal asked anxiously of Jo'ngwe, up in the tree,

"What do you see in the cloud of dust?"

"Men and dogs," answered Jo'ngwe.

"Then farewell, Jo'ngwe," said Mu'hwe, the Jackal, "I had better be going now, for dogs and I are not friends."

"But you said that to-day is a holiday," said Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, "King Mpho'ntholo, the Lion, has declared that all animals shall be friends and that no one shall eat the other. This you told me. You need not fear the dogs; don't go."

But Mu'hwe, the Jackal, ran away.

"You have proved yourself," called after him Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, "You only wanted to eat me!"

V

DEATH OF THE HARE

One day Shu'lo, the Hare, was visiting the Rooster's home and he saw Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, standing on one leg. His other leg was gone, and his head was gone, too! The Hare was so astonished that he stood stock-still, and then ran home and told his wife.

Next day he went to see the Rooster again. But the Rooster was up in a tree, and his head was there again, and so were both his legs.

The Hare was still more astonished, and he said, "When I saw you yesterday, your head was gone and you had only one leg."

"Oh," said the Rooster, "that's nothing! My head and my leg went visiting. They went off to another kraal, and we had singing and beer-drinking. I often enjoy myself that way without trouble. I tell my wife to cut off my head and my leg, and then my head and leg go visiting and have a good time. It is very easy."

So the Hare thought, "I'm going to try that, too! If Jo'ngwe can do that, why can't I?"

So he ran home and told his wife.

"Wife, take a sharp knife and cut off my head and my leg so that they can go visiting like the Rooster's. I saw Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, again to-day, and his head and leg were on again, and he told me that they had been away to another kraal, dancing and singing and drinking beer. Now, I want my head and leg to do the same, so cut them off!"

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"But if I cut off your head," said the wife, "you will die!"

"No, I won't," said Shu'lo, the Hare. "Jo'ngwe is not dead. I saw him one day with his head and leg gone, and I saw him the next day with his head and leg on again. You do what I say."

So the wife took a sharp knife and cut off the Hare's leg and then his head. She waited for the head and leg to fly off visiting, but they never moved. And there lay Shu'lo, the Hare, dead.

So she ran to the Rooster's kraal.

"My husband is dead!" she cried. "What shall I do? His leg and his head have never gone visiting at all! How shall I put them on again and bring him to life?"

Then Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, laughed to himself. For he knew that his own head and leg had never been cut off. He had only drawn his leg up under him to rest it while he went to sleep, and as for his head, he had simply tucked it under his wing. The visits he had had were pleasant dreams of singing and beer-drinking in other kraals.

LEGEND AND SONG OF THE DAUGHTER AND THE SLAVE

A man had three wives, one of whom he loved far more than the other two. She was his favorite, the wife beloved.

One day he went trapping and caught a guinea-fowl which he brought back and gave to the favorite wife, that she might cook it for him. Now such signs of favor often arouse jealousy among the wives; so one of them, ill-humored, stole the guinea-fowl. Next morning, though all searched, no one could find the bird, nor could they discover who had taken it. So it was decided to reveal the guilty one by an ordeal. A cord was suspended over the Buji river like a bridge; the two jealous wives must cross the river, treading upon the cord, and the one who was guilty would fall in.

Now the woman who stole the fowl had two daughters. The elder daughter, who was named Mwa'li, had been married long ago and lived far away; the younger lived at home. The guilty wife knew that with the ordeal she would fall into the river and be drowned. So she called her young daughter and said, "When I am dead, go and live with your married sister and take with you your slave-maid." (Slaves are often war-captives taken from the enemy; young boys and girls were brought home from the wars as booty.)

Next morning, at the trial, each wife, as she crossed the river must sing,

Lusi'nga, lusi'nga,
Da'ndali! Kuti' ndili'ni,
Da'ndali! Nda ka be ga'nga,
Da'ndali! Ganga' la chi'de,
Da'ndali! Lusinga', davu'ka,
Da'ndali! Ndi wile mwa Buji,
Da'ndali! Ndi zo fila' mwo.

Cord, Cord,
Da'ndali! If I am guilty
Da'ndali! And stole the treasure
Da'ndali! Of the belovèd,
Da'ndali! Then, cord, break with me,
Da'ndali! Into the Buji
Da'ndali! I'll fall and perish.

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The first of the jealous wives, who was innocent, sang this song and crossed safely. The second, who was guilty, sang the song also, talking to the cord; when she was midway across the stream the cord broke, she fell into the water and was drowned.

The daughter then set out for the home of her married sister, Mwa'li. Now Mwa'li had not seen her younger sister for so many years that it was as if she had never looked upon her. Nor had she ever seen the slave-maid. But the slave knew the way to Mwa'li's home and she led the little sister through the forests and along the narrow paths. As they were nearing the kraal where Mwa'li lived they came to a pond and laid off their clothing and bathed, for they were heated and tired. The little sister was richly dressed and carried no bundles, the slave was scantily clad and bore the basket. When they came out of the water the slave said, "Let us change garments! Let us see how I would look in your clothes, and you take my basket—just for a little while; then we will change back again." So the slave wore her mistress's rich clothing and the little mistress carried the basket. They started walking, but after they had gone a short distance the little sister said, "Let us stop!" for they were nearing Mwa'li's home and could already see the kraal. "Give me my clothes," she said, "for we are almost there!"

But the slave urged, "Let us walk just a *little* further; then we will change back to our own clothes again." And so they went on till the little sister cried again, "O, give me my clothes! We are almost there." But once more the slave persuaded her to go "a little further"; so she kept saying until they were at the very entrance to the kraal. And here was Mwa'li, coming forth to meet them! The little sister wept, for Mwa'li took her to be a slave, and treated the slave like a sister. She tried to explain, but the slave interrupted her proudly, crying, "No! Do not listen to her. She is nothing but a lying slave. I am your sister." And so Mwa'li was deceived.

Now the little sister was sent each day to the gardens to watch the crops and keep the birds from eating them.[1] Early every morning she set out, and late each evening she returned. Thus was she made to work, treated as a slave and poorly fed. But each morning, early, when she came to the gardens, she sang this song:

Mai *va*-i-le'*va*,	Mother, she was saying
(Linde', linde'!)[2]	(O watch,[3] O watch!)

[1]Note 1—"Among all the great groups of the 'natural' races, the Negroes are the best and keenest tillers of the ground. A minority despise agriculture and breed cattle; many combine both occupations. Among the genuine tillers the whole life of the family is taken up in agriculture, and hence the months are by preference called after the operations which they demand. Constant clearings change forests to fields, and the ground is manured with the ashes of the burnt thicket. In the middle of the fields rise the light watch-towers, from which a watchman scares the grain-eating birds and other thieves."

Ratzel: "History of Mankind," II, p. 380 *ff*. Quoted by W. E. B. Du Bois in "The Negro," p. 107.

Note 2.—"In the more thickly populated parts of Africa these fields often stretch for many a mile, and the assiduous care of the Negro women shines in all the brighter light when we consider the insecurity of life, the constant feuds and pillages, in which no one knows whether he will be able, in the end, to harvest what he has sown. Livingstone gives somewhere a graphic description of the devastations wrought by slave hunts; the people were lying about slain, the dwellings were demolished; in the fields, however, the grain was ripening and there was none to harvest it."

Quoted in W. E. B. Du Bois' "The Negro" (page 108), from "Industrial Evolution" (page 47).

[2]The accents in singing differ from the spoken words. See interlinear translations in the Appendix.

[3]This refers to the maiden's watch over the garden.

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Ku'fa kwa'ngu pa'no,
(Linde', linde'!)
E'nda ku muku'lu.
(Linde', linde'!)
Mukulu' ndi ya'ni?
(Linde', linde'!)
Mukulu' ndi Mwa'li.
(Linde', linde'!)
Mwa'li wa-ndi la'sha,
(Linde', linde'!)
Ngo kuda' mula'nda.
(Linde', linde'!)

When I die, my daughter,
(O watch, O watch!)
Go to elder sister.
(O watch, O watch!)
Who is elder sister?
(O watch, O watch!)
Elder sister, Mwali.
(O watch, O watch!)
Mwali, she hath spurned me,
(O watch, O watch!)
For to love the slave-girl.
(O watch, O watch!)

Then the spirit of the dead mother would come and brush the dirt from her daughter and clothe her in rich garments—and each night the girl went back dressed as she used to be at home. Then the real slave, when she saw the little sister coming, would cry out and exclaim, "Look how the slave comes so richly clad!" And she would take the clothes from the little sister and beat her. Now this is often the way with poor people: when they suddenly reach a rich estate they are cruel to those beneath them. So this slave in her new-found power beat and abused her former mistress.

But each day in the garden the spirit of the dead mother comforted the girl and cried out in compassion, "How can Mwa'li treat you thus! How wrong this is!" And again the mother would dress the girl in fine garments and give her good food. But every night the slave came and took the clothes away.

At last Mwa'li's husband noticed how the supposed slave came back every evening richly dressed and went forth in the morning again dressed as a slave. He determined to find out where she got those fine garments! So he followed to the garden and hid, and heard the voice of the mother's spirit saying, "Oh! That Mwa'li should treat you thus!" And he saw the girl decked again with beautiful clothes. He was convinced that this was Mwa'li's real sister.

So he came home and told his wife what he had seen. And then they heated a pot of boiling water, and dug a pit and spread a mat over it and called the slave who was pretending to be the sister and bade her sit down. The slave did so, the mat gave way and she fell into the pit. Then they poured boiling water over her and killed her for her lies.

This story proves the constancy of a Mother's love, which even after death will still protect its child.[1]

*V*ASA-GO'RE

LEGEND AND SONG OF THE SKY-MAIDEN

There lived in the sky a powerful chief, and he had a beautiful daughter, the Sky-Maiden. Every day with her maiden attendants she came down to earth to bathe in the lake. Each maid bore in her hands a plume which wafted

[1]See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

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SONGS AND TALES OF THE ZULU TRIBE

Natal, South Africa

Recorded from the Singing and the Sayings

of

MADIKANE ČELE

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MADIKANE ČELE

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SONGS AND TALES OF THE ZULU TRIBE

MADIKA'NE ǪANDEYA'NE ČE'LE[1]

Madika'ne Ǫandeya'ne Če'le is of royal Zulu blood, for his mother was sister of a high chieftain, and his father was a governor of rank in the palace. A convert to Christianity, Če'le's father went as a native missionary to his own people into the interior of pagan Zululand, where Če'le grew up. But the father was not satisfied with what Africa could teach his boy and he wanted Če'le to seek the larger world of white men for an education: it was to America that the African father decided to send his son. On reaching London, Če'le was so desperately homesick that he had but one longing—to go back at once to Africa! But his ticket to America had been bought, and there was nothing for the boy to do but go on to those unknown shores which were to him as forbidding in their mystery as ever the jungle seemed to a European.

The first months in the United States were difficult and bewildering, for Če'le knew no English and was alone in a big, strange land. But it was not long before the Zulu boy had mastered the new tongue, which he spoke with a slight but most alluring accent, and his career at Hampton Institute was marked by progress and great personal popularity. The gift of oratory, which seems to be a talent of the black race, was especially marked in Če'le. Tall and powerful, quiet and unassuming, never self-conscious, but always self-possessed, Če'le became a brilliant speaker both in the class-room and in public meetings. His deep earnestness was offset by flashes of humor, and his low, melodious African voice lent to his oratory a peculiar charm—the charm of a race distinct, and of a world as yet unknown to most of us. Through this tall Zulu, the silent millions of Black Africa seemed to speak.

Če'le has gone back to Zululand to preach to his people by precept, example and industrial education Hampton's gospel of "Work—for character's sake." His aim was "to found, with God's help, a little Hampton among the Zulu people."

His story is best told in his own words, contained in the following autobiographical sketch which was prepared by Če'le when a student at Hampton and delivered by him at meetings held in the interest of the school. Če'le's uncle, a native (called throughout Če'le's narrative "Mr. Du'be"), who had studied in America, had a large part, as will be seen, in shaping the boy's destiny. The autobiography is here reprinted by the courtesy of the "Southern Workman," a monthly magazine devoted to race-interests and printed at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Down in the southeastern part of Africa, along the coast of the Indian Ocean, there lives a tribe known as the Zulus, one of the most warlike tribes of Africa,

[1]For the pronunciation of Zulu names and Zulu words, see page 62.

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and yet very kind in a way. There you will find my birthplace; but what date or in what year I was born, I cannot tell, and no one can tell, as people there do not keep the ages of children nor of grown people. We all live just as long as we can, and die when we can't help it.

My father lived in this tribe as a governor under the king of the Zulus, until white missionaries landed there and he became civilized, giving up his position and allowing the missionaries to instruct him in the word of God. When he became a civilized man I was just born. He spent six years with the missionaries, after which he went back to work among his own people as a missionary, where he is to this day. There I grew up as most Zulu boys do, watching my father's herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, until I became a large boy, and began to join other boys of my age in sports, such as hunting, playing at war with each other, and idling away all of the time.

With such habits my father was much displeased, for out of me he expected to make something real. So he sent me to the missionaries who had instructed him. There I spent two years. I finished what they could afford to teach me—only a blue Zulu speller. Then I went back to my father; he was well pleased with me and I was also pleased with what I had accomplished. What pleased my father especially was that now I could help him. The missionaries had instructed him only in the Zulu Bible. He could read a little in this Bible and explain its meaning to grown-up people, but the children were left alone. So with the little blue Zulu-speller learning I had, I was able to teach school in the Zulu language for two years.

Shortly after that, the evil spirit (so I called it) caught him; he became dissatisfied with only the blue-speller learning I had. He thought to himself that I must have a little more education. But he didn't know where he could send me to be educated, and I was pleased with that, because then I thought the life I lived was the best on earth. He tried in every way possible to find a place where he could send me. Finally he learned of America and her schools through the white missionaries, yet he knew nothing of the country nor of the language.

While he was wondering how he could learn more about America, something happened which pleased him greatly—that was the return to Zululand of Rev. John L. Du'be, my uncle, who had been in America for a number of years. Through Mr. Du'be my father was soon able to make arrangements for me to go. When I found that he had succeeded in his plans I was very sorry, exceedingly sorry. I tried every way I knew to keep him from sending me away from home, but when he said "go," I had to go. What troubled me was that I did not know anybody in America, and couldn't speak a word of the English language, and I was but a boy, probably about seventeen years of age. When my father found that I was really not willing to go, he sent me to Mr. Du'be and had him talk with me. But he had seen him first; so from what he said about America he made me change my mind, and I decided I would go.

I started and was six weeks and three days on the journey. In all that time no one said a word to me, for I could not speak their language and they did not understand the Zulu tongue. I landed in New York, where some friends of the missionaries took care of me. Soon they found a school for me down in North Carolina, and I studied there about five years.

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Two of my teachers in that school were Hampton graduates. We used to talk about Hampton. They told me about it until I could imagine what Hampton stood for. Then, considering the condition and needs of my country, I was persuaded to believe that if I could have Hampton's training, the work I could do among my people in Africa would be so great that the world would never forget it.

So I went to Hampton in September, 1907. I was there only a short time when I found that the half of what Hampton is has never been told. Three years ago, when my classmates and I entered the Trade School, our minds were empty of mechanical knowledge, our hands were unskilled. The carpenter was unable to plane a piece of wood, or even saw to a straight line; the wheelwright was unable to make a joint; the tailor could not sew a button on a coat. But day by day we gained efficiency, and in May we received our trade certificates. To-day I can point out to you with pride the work of the carpenter, and of the wheelwright, and of those who can lay a pipe so that water is found wherever it is needed; while the battalion, in well-made uniforms, shows the ability of the tailor.

Now we stand before the gateway into the busy life of the world, as soldiers ready to march forward and to fight against our foes. To this point we were not brought forward on flowery beds of ease, nor did we come traveling on the road of pleasure. We had to fight our way through difficulties. When discouragements have come to us, when we have bent beneath the burden and have almost failed, we have thought how little has been accomplished in the world by men who have given up the fight, and how much by those who have persisted in the face of difficulties. The thought of General Armstrong's[1] persistency in founding and building the Hampton School, his courage when there seemed nothing to encourage him, his hard struggle with little money to work with, in order that we as students might enjoy the privileges we have to-day—all this has helped us, and we have been able to go forward with renewed strength and courage.

The lesson that we have learned at Hampton is not only to see how many dollars and cents a day will come to us at our trades, or to use our trades for ourselves individually, but to use our skill and knowledge in helping others. Yesterday we were responsible for ourselves only, now we are responsible for every human being, whether black, white, or red. Such responsibility has taken hold upon us while watching our leaders, how they have struggled and put forth every effort that we might rise to the highest. They have sacrificed themselves and their pleasure for the benefit of my people and your people. Let shame and disgrace seize any young man who could witness such struggles and then go back home and there sit down and do nothing.

We know there is no man who will come to us for help unless we possess those qualities by which he will be drawn to us, and I believe there is no place on earth better than Hampton for the Indian and colored man to develop intellect, morality and Christianity—the qualities one must have.

[1]For biography of General Armstrong as founder of Hampton Institute, see "Samuel Chapman Armstrong," by Edith Armstrong Talbot, Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.; also "Negro Folk-Songs," Book I, Hampton Series, G. Schirmer, Publisher.

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Hampton stands for intellectual growth, for it will not allow a young man to take a trade without going to school and studying the things that broaden the mind. Our intellect has been developed in the shop as well as in the classroom. Our instructors have held us right to the mark and have made us make the best use of our thought. Punctuality, carefulness, industry and honesty are some of the qualities the Trade School has developed in us.

The spirit of Christianity, shown by the kindness of teachers and students, reaches beyond the school grounds, and meets the new student before he enters; this kindness changes his entire life and he is kind also. It goes further than this, for it goes with him when he leaves, and to-day you will find Hampton students scattered all over the country sowing seeds of kindness, and helping those who cannot help themselves.

I hope to carry these seeds to those forgotten children of South Africa to whom I belong. See them as they feel their way through dark shadows of ignorance, not knowing where they are going, falling down before false gods, trying to find the right one, living in miserable huts, and without enjoyment in their homes, and you will know why I am glad to go to them with all of Hampton's blessings.

(Signed) MADIKA'NE ǴANDEYA'NE ČE'LE.

Če'le married at Hampton an American Negress, a graduate of the school, and returned with her to South Africa to dedicate their lives to the education and uplift of the natives. American friends had promised to help Če'le with financial support in his effort to establish an industrial school for the blacks of South Africa. But the war paralyzed all assistance to a great extent, and this noble work for African self-help is in dire need. Here follow extracts from some of Če'le's letters to Hampton:

Ohlange Indus. School, Phœnix Station,

Durban, Natal, So. Africa.

We are moving on nicely here with work. Little by little we advance. This school is really a wonderful school in which to plant Hampton's ideas in the different tribes which gather here for an education. By different tribes I mean young people from these tribes. We have students from as far down as Capetown, as far up as Gassaland, and from the eastern coast far back to the central part. We have three young men from right in the central part of Africa. The success of this school means that almost entire South Africa is reached. I am trying my very best to have the shop as good as I can possibly make it. Every quarter, not quarter of a term, but quarter of a year, the instructor in each department has to make up a report to be sent to the Government. Each report must come to me to be signed, and then I have to make a report of the trade school as a whole. This shows the interest the Government has taken in our school.

* * * * * * * *

I received both letters and the draft. Now, besides thanking you for sending it, I must thank you also for promptness in sending it. If it were not for this kindness of our friends really I don't know what would have become of us by now. We met a dreadful time. The Africans are suffering terribly from this war. May God look upon them! I have received only these two contributions since I started in this work.

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AFRICAN TEXTILE DESIGN

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Things are very hard here yet, but are beginning to look more promising. We have been victorious over the Germans, who have been fighting here in Africa, so we feel somewhat cheered, because we feel that most everything will come down to the regular prices, especially food stuff.

* * * * * * * *

My checks are a little longer sometimes coming, but I tell you whenever one does get here it certainly does bring joy to myself and family. It is our only hope; without it I don't know really what would become of us. You see the South of Africa has changed so from the way it was when I was a boy.

* * * * * * * *

Some old people are not ashamed to say that the civilization they have had in Africa for ninety years has not helped them much here on earth. So many of them see their mistakes and they want their boys to get *trades* as well as Christianity. That is very encouraging. Sometimes I really spend half of my nights thinking what I can do to have my shop so that it will be a model to these natives all the time. I tell you, my friend, if the love one has for his people and his country will bring about the success that is needed, my country and my shop are all right.

* * * * * * * *

You know why food is so scarce now. The natives used to plough, but now the white people are taking all the best land for themselves, and what is no good these poor natives get. In some places the natives are not allowed to buy land. Really it is sinful to see how these white people treat the people that God gave this land to. They are being driven back and allowed only a piece of land big enough to put up a hut ten by ten. If they have ten children all of them have to stay in this same room—mother, father, children and visitors, all the same.

* * * * * * * *

Hard times here have grown worse and worse until we do not know what is going to be the outcome for us.

You will be surprised to know that from the effect of this war natives are dying just like little chickens out in the rain. Around my father's home where there are so many poor heathen it is a common thing to have four or five natives pass away in one week.

You know the natives of Africa are people who always lived on a simple diet because they have very small means. To-day the war has caused everything to go very high in cost, so high that natives cannot get it. Now, from the lack of proper food and enough nourishment in their bodies they are having a stomach trouble. Persons simply report pain in the stomach and in two or three days they pass away. That is the way they go.

It is almost impossible to get food here now, not because there is none, simply because the cost is too great, even for some things grown here in Africa.

Really when this war comes to an end, if it ever does, no one will rejoice more than my people. We certainly have suffered terribly. I am also suffering terribly with my shop. This term I have been bound to reduce the number of boys in the shop. I manage to keep it going. I don't think I'll be able to do much new work this term as it is almost impossible to get iron. I have to do a great deal of repair work. Our shop was certainly progressing nicely. To-day I have in my desk four orders for new wagons, but I don't see how I can fill them. Shops and all other similar businesses are suffering great losses these days here.

I must close with many thanks. Do remember the Africans in your prayers, they are needed worse than ever.

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NOTE FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF ZULU TEXTS

a as in "*father*"
b has two sounds; one, as in English and the other as in *bh.*
č represents the "*dental click*" formed by pressing the tip of the tongue sharply against the front teeth
d as in English
e as in "*there*"
f as in English
g always hard
h as in English
i as in "*ravine*"
j as in English
k as in English
l as in English
m as in English
n as in English
o as in "*nor*"
p as in English
q̌ represents the "palatal click"
r not used in these texts
s as in "*sail,*" *never* the z sound
t as in English
u as "oo" in "*moon*"
v as in English
w represents the semi-vowel *u* when combined in sound with another vowel following it. The sound produced and represented by this letter is consequently not so full and broad as in English
x not used in these texts
y as in English
z as in English

Note:—The above is only a slight indication of the subtleties and peculiarities of the Zulu language. As this book is intended primarily for the general reader, the Zulu sounds have been reduced as nearly as possible to letters pronounced as in English, and the explanations of the "clicks" have been simplified as far as possible. The *student* is referred, however, to the excellent dictionaries of the Zulu language compiled by missionaries and contained in the New York Public Library, New York City and the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. The various sounds of the Zulu clicks are produced by suction; the *c* click is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue sharply against the front teeth in *t* position; the *q* click is formed by striking the sides of the tongue sharply against the cheeks as in "clucking" to a horse; the most peculiar "click" consists in curling the tongue backward and striking it against the roof of the mouth—all these sounds are impossible of transcription according to the English use of written characters, and therefore it has been deemed wiser, owing to the nature of this book, to avoid elaborate indications and to offer merely a few general symbols. Clicks are generally indicated by the sign ˇ above a letter, as in "Če'le."

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IGA'MA LE 'MPI

SONG OF WAR

Among the oldest traditional songs of the Zulus are the war-songs, which are the most sacred songs, composed by warriors and leading men. They are very ancient, there are not many of them, and their meaning is always the same. Of these songs there are two kinds: first, those that are sung only when ordered by the King on special occasions, such as the inauguration of the King or the preparation for battle; second, those sung by the people when expressing their loyalty to the King and their hatred of the enemy.

To the Zulus their King stands first, above all beings and revered beyond all else, even though he is not actually worshipped. Few men may talk to the King. Only the Governors, the "Indunas," or "Iziinduna," men of very high rank, may be admitted to the royal presence. If an ordinary man wishes to petition the King, he must stand outside the palace and offer prayers and thanks to the King, praising him aloud in a long eulogy. Then the Governor stationed within the King's palace comes out and listens to the man's petition: but before even the Governor may reënter the palace and approach the King again, he too must stand and make a long eulogy and prayer.

[To the white man, the definiteness of custom, the formality and the dignity of reverence in primitive life, are often a surprise. Nor is he always able to understand the wealth of symbolism through which simpler men enact a sort of nature-poetry in their ceremonies.]

Like many African tribes the Zulus are a pastoral people whose wealth is counted in cattle. Yet in old times they were known and dreaded for their aggressive warfare, and the terrible Warrior-King Tsha'ka (or Chaka), who extended the might of the Zulus over nearly the whole lower half of the Continent, ranks with the great generals of the world. His warriors were condemned by the severity of their physical training to remain unwed that they might be without all tender ties, and they were always kept in perfect condition for battle; the merciless infliction of the death-penalty for almost every offence made discipline fierce and absolute.[1] The white man is apt to think of the black man as a yoked and subject being. But when first encountered by the British, the Zulus were a strong and proudly militant people whose highly trained armies were the pride and glory of their kings. They were at the summit of their power under Tsha'ka and his successors early in the nineteenth century when European colonization began to press ominously upon the African tribes. It can not be forgotten how,

[1] In his valuable history of African races, entitled "The Negro," Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has this to say of Tsha'ka's hosts: "He had organized a military system, not a new one by any means, but one of which we hear rumors back in the lake regions in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. McDonald says, 'There has probably never been a more perfect system of discipline than that by which Chaka ruled his army and kingdom. At a review an order might be given in the most unexpected manner, which meant death to hundreds. If the regiment hesitated or dared to remonstrate, so perfect was the discipline and so great the jealousy that another was ready to cut them down. A warrior returning from battle without his arms was put to death without a trial. A general returning unsuccessful in the main purpose of his expedition shared the same fate. Whoever displeased the king was immediately executed. The traditional courts practically ceased to exist so far as the will and action of the tyrant were concerned.'"

Tsha'ka has been called—perhaps not inappropriately—"The Napoleon of Black Africa." Under him, war and conquest were the aim of Zulu life.

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with only the assegai (the short native javelin) and the shield, the naked hosts kept at bay the firearms of the English. But in 1879 the inevitable superiority of machine guns finally broke down native resistance. Zululand became a British protectorate. But the black man yielded neither territory nor independence until he had exhausted all his forces and had seen with despair the failure of that supernatural aid in which he had desperately believed.

In olden times the Zulus fought among other tribes for two main reasons: to win renown for a new King or to add to the glory of an old one. The victors seized the cattle of their foes and also took a few of the handsomest maidens for the King, who bestowed some of these upon his nobles. Peace was then made, the women captives remaining true to the victors; and the whole tribe treated the prisoners thenceforward as well as their own women.

The following war-song may be sung before a battle, and also at the inauguration of a King when the people express their loyalty and their readiness to fight for the ruler. As a prelude to battle, it is sung to rouse in the warriors the frenzy of war, and it is accompanied by the war-dance with its defiant and terrifying gestures.

To understand the meaning of the song, one must be familiar with the native figures of speech. In Zululand there are deep gullies, sometimes dry, sometimes with water at the bottom;[1] being sudden rifts in the ground, they are almost imperceptible until one comes close upon them, so that a man in the heat of fighting, might easily step over the brink and fall into the gully. Hence the phrase in the first verse of the song: "Do I fear to fall over the gully-wall?" which means to die the death of a brave man. For the enemy is likened to the gaping rift wherein the warrior meets his end. "To die in the man's pit," even as an animal walks into the pit of the hunter, means to die in battle. The gully-wall is indeed a powerful bit of native imagery, vividly expressing the violent contrast of standing at one moment full of life and the throbbing lust of battle, and falling the next instant over the sudden bank into the death-chasm.

The expression "Are we seen by strangers?" means that other tribes or hostile people are watching in fear and dread. The line "We shall capture the distant one, yea, King," or "yea, the King," is a little obscure. It may mean that the warriors will capture the enemy-king, or it may be an assurance to their own King. The Zulu who explained the song said that the words were a defiant vaunting of Zulu prowess, declaring: "We will take not only you, against whom we are now warring, but all who presume to trouble us!"

The "Child of the King" is the ruler now in power, for every king is a royal offspring, and the expression signifies the long line of regal descent. It is best translated "The Child of Kings." However, any English rendering of this African poem, which is quite perfect in form and firm of outline, can be at best but a mere approximation; for it cannot reproduce the even rhythm of the original lines, which are not only sonorous, but highly musical in flow and emphasis—a complete poem in every sense.

So far as the music itself is concerned, however, it is more a dramatic intonation of the verses than a song. There are no actual time-values for the notes

[1]Probably like the canyons or the arroyos of the Southwestern U. S.

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and bars into which the recorder must cast these fluent vocal figures. It has seemed most appropriate, therefore, to make the musical bars correspond to the lines of the verses. The song is declaimed with the greatest possible freedom, like an extemporization, full of excitement and passion. In the second verse, which intensifies the first and rises to a climax of emotion, the warriors are supposed to draw nearer to the enemy, and the song grows faster as the war-dance raises clouds of dust. For the warriors personify the lowering storm, and the unity of song, dance and gesture is in reality the raw material from which is fashioned primitive drama.

The cry "Awu-ye'lelema'ma" ("Woe!"), rising from many throats, reverberates through the oncoming ranks of warrior-dancers at first like muttering thunder, then with loud peals of threatening anger as the singers advance, their black forms dim and terrible, half hidden in the swirls of dust which circle around them and rise high above their heads. Likening themselves to the might and fury of the thunderstorm, the dancers shake their assegais that these may glitter like shafts of lightning and strike terror to their foes, while the thud of feet intensifies the rhythmic power of the song which seems indeed like the roar of the storm-wind.

Seen near to, the individual dancer is the embodiment of terrifying wrath. His black eyes roll; the sudden flashes of white eyeballs and white teeth are high-lights in the dark rage of his face. His naked form, polished like ebony,[1] shines with the spring of lithe and powerful muscles. The hide of a leopard or of an ox, or perhaps a girdle decked with drooping feathers—these are his sole garments. But ornaments, fashioned with rare artistry and skill, give flecks of color to the lustre of his blue-black skin. Plumes crest the crisp wool of his hair; anklets clank upon his dancing feet; and metal bracelets bind the swell of his sinewy arms. The Zulus are among the tallest people in the world,[2] and their magnificent physical development gives to their war-dance the swift agility of the panther. A long narrow shield, beautiful in native craftsmanship, protects the body from breast to knee and is held in one hand; the other brandishes the assegai, which the Zulus thrust and hurl with such deadly skill that they may well liken themselves to the striking lightning.

This war-drama, performed on occasions of great tribal importance, seems a poetic symbol of the Zulu people personified by their warriors, who, like a veritable tempest, swept South Africa,[3] subjugating other tribes to their military dominance and helping to spread the Bantu tongues[4] from coast to coast and from Cape to Equator.

This song is very old; it was sung before ever a white invader trod the land so bravely defended by a fearless race. It is still sung as a ceremonial tribal song.

[1]The Zulu youths carry in their girdles small gourd flasks containing a grease made of native butter. With this they polish their bodies, even as did the Greeks. "And when the sun shines on them, they are beautiful indeed," declare the Zulus.

[2]For description of Zulus see "The Negro," by W. E. B. Du Bois, published by Henry Holt & Co. N. Y. (page 96).

[3]For Zulu conquest of the Ndau people of Portuguese East Africa, see page 28.

[4]Ba'ntu languages, see pages xiii, xv.

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	(*Literal translation*)
Se'nge sa'ba naku'pi we' ma-ko'si?	Fear I aught, ye hostile Kings?
Se'nge sa'ba ukuwe'la odonge'ni?	Fear I to fall o'er the Gully-Wall?
Ti'na si'ya hlu'shwa nga'bezi'zwe na'?	Are we troubled by Strangers?
Awu-ye'lelema'ma!	Awu-ye'lelema'ma! (Woe!)
Ye'ka inga'ne enča'ne ye nkos'!	Trouble not the Child of Kings!
Se'si bon'wa nga'bezizwe na'?	Are we watched by Strangers?
Li'zo du'ma li muta'te,	Our lightning shall strike them captive,
Nose ku'de pe'la ye nko'si:	Even the Distant One, yea, their King:
Awu-ye'lelema'ma!	Awu-ye'lelema'ma! (Woe!)
Ye'ka inga'ne enča'ne ye nkos'!	Trouble not the Child of Kings!

NOTE. It has not been possible to make a metrical translation that would exactly fit the African rhythm without losing the directness, the austere vigor and the sombre dignity of this song—nevertheless, a singing version, matching the rhythmic values of the Zulu poem, had to be devised and is here offered:

(*Metrical translation*)

Fear I aught, what fear I, ye hostile Kings?
Fear I aught, fear I the Gully-Wall?
And shall we be troubled by these hostile strangers?
Awu-ye'lelema'ma!
Trouble not ye the Child of Kings!

Are we watched by enemies and strangers?
Then our lightning shall strike them,
Strike and take them captive, yea, King!
Awu-ye'lelema'ma!
Trouble not ye the Child of Kings!

IGA'MA LA BANTWA'NA

SONG OF CHILDREN

(Lullaby)

Among no people, perhaps, is the mother more important in the affections of the children than with the Africans.[1] Naturally emotional, the black race is demonstrative as well, and the love of the African mother for her child is as strong as is the native feeling of dependence upon her whose affections are unchanging. The love of a wife may alter, but never that of a mother.

Like the American Indian, the African carries her baby on her back in order that her ever busy hands may be free for their manifold tasks. The child is thus the almost constant companion of the mother, who rarely leaves it unless she must go a long distance, perhaps to labor in the fields or to gather fruit or berries.

In his book[2] "Missionary Story-Sketches and Folk-Lore from Africa," the Rev. Alexander P. Camphor says: "It is thought by those who do not know the

[1]For the place of the mother in African affections see pages xxiii, 21, 29.

[2]Published by Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; Eaton & Mains, New York. Page 114.

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Africans that there is not much affection among them. This is not correct, as the close observer will find that there is a tender relation existing, especially between mother and children. We witnessed scenes that were pathetic and touching when parents had been separated from their children and were united again. Mothers take their children in their arms and lavish upon them the same affection that a civilized mother would."

The same author tells elsewhere (page 18) how an African boy who had been left at the mission by his father as a child of four to be educated in the "God-Way," was sent back years later, a grown lad of sixteen, to see his mother. The woman was so overcome with joy that, to the boy's embarrassment, she insisted on *lifting him on her back* and carrying him through the village to show all her people that her very own child, her baby, had returned to her—another instance of the unconscious poetry of nature-people and the powerful part that symbol, and the personal, incorporate dramatization of symbol, plays in the life-expression of primitive races.

In the same book (page 313) is told another little tale of an African mother who found at the mission her only child whom she had mourned as lost. Sitting on the floor, her boy in her arms, the poor woman clasped the missionary's foot and laid her tear-wet cheeks against it while she spoke her thanks. Quick, demonstrative affection; and, when affection is rooted, a rare devotion, faithful and loyal:—these traits make the richer side of the nature of the pure-blooded African, whether found in the Negro of the United States or in the native of the Dark Continent.

The following lullaby is a soothing little song very commonly used to put Zulu babies to sleep. The words assume that a group of natives has set out across the mountains, among them a mother who has been obliged to leave her baby in the care of another woman. The little one cries, and the woman quiets it, singing that mother will soon return, bringing "something pretty" for baby—fruit or bright berries. Perhaps it is a grandmother, an aunt, or maybe another mother in the polygamous Zulu household, who croons this song. Though the tune has no strongly marked native characteristics, it has a certain melodic grace, and its gentle rocking rhythm is typical of lullabies the world over. Like most of the Zulu songs in this collection, this one is offered less for its musical value than for its glimpse into an intimately human side of African life.

The poem is absolutely even in rhythm, definite in form, and melodious of line. As the literal translation fails to give the deep sense of music that underlies most African song-poems, a metrical translation, reproducing the original African rhythms, is added.

(*Metrical translation which corresponds exactly to the rhythmic accents and the length of line in the original African poem*)

O tu'la, mntwa'na, O tu'la,
Unyo'ko akamu'ko
Use'le ezintabe'ni,
Uhlu'shwa izigwe'gwe,—
Iwa'!

O hush thee, baby, O hush thee;
Thy mother is not with thee,
She tarried in the mountains,
The zig-zag trail hath held her,—
Iwa'!

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O tu'la, mntwa'na, O tu'la,
Unyo'ko u-zezobu'ya,
Akupate'le in'to en'hle,—
Iwa'!

O hush thee, baby, O hush thee;
Thy mother soon is coming,
She'll bring thee pretty berries,—
Iwa'!

(*Literal translation*)

O hush, child, O hush;
Thy mother is not here,
She tarried in the mountains,
Troubled by the zig-zag trail,—
Iwa'!

O hush, child, O hush;
Thy mother will return,
She will bring thee something pretty,—
Iwa'!

DANCE-SONGS

It has been said that "when the moon is full, all Africa dances." What a wealth of tropical feeling pours from this phrase! With a people whose emotions are strong and elemental, and in whom the sense of rhythm and the love of melody are so highly developed, the dance, which in primitive humanity is always close-linked with music, must be of primal necessity as an outlet for that spontaneous and emotional self-expression which is urgent in the blood of the black race.

Among the Zulus there are many social dances; when the people, especially the young, gather for amusement, it is with dance and music that they play. A group of singers forms a circle and accompanies a chanted song with rhythmic hand-clapping. The Zulus say that the rhythm forms a musical basis for the steps of the dance and indicates the movements with such exactness that the dancers cannot fail to catch the step as soon as they hear the song and the clapping.[1] Indeed, the music and the dance are really one.

Within the circle of singers move the dancers, one or two, or sometimes three at a time, but rarely more than three. If the dance be in a hut, the singers sit; but if held in the larger freedom of the open air, the chorus stands. And everything is rhythm, for everybody sways with the beat of the song, though the singers do not actually dance, nor do the dancers sing; for those who are treading all sorts of intricate steps leave the making of music to the choir.

The songs for social dancing often have love for their theme; they are not traditional, and every generation has its own songs. For dance-songs—like love itself, and youth, and the full moon—are constantly springing into life and then withering away into oblivion. Often they live but a year or two, and new songs quickly replace the old which are soon forgotten. Such songs are never ceremonial, but popular in the sense that they are the informal outpourings of the people, or their village bards.

[1]For peculiarities of African hand-clapping, see pages xxi, 70, 100, 138.

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At a social gathering, one man leads the singing throughout the festivities. Although there may be men present who are the composers of some of the songs, these never infringe on the leadership of the one chosen for that task, but are content with their place in the chorus.[1] Among the Zulus, there are in each village men who are especially gifted in the making of songs, and these bards, as well as the leaders, are often rewarded with presents after the dance.

The two following dance-songs are sung in pagan Africa and are entirely characteristic so far as the poems are concerned. But though they are typically African in sentiment and origin, their music proves that not with firearms alone has the European conquered the Zulu; in no spot is the African more vulnerable than in his keen susceptibility to music. Even where the Gospel may fail of converts, the tunes of missionaries and white settlers penetrate bush and jungle, carried in the quick, retentive memory of a people with whom music is far more contagious than thought. Let the African but hear a melody, and he possesses it. But even as the American Indian, when presented by the white man with a string of beads, instantly restrings it in a pattern of his own imagining, so the African recasts the European melody in native mould. Though the black man copies, he recreates as well.

IGA'MA LO KUSI'NA

DANCE-SONG

I

The two following dance-songs sing of love; but to understand the words, one must know something of the customs of the Zulu youth in wooing.

The Zulus may never marry any one even remotely descended from the same ancestor; the intermarriage of even the most distant blood-relatives is strictly forbidden.[2] So, when a youth comes of age, he often journeys to some other village to find a wife. Sometimes he travels—on foot of course—two or three days. On reaching another settlement, if he hears of a girl who he thinks will suit him, or catches a glimpse of one who pleases him, he lingers about trying to see her, and watches and follows her until she goes into some hut. He now knows where he may find her again, and so perhaps he returns to his home to think it all over, after this his first seeking. If he decides that he wants to know more of the maid, he travels again to her clan, finds out her name and family and just where she lives. Then, if he feels that he really loves her and wants her for his wife, he goes into the forest, where he knows that she has gone to draw water or to gather fruit or berries; and now, unseen by her, he sings his love-song, knowing that she will hear. If the maiden wishes to reply, she composes and sings an answering song so that her voice will tell him where she is, and that she will listen to him. Then the lover composes such a song as this that follows, to describe how he has been watching and waiting for her.

[1]The song-leader is often an important feature of the Negro chorus in America. See "Negro Folk-Songs," Hampton Series, published by G. Schirmer, New York.

[2]Compare with the customs of the American Indians. Many primitive peoples have a strict eugenic code, and my Zulu informant was much shocked at the eugenic carelessness of the white race. See also page 29.

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The quality of the Zulu voice, and the manner of singing, make this song more characteristic when heard than when seen on the written page. With regard to the music, there is no limit to the number of times that the different phrases may be sung, nor is there any set sequence. Said the Zulu singer, "We go up to the high part just whenever we feel like it, and we fit the low part in as we go along, and we repeat when we want to, and we clap as we feel."

Če'le explained that the impulse to "go up high" or "go down low" was contagious and that all the singers would extemporize, moved by a common feeling. The singers sing as long as they choose and stop anywhere they like in the song, not necessarily ending on the phrases indicated in this notation, as they may never sing the song twice alike in all details. However, the song usually ends on long-drawn tones as though dying away.

The tune is a melodious little "catch," sung over and over until the chorus tires and breaks into a new song. The hand-clapping lends some variety to the many repetitions, and the rhythm has a certain dynamic quality that gives life to the song, for as the voice goes up, the clapping becomes louder and the beats quicker; as the voice sinks, the clapping dies down and grows softer and slower. So as the different parts rise alternately above each other, weaving their melody in and out, the interplay of hand-claps swells and dies away, and the effect is thus almost like that of incoming waves, rushing in crescendo to the shore, then ebbing away while the next wave, overlapping, booms across the first. The song has no particular melodic value; its interest lies in the rhythmic embellishment which gives it character.

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Be'ngi le'le egq̆ume'ni,
Be'ngi lele ngi,
Be'ngi le'le egq̆ume'ni,
Be'ngi lele ngi,
Be'ngi le'le egq̆ume'ni,
Be'ngi le'le ezizwe'ni
Nga ze'nga mu bō'na
S'ba'li:
U-be'ngi qwe'ba!

On the hillside I slumbered,
On the hillside,
On the hillside I slumbered,
On the hillside,
On the hillside I slumbered,
On the hillside 'mid strangers,
Till I saw
My belov'd:
She beckoned me!

(*Literal translation*)

I slept on the hillside,
I slept,
I slept on the hillside,
I slept,
I slept on the hillside,
I slept among strangers,
Till I saw
My belov'd:
She beckoned me!

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II

The lover has talked with his maiden and has almost won her love. But she has heard something about him that she does not like, and for that one thing she holds him back and will not give him her love. He has perhaps been wooing her for years, but only this year has he found out that it is because of this one thing that she has withheld herself from him.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Dubul'!	Shout!
U'ngi bambe'le i'nto i'nye—	She kept me waiting, for one thing—
U-be'ngi bambe'le i'nto i'nye	She kept me waiting, for one thing
Nonya'ka,	Till this year,
Awu-ye'lelema'ma, nonya'ka!	Awu-ye'lelema'ma—till this year!
Ube'ngi bambe'le i'nto i'nye—	She kept me waiting, for one thing—
U-be'ngi bambe'le i'nto i'nye	She kept me waiting, for one thing,
Nonya'ka!	Till this year!

(NOTE: The Zulu who gave the above explanation of this song, said that the words might possibly be otherwise interpreted. As in the songs of many simple people, so too in Zulu songs, the words often merely indicate the idea that gave rise to them; they do not fully express it. But as the singers usually know the incident on which the song is founded, they understand what the few words imply, though a stranger may not.)

ZULU LOVE-SONGS, OR SONGS OF MEDITATION

Zulu love-songs are composed chiefly by men, though sometimes also by women, and they are the expression of the individual feeling of their authors. But if a lover, in the stress of his passion, composes a beautiful song, it soon becomes popular and is sung by every one.

Love-songs have few words; often a melody is only hummed, but even this humming expresses the feeling which is the reason for the song. The Zulus are fond of humming and sometimes even a whole chorus of people will hum together with closed lips.[1]

A Zulu youth may never go to see the maid that he is wooing in her home, for that would be against the custom. He hides near her dwelling in some spot where her relatives will not see him, and he meets her when she goes to fetch water or to gather fruit. While he waits in hiding, he thinks of what she last said to him, or he wonders what she will say when he reaches her, and dreaming thus of her, he composes a love-song.

The Zulu women are the workers. They raise the crops, cook, draw water and gather wood. When the maid leaves her house to do her homely tasks, she

[1]This same humming is an interesting feature of the singing of American Negroes.

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does not let her people see her or know where she goes; but she sings, so that the waiting lover may find her by her voice. And as the Zulus are always singing, no one will notice; only the lover will understand and come.

The love-songs of both men and women are either sad or joyful: the lover laments that his courting is in vain, or he rejoices in his success. If he has been with the maid whom he loves and she has told him good tidings and sent him home happy, then indeed he composes songs of joy. But the love-songs of the women are chiefly songs of regret. So often she goes to the spring or into the forest in the hope of seeing him whom she loves, only to find wooers whom she will none of! She sings her disappointment, and the waiting lovers know then that they need not hope.

The Zulus are polygamous and each man usually has from five to fifteen wives; but the King has at least fifty. For every bride the ordinary man must pay eleven cows, but the daughter of a Governor or of the King commands a larger price.[1] Since the number of a man's wives is limited only by purchasing power, women are in much demand; every young man has to strive hard to win the love of the girl, because for her there are always plenty of opportunities to marry. There is much competition among the men to procure the pretty or desirable girls, since every one may try—unmarried youths and men who already have many wives. No girl cares to marry a poor man, or a man with only one wife, for she does not like to give herself to one whom nobody else wants. She wishes to wed a prosperous man whom other women have been glad to marry and are still anxious to marry, a husband to be proud of for his riches and his popularity. The woman must be true to her husband, and she must not steal. After she is married she may no longer sing love-songs, but the man never stops, for such songs are sung not only by young unmarried men, but also by any man who wishes to court a new wife.

The wedding feast, which is celebrated by continuous eating, drinking, dancing and singing, is held at the home of the man and lasts for three days; one day before the marriage, the day of the marriage and the day after. The night before the marriage a contest of song is held between the man's people and the woman's people, divided into sides, to see which side can sing the longest. The singing lasts all night, and the winners get glory for their prize. When the hour for the marriage-vows has come, a nobleman quiets every one for a few moments and there is a lull in the singing and drinking. Then he calls the girl before him and asks her if she loves the man who is to be her husband and if she is willing to take care of him, work for him and support him during all his life. She replies "yes" to every question, and that ends the marriage ceremony, for the man makes no vows. It is understood that he has already fulfilled his part of the marriage contract, for he has been persistent in his wooing, has had a hard time to make the girl love him, and he has paid dearly for her in cattle. But as the woman must now work for the man, she must be bound by a promise. And woe to her if she breaks it!

[1]This custom is the reverse of the European system of the *dot* or dowry, when it is the father of the maid who must pay the man who takes her, instead of the lover who pays the father.

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IGA'MA LO TÀ'NDO

LOVE-SONG

I

In the olden time the maidens had the privilege of choice in their marriage; yet the father [like fathers all over the world!] often interposed, forbidding the daughter to marry the man that she loved if he were poor, and compelling her to marry a rich man. In this song the thwarted maiden sings with rapture at the approach of her lover. She likens him to the wind, for even as the wind blows and none may stop it, so against all commands he comes to her. She, not less defiant, declares that if she cannot actually marry him, she will nevertheless wed him in spirit by speaking her vows to his garment, if he will but let her have it. "By law" means to take the marriage oath. This song, explains the Zulu, is the expression of the strength and fidelity of love.

"Ma'me" is an exclamation which literally means "mother." The African calls "O Mother!" when expressing strong emotion, as the white man cries "O Heaven." In this case the exclamation means "rapture," and was thus translated by the Zulu informant.[1]

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

U-ye'ze, u-ye'ze,
Ma'me! U-ye'ze U-mo'ya!
U-ye'ze, u-ye'ze,
Ma'me! U-ye'ze U-mo'ya!

He cometh, he cometh,
Rapture! Cometh the Strong Wind!
He cometh, he cometh,
Rapture! Cometh the Strong Wind!

Nakuba'
Se'ku li—
Ba'nchi la'ke ngo—
Sha'da na'lo
Ngomte'to![2]

Let me have
But his robe,
And the marriage-vows
I will utter,
By the law!

(*Literal translation*)

He cometh, he cometh
Rapture, he cometh, the Wind!
He cometh, he cometh,
Rapture, he cometh, the Wind!

Even though
But his robe,
I will marry it,
I will,
By the law!

[1] See pages xxiii, 21, 37, 41.

[2] In conversation the words in this verse are accented thus:
Naku'ba se'ku
Liba'ntyi la'ke
Ngo sha'da na'lo
Ngomte'to!

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II

The "West" is a mystical place that no one ever reached, the place of the vanishing light, the place where hope dies. The word comes from the verb "tshona," which means "to sink," and is used for the sinking sun in the west, as also for anything that sinks in the water, that goes far away out of sight, that dies or perishes. If the Zulus say that a person has gone to the "West," they mean that he will never be seen again. If a maiden says to her lover, "You must go to the West," he understands that she is going to send him away. If anyone asks her, "Where is your friend?" and she replies, "In the West," she means that she has no friend. A girl may sing this song to tell the man that there is no hope for him, or that she loves him but cannot marry him, or that her father objects. The lover may sing this song to tell the girl that though he loves her, he has not cows enough to win her. The "West" is the land without hope. This song might even mean that the lover was dead. In South Africa it is customary to announce death—more especially the death of an adult person—with the expression *u shoni'le*, "he has set," likening the life of man to the course of the sun which, after reaching its zenith, declines to the West. This poetic way of telling sad news is considered more respectful and less shocking than the blunt statement "he has died." The expressions *U-ye emasho'na*, "he went West," and *Zu'va la'ke la vi'la*, "his sun has set," find their equivalent in the Chindau' language also. During the world-war this figurative language was adopted by the white soldiers in France, and many a British or American boy "went West."

The melody of this song is obviously taken from the whites. "Uda'li" is also a modern Zulu word, said to be derived from the European word "darling." The song is a great favorite among the Zulus, who are deeply affected by its plaintive words and tune, and in spite of the fact that it is in not pure African music, it is included in this collection because of the native poetry of the words.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Uda'li use'le ematsho'n',	My darling stayed in the West,
Uye' ematsho'na ule'le ematsho'n'.	Westward faring, he slept in the West.
Uda'li uha'mba ematsho'n',	My darling walked toward the West,
Kača'ne unenga'ne enčane,	Slow, thinking of his little one,
Uda'li use'le ematsho'n';	My darling stayed in the West;
Ye'ka mtakwe'tu use'le ematsho'n';	He, my beloved, he stayed in the West;
Uda'li ule'le ematsho'n'.	My darling slept in the West.
Awu-ye'lelema'm'! Awu-ye'lelema'm'!	Alas, alas! Alas, alas!

III

A young man on returning to his kraal tells of all the maidens that he has met.

(*Metrical and literal translation to fit the original African song-rhythms*)

Awu-yi'ni-ye'lelema'm'!	Ah,—think of this, *'lelema'm'!*
Ngi hla'ngene neku'lu ngomtet':	I met a hundred maidens, in truth:
Awu-yi'ni-ye'lelema'm'!	Ah,—think of this, *'lelema'm'!*

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IV

A youth sees a group of maidens coming up from the South, from the country below the stream, carrying their water-jars to fill them at the lake. The sight of them is so beautiful that it seems to him as though they held all the pain of lovers in their jars. When they reach the lake and stoop to draw water, he speaks to them and at first they scatter his pain and fill him with hope. But as he nears them, they turn and mock him. The "Troubler," Longing, now seizes him and trembles within him. "O Troubler," he cries, "drive me further on, into the upper country to the north, where I may find a maid of single heart; for the heart of these others is double!"

Thus is this love-song interpreted by a native, who admitted, however, that the verses might be differently explained. For, like most folk-poems, this was undoubtedly the fruit of the actual experience of the poet who had poured out his song with no thought of a listener. So the stranger who hears it can but guess its meaning, which may have been well known to the village of the author. Its mystery is perhaps its greatest charm, for as emotional and impressionistic poetry it appeals vividly to the imagination.

As sung, the Zulu verse flows in even, melodious lines with the syllables sliding into each other in regular accents, heightened in some places by the sharp "clicks" which make the Zulu language so rhythmically interesting and unique of sound. The translation seeks to reproduce the original structure of the poem with its soft melody and even rhythms, while retaining with entire literalness the word-character which paints river, lake, jungle and sudden passion with such deep-carved emphasis of symbol. The tune of this song has a wooing sweetness like the love-notes of mating birds; the long-drawn tones at the beginning of each of the rounded, undulating phrases sing of longing, and the tenderness and appeal of the whole melody tell even the unaccustomed ear of the white man that this is a love-song.

	(Metrical translation to fit the rhythms of Zulu verse and music)
Ngi ǐla'ngene nento'mbi za se nza'nsi,	I saw some maidens coming from the Southland,
Zi twe'le ugču'nsula' nge si'kwante'la,	Whose water-jars were filled with pain of lovers,
Za fi'ka eči'bini' za lu pala'za;	They came unto the lake and poured the pain out;
Wa fi'ka, Unog'ǧaǧa, wa ǧa'ǧaze'la.	Then came to me the Troubler, came and trembled.
"Ngi ka'pe, 'Nog'ǧaǧa, ngiye kweli' pezu'lu,	O Troubler, drive me northward, to the upper country,
Ngo fu'na into'mbi enhli'ziyo nga yi'nye;	To seek a maid of single heart and faithful—
A'manye anhli'ziyo nga mbi'li!"[1]	For the heart of these is false and double!

[1]The words in this song are differently accented when spoken. See Appendix, page 170.

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(*Literal translation*)

I met maidens, those from the South-
land
Who were carrying the pain of lovers in
water-jars.
They came to the lake, they poured out
the pain;
He came, the Troubler, he trembled.
Drive me, O Troubler, I go to the
Northland
To seek a maid whose heart is single—
The heart of these others is double!

CREATION STORY

UMUVE'LI NGǪA'NGE

(The Eternal One)

On a beautiful day Umuve'li Ngǫa'nge, the Eternal One, creator of the world, went up into the hills. There were many reeds growing by the river, and he spoke to a reed and said, "Bring forth male creatures!" Then he put all the males together in one place and spoke again to the reed and said, "Bring forth female creatures!" Then he went home. And he said to himself, "These that I have made shall live forever and never die."

He called Unwa'ba, the Chameleon, one of the creatures that he had created, and said to him, "Go up to the hill-top where I stood when I spoke to the reed, and cry aloud to the people and tell them that they shall live forever and never die."

So the Chameleon started. After he had been gone a long time the Creator changed his mind and said to himself, "I will have people live a long time until they are old, and then die." So he called Intu'lo, the Lizard, to him and said, "Go and stand where I stood when I was creating the people, and tell them that I say: 'You shall live until you are old and then die!' "

The Lizard went quickly and reached the hilltop before the Chameleon, who had been stopping all along the wayside, enjoying himself eating red berries. When the Lizard came to the place where the Creator had stood, he cried out and said, "The Creator says you shall all live until you grow old and then die." Then the Lizard went back.

Long, long after came the Chameleon and cried aloud to the people, and said, "The Creator says that you shall live always and never die." But the people answered: "The Creator has sent us his word by the Lizard, who told us that we shall live until we are old and then die. So we believe the Lizard. You can go back; to you we will not reply."

And so the Zulus believe that no one should die in youth. When a young person dies, it is not as it should be, but because he has been conjured or bewitched.

* * * * * * * *

Thus does the belief in witchcraft have its place even in the very story of creation—a belief that underlies the spiritual life and the instinctive thought of all black Africa.

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SIMA'NGO'S FAREWELL TO THE READER

I think that there will be people who will undoubtedly appreciate this work and think of it as a great work in approaching Africans' life and habit. So those who shall perhaps do more in the future with African songs shall think of this work as one of the many appreciative ways which led into the life of the African, for the songs are the expression of his various experiences—love, work, recreation, sorrow, joy and religion, all these sides of his life, are embodied in his songs. Perhaps the present work may not bring the desired goal, but like all the *lasting* work of the world seemed at the beginning as failure were appreciated afterwards. So I think of this work with the songs as a great work which required an unlimited amount of patience. Perhaps to some people when the songs are in book-form, may appear as having been an easy work, but I know that it has been a hard one!

C. KAMBA SIMANGO.



AFRICAN WOOD-CARVING
Cups and Ladle
(West Central Africa)

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CHINDAU'
SONGS

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Chindau' Songs

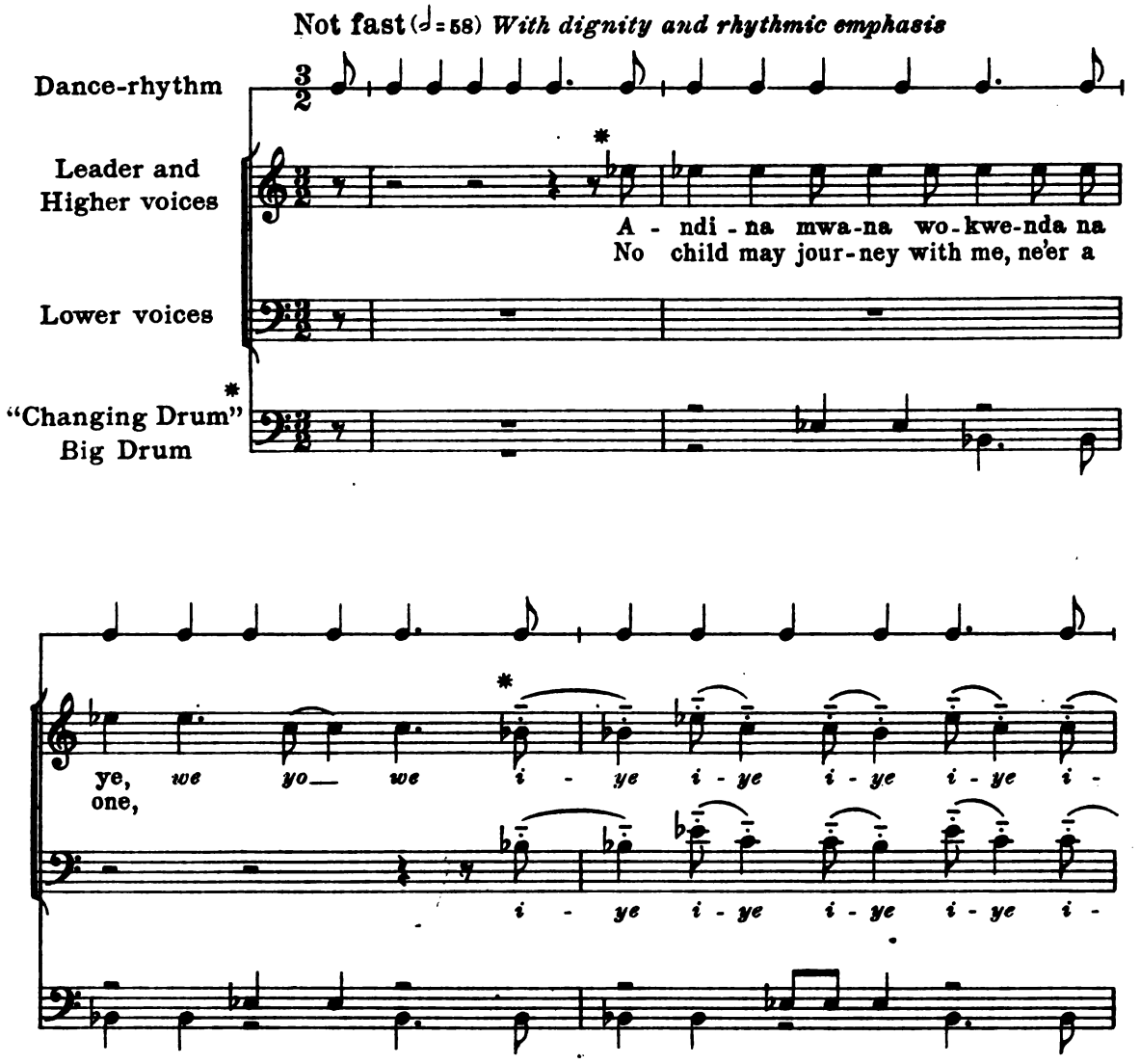
(Portuguese East Africa)

Recorded from the singing of Ka'mba Sima'ngo

Mate'ka

Song of the Rain Ceremony
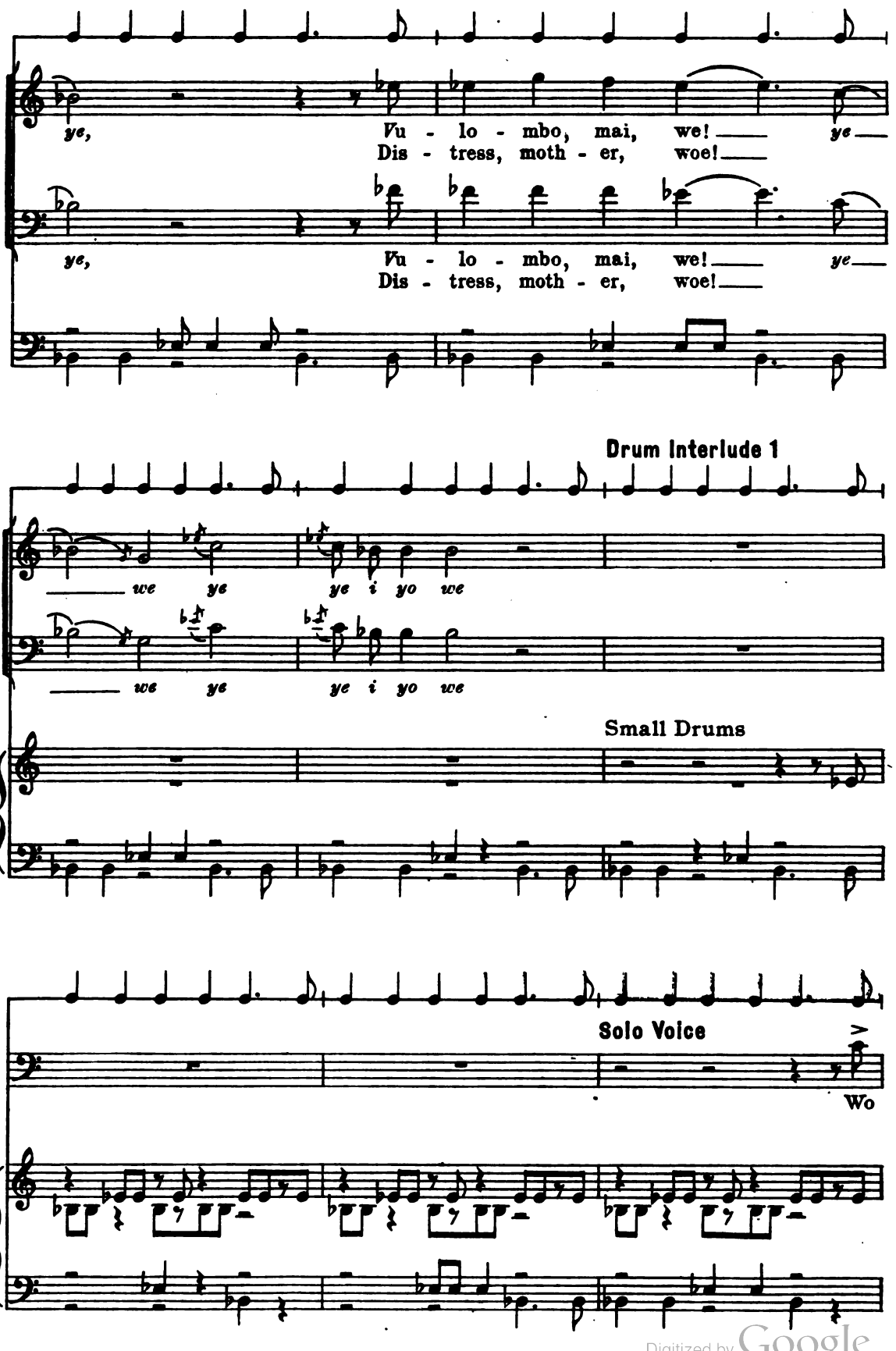
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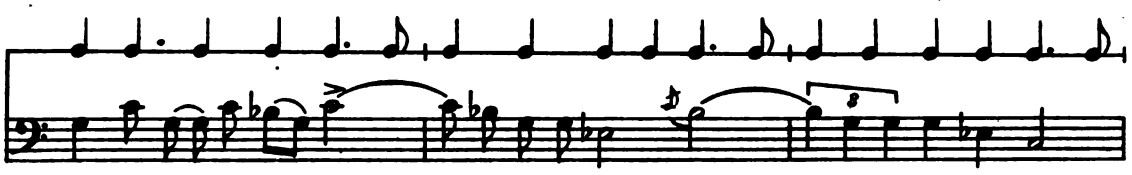


* See Mate'ka I, page 20, for African names of drums. Big drums are tuned a fourth apart; little drums are also tuned in fourths. The drums and the voices of the singers are not necessarily pitched in the same key. The singers pitch their song wherever the intervals lie within easy range of their voices, irrespective of the pitch of the drums.

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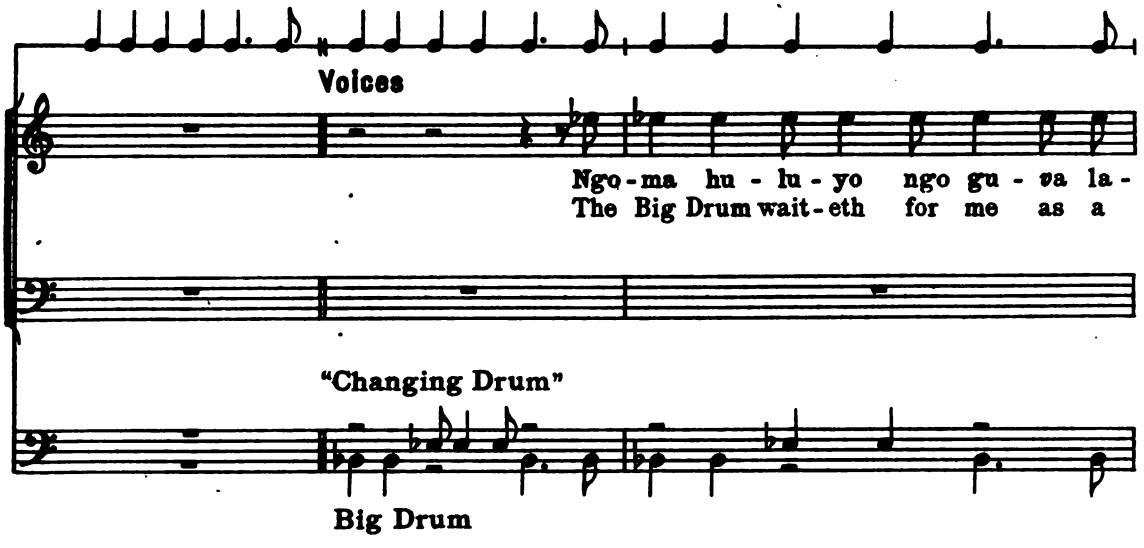
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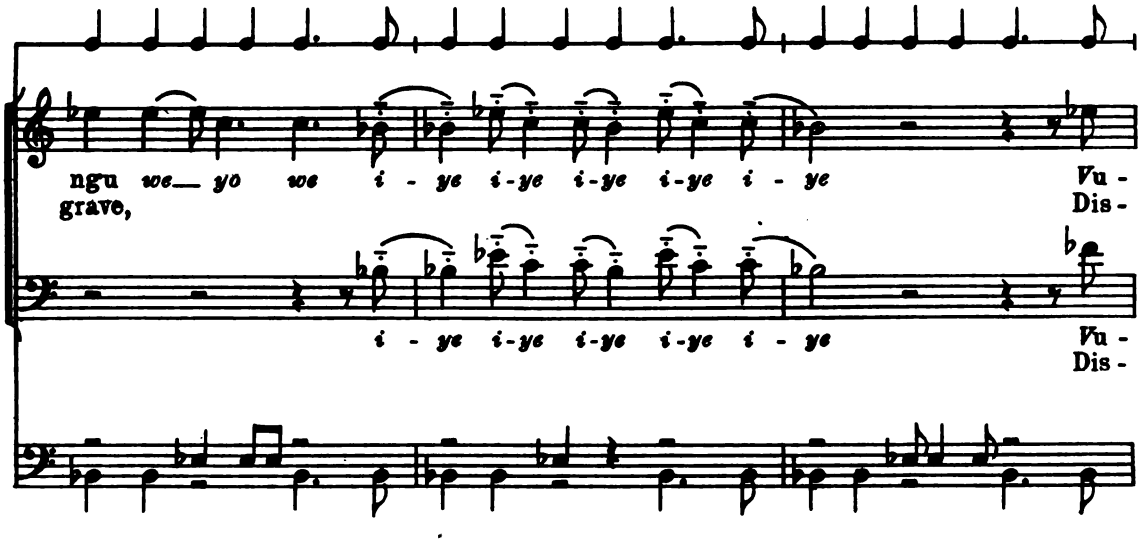


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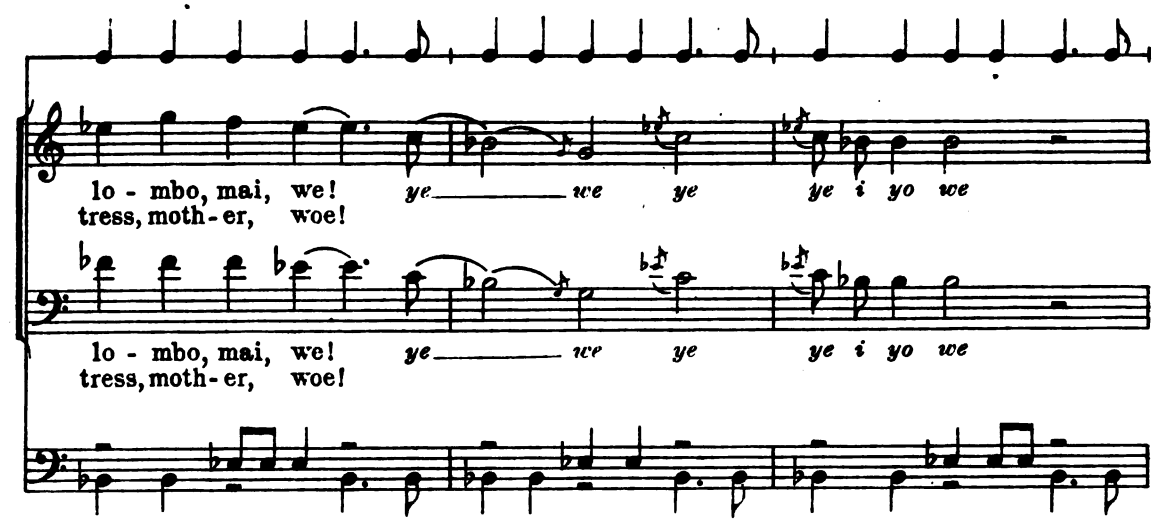


Drums silent
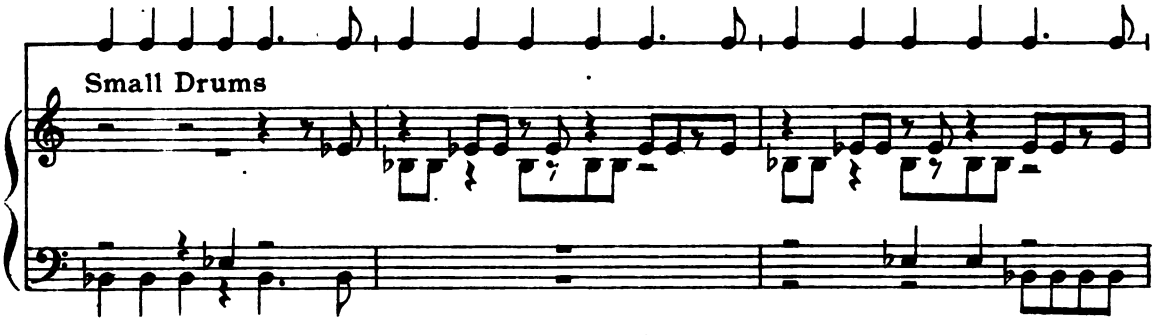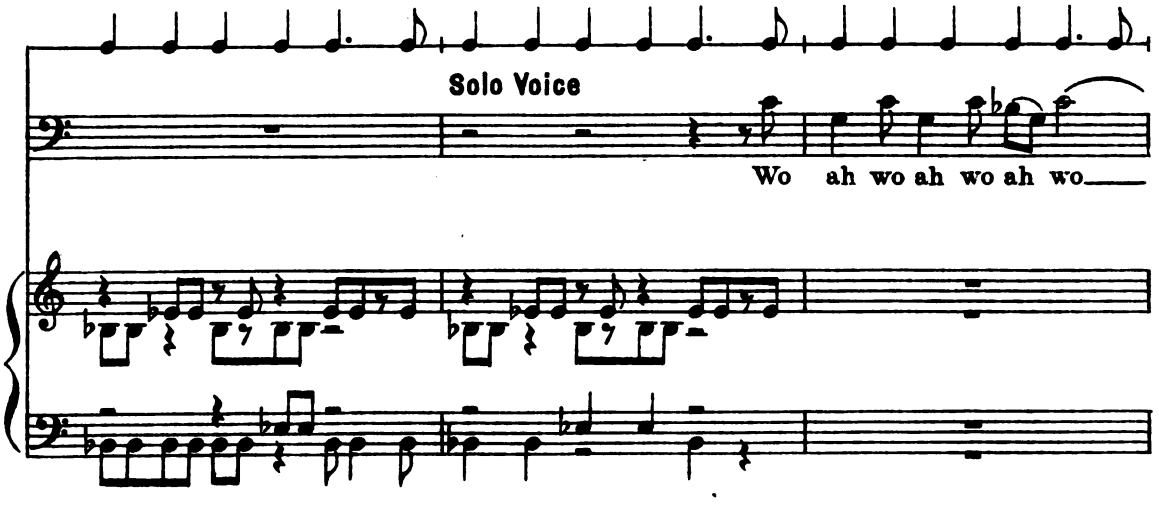




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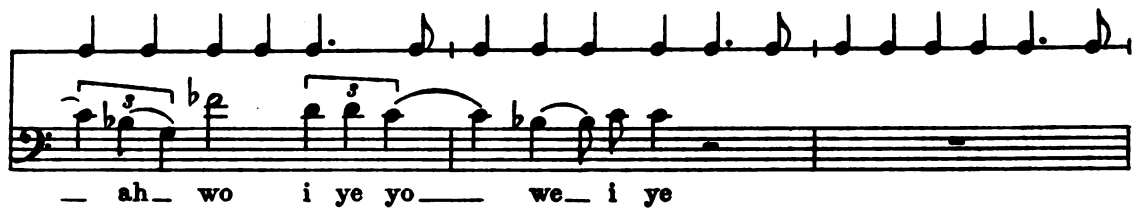


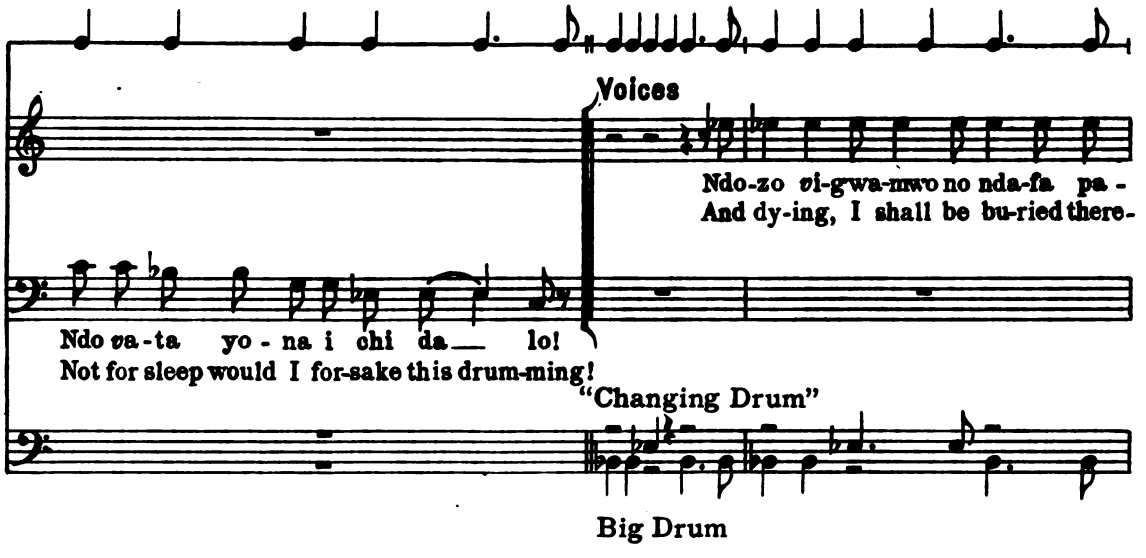
Drum Interlude 2
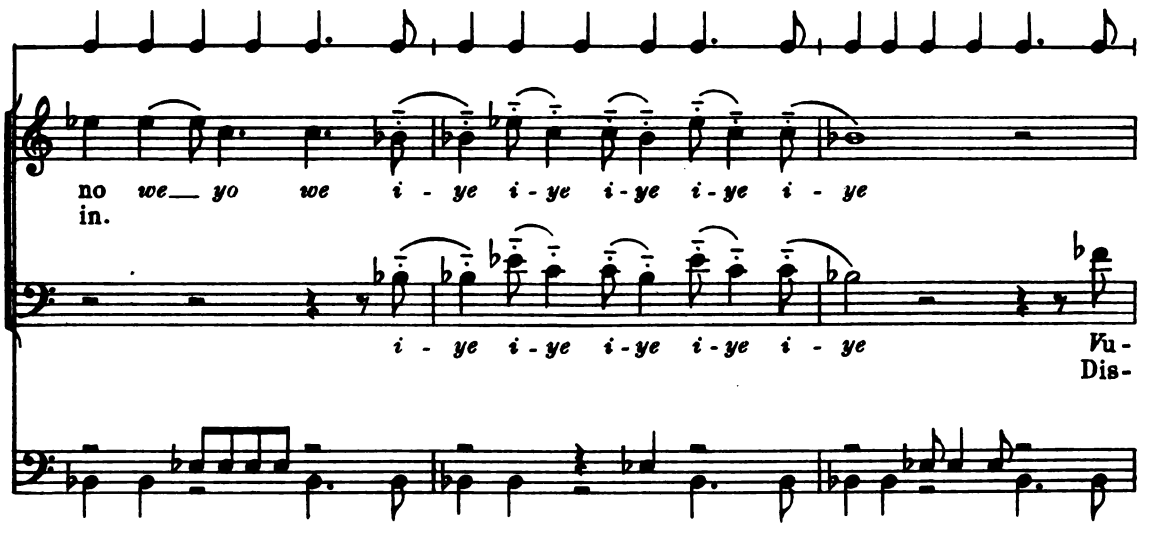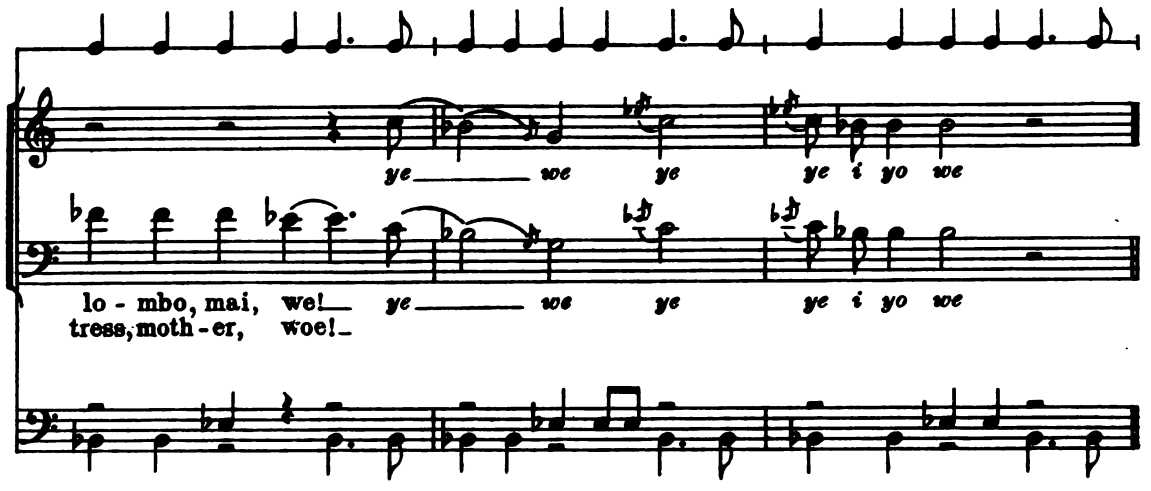




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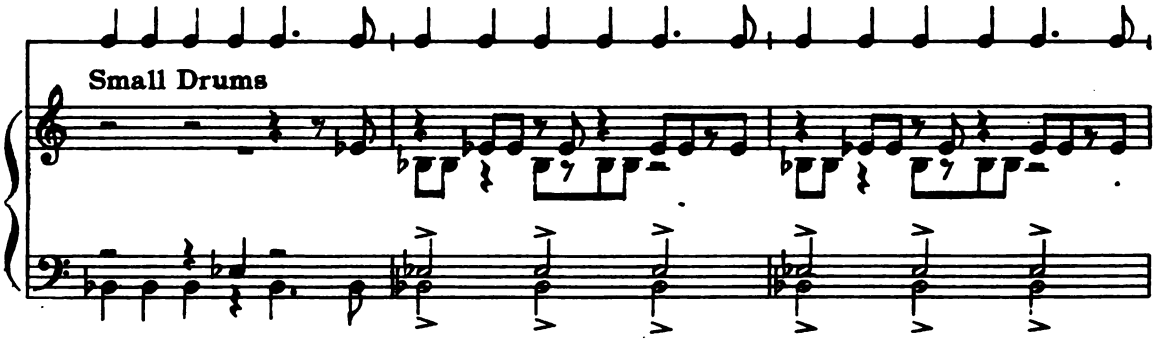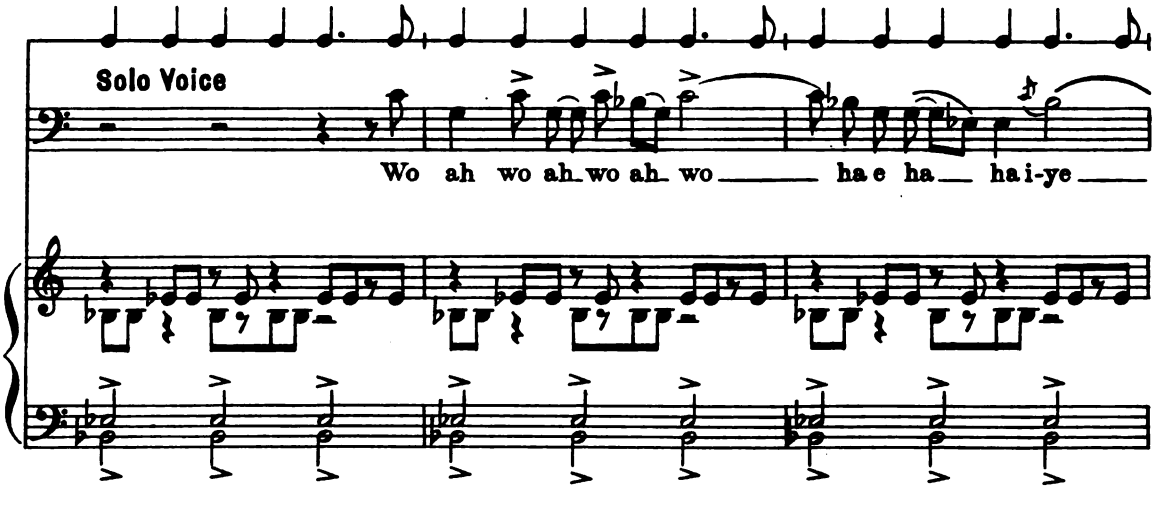






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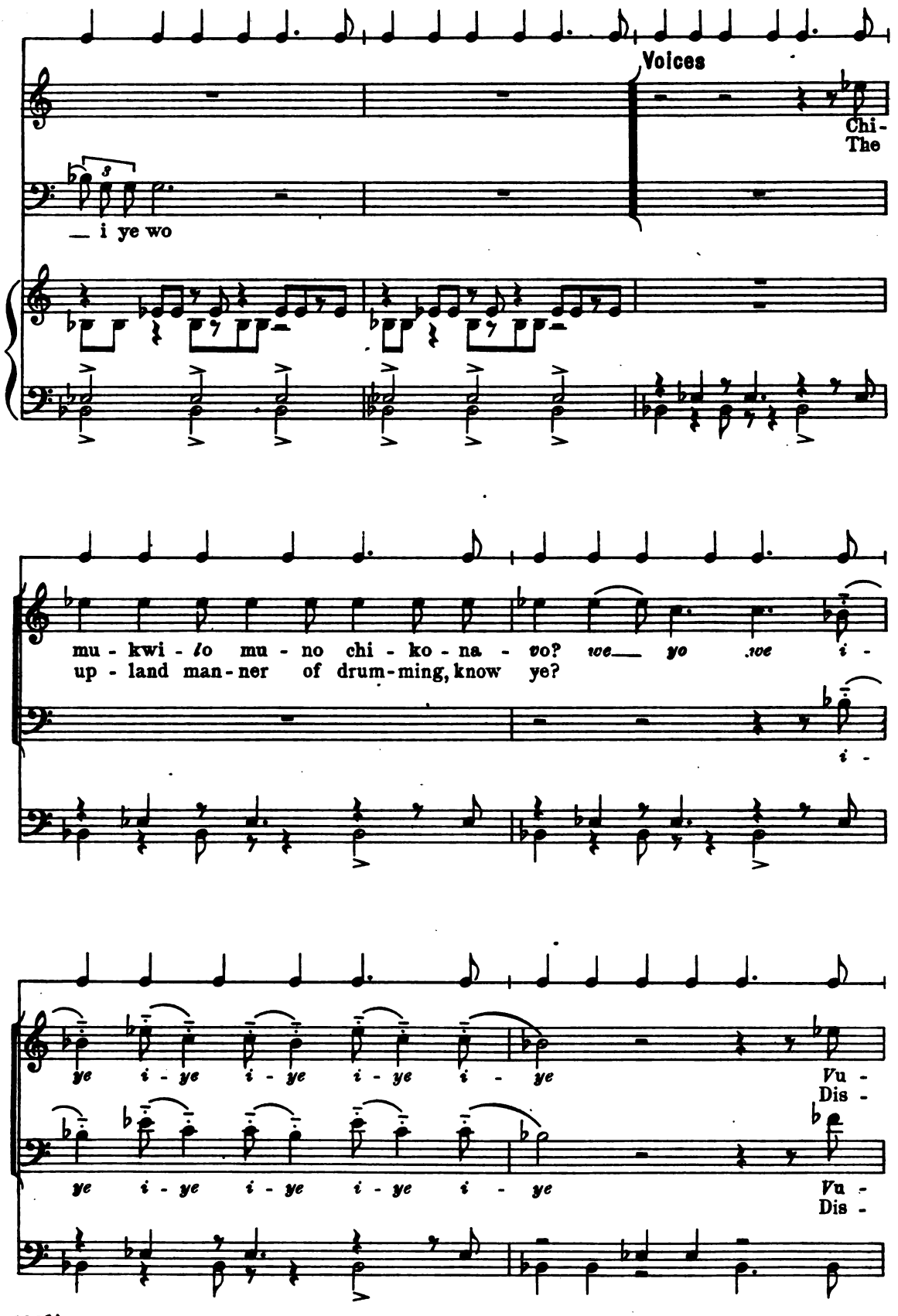


Drum Interlude 3
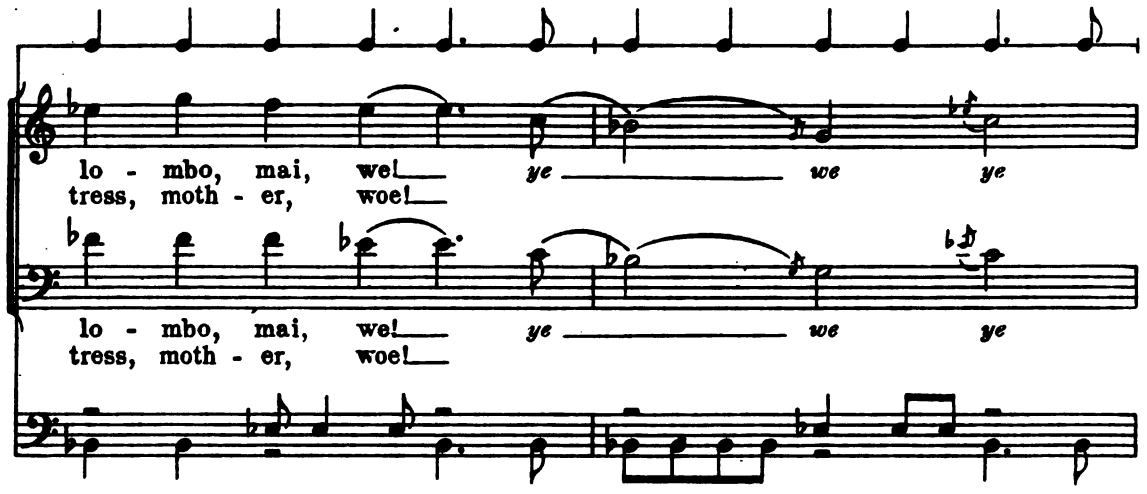




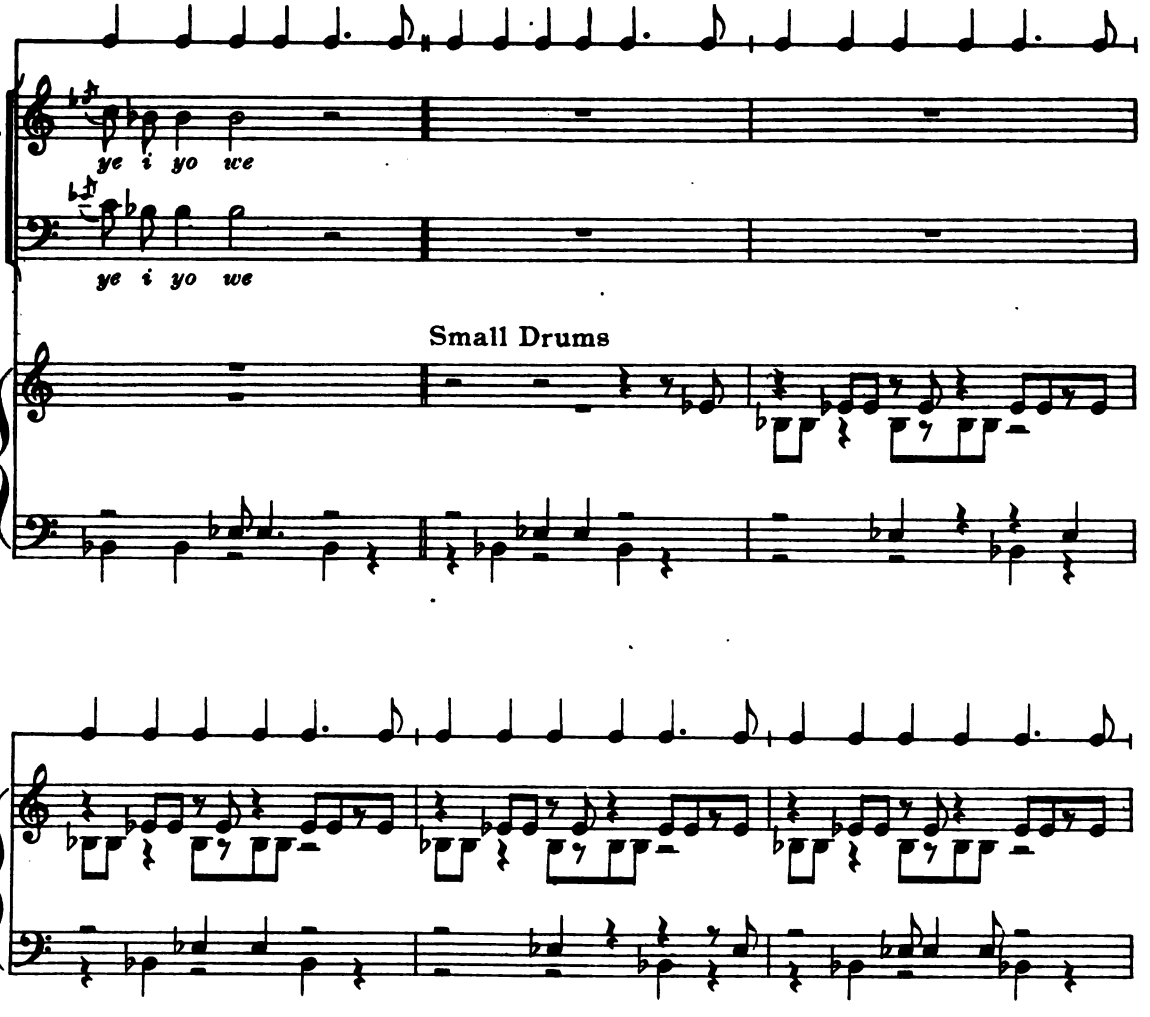
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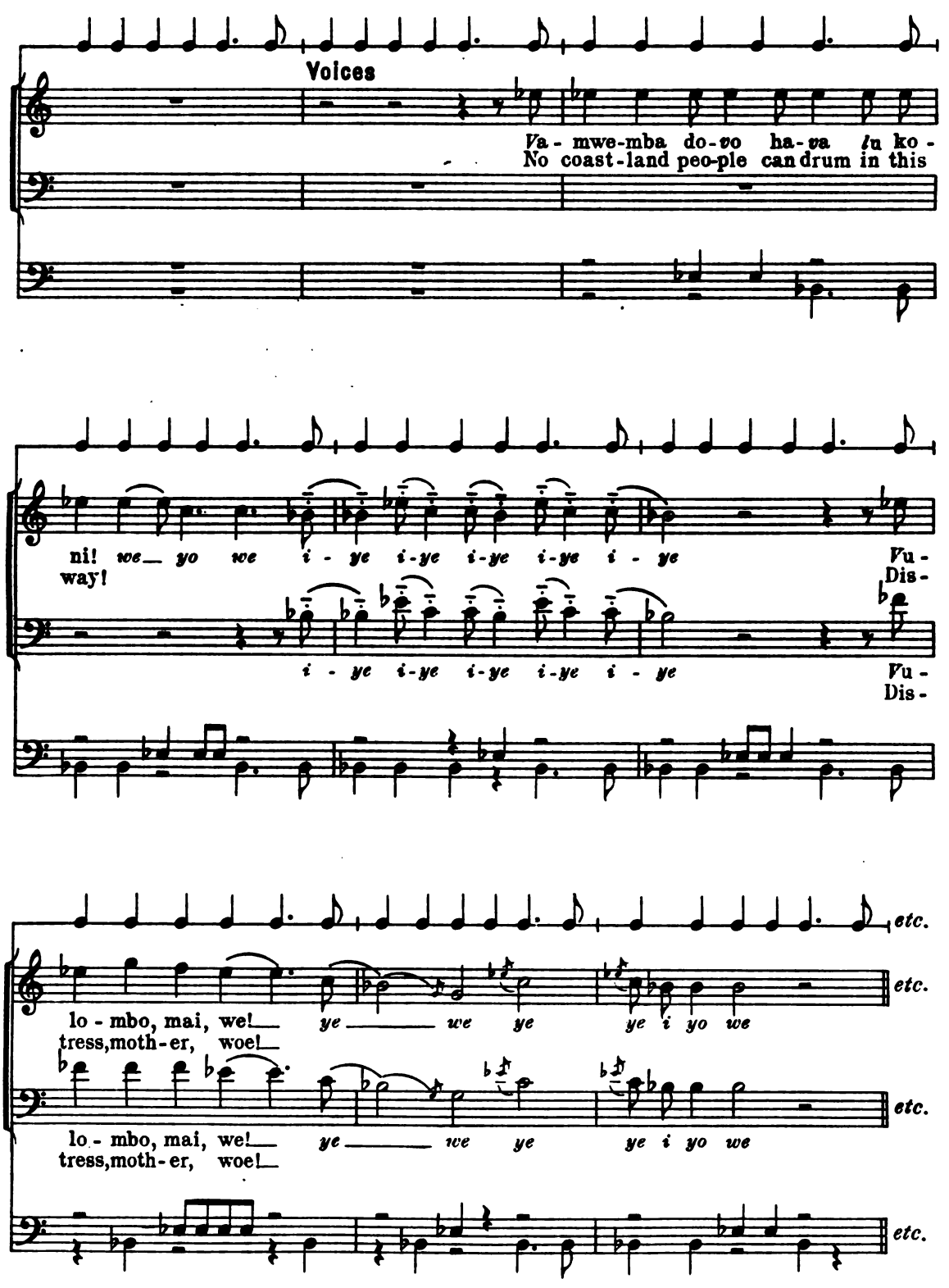


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Drum Interlude 4



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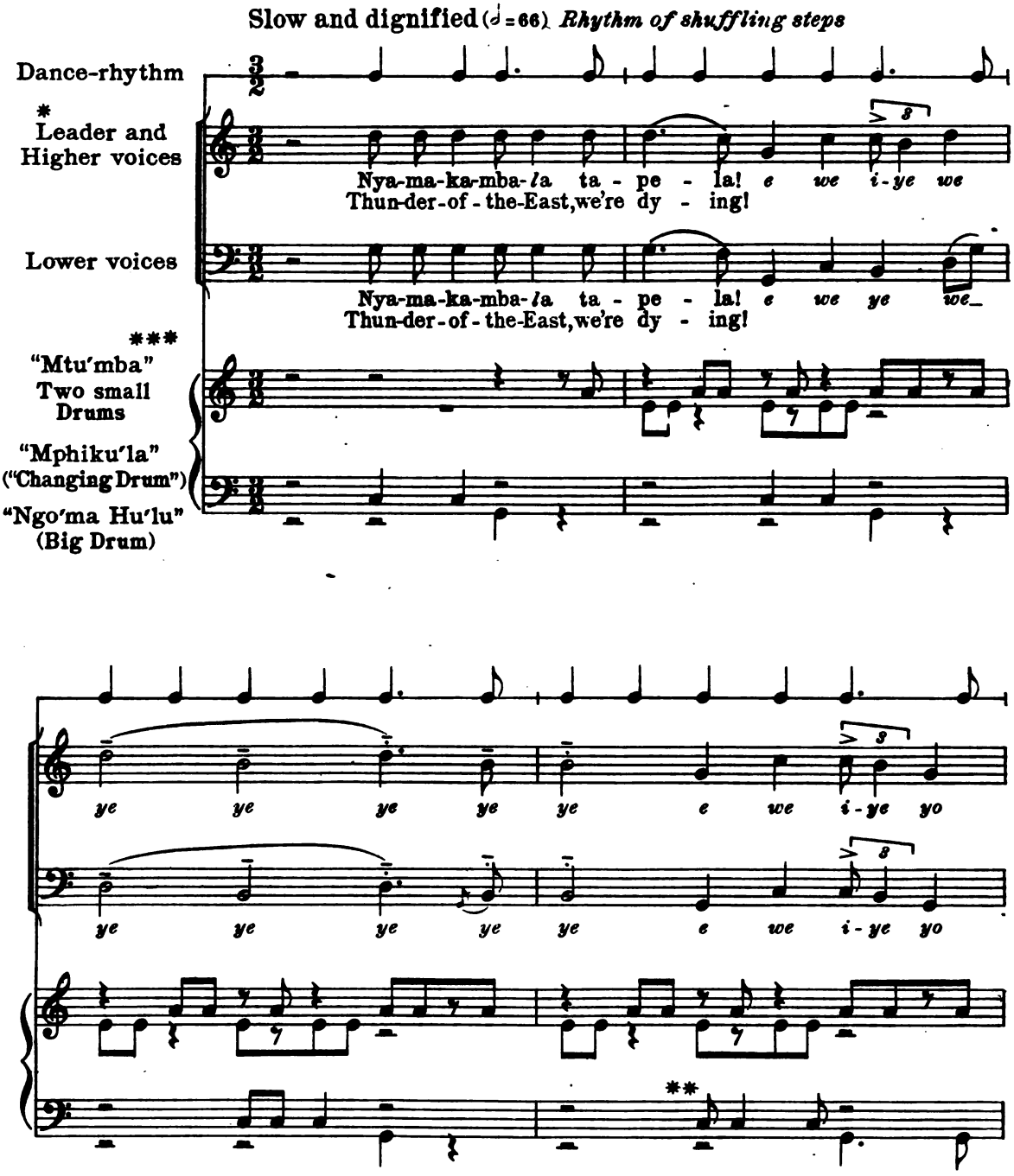


This song may be continued indefinitely. The above transcription simply gives the main substance of the song, though many more verses may be added and improvised upon, and the drum-interludes may be extended and extemporised, *ad libitum*.

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Mate'ka

Song of the Rain Ceremony

II
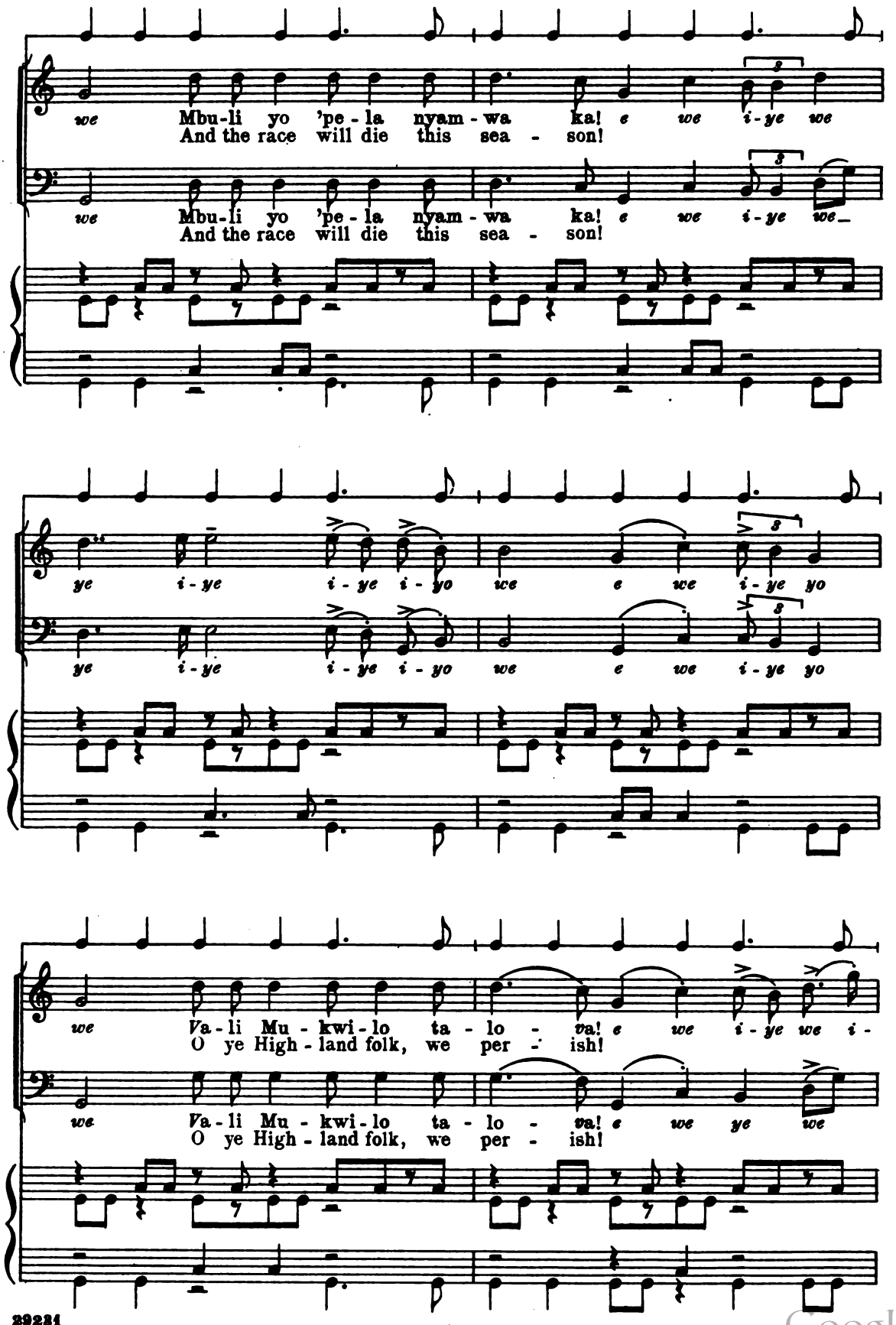


* The leader starts each phrase, or voice, and the people join in on the second or third syllable of the first word, as soon as they catch what the word is to be.
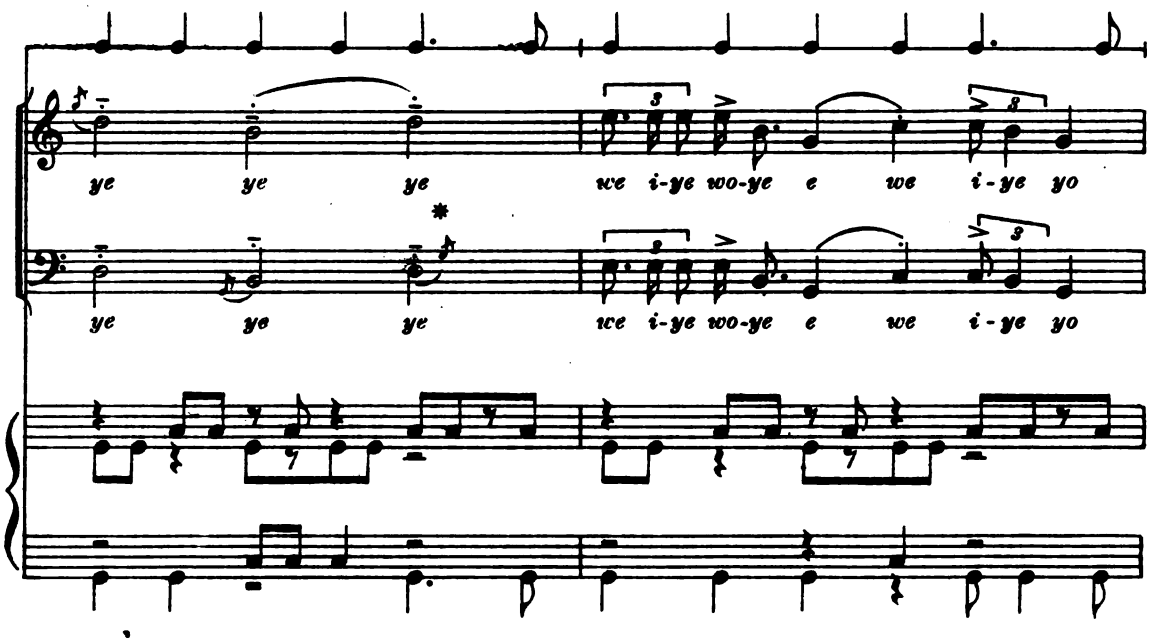
** Bars marked with an asterisk are variants which can be introduced wherever the drummer pleases.

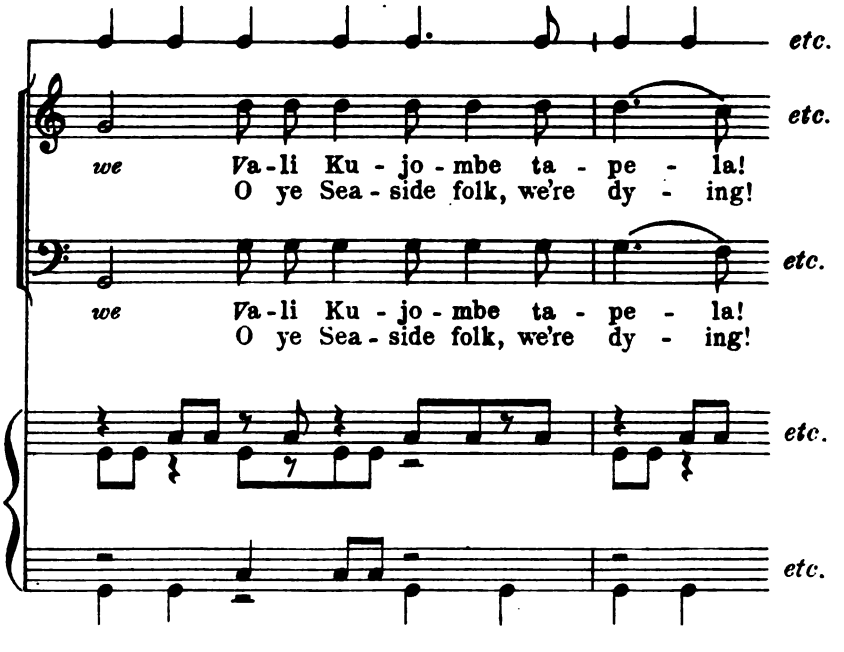
*** For note on tuning of drums, see page 81.

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* An upward break in the voice, something like a Swiss yodel.

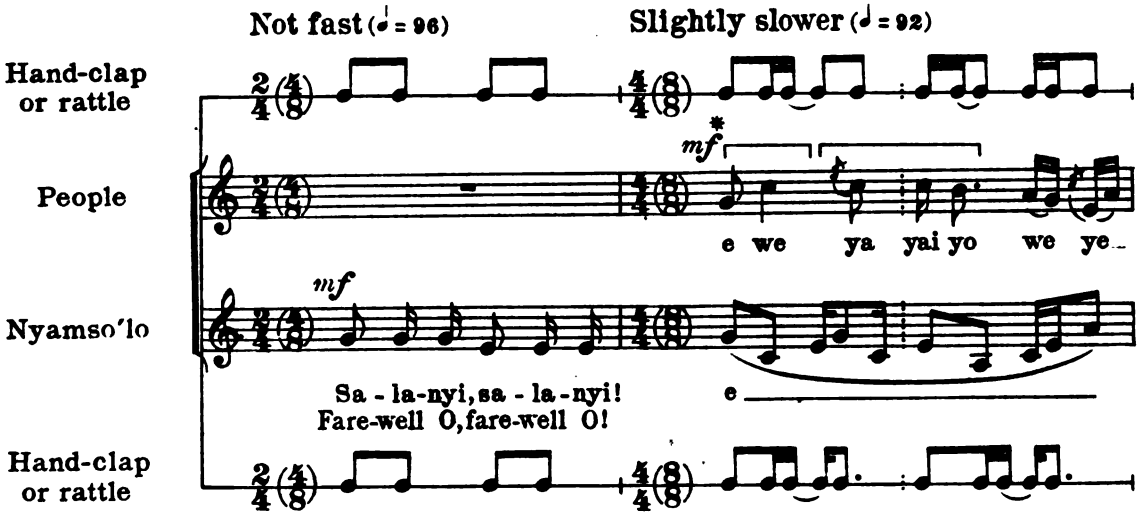
The song continues indefinitely, the vocable refrains being spontaneous variations of the foregoing, while the invocations of the leader are always in the same rhythm.
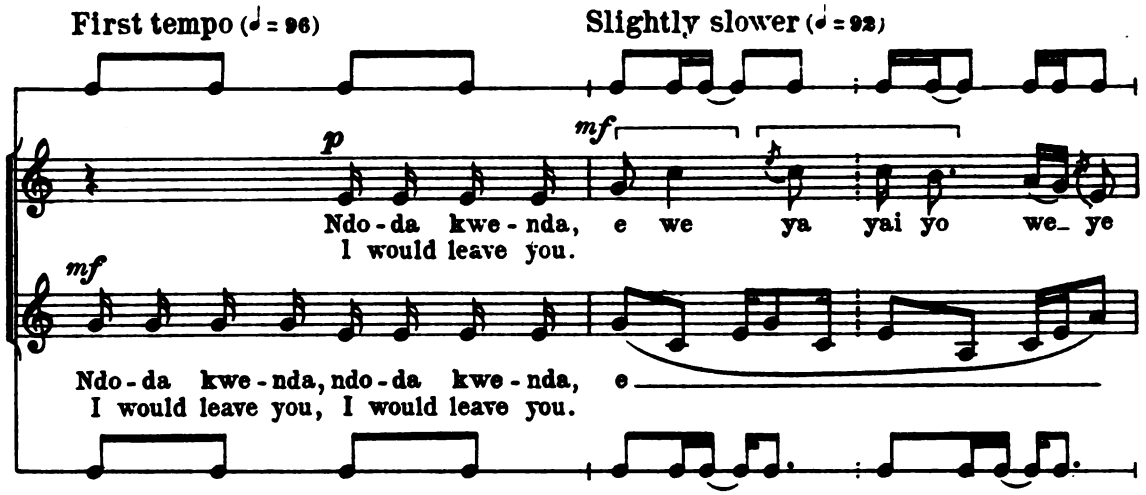
This transcription can offer only a suggestion of the song, which contains elaborate drum-interludes and many improvisations of the vocable refrains. Compare with "Mate'ka," Song of the Rain Ceremony I, page 81.

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Manthi'ki
Spirit-Song
I

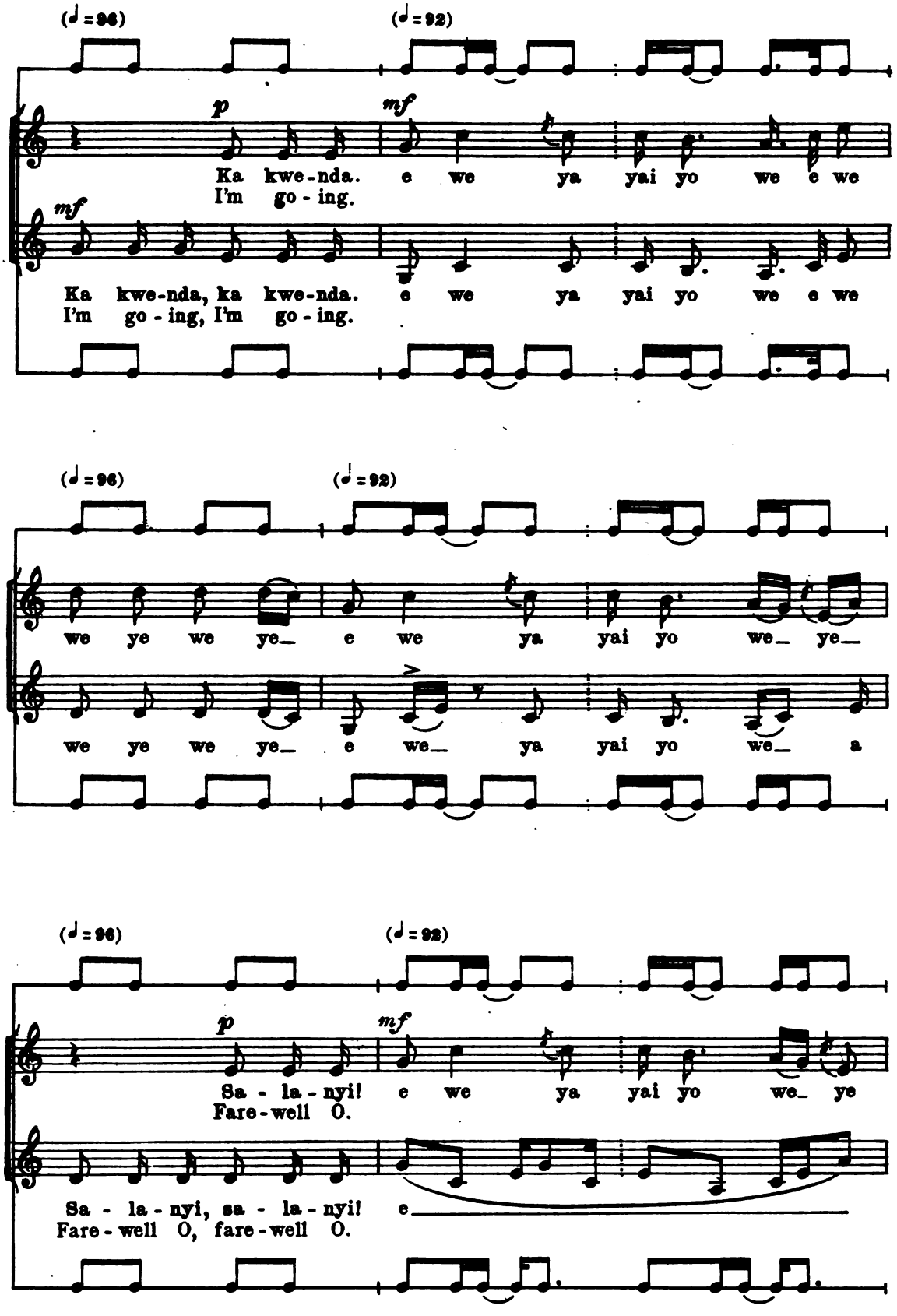
Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi
Farewell, Farewell



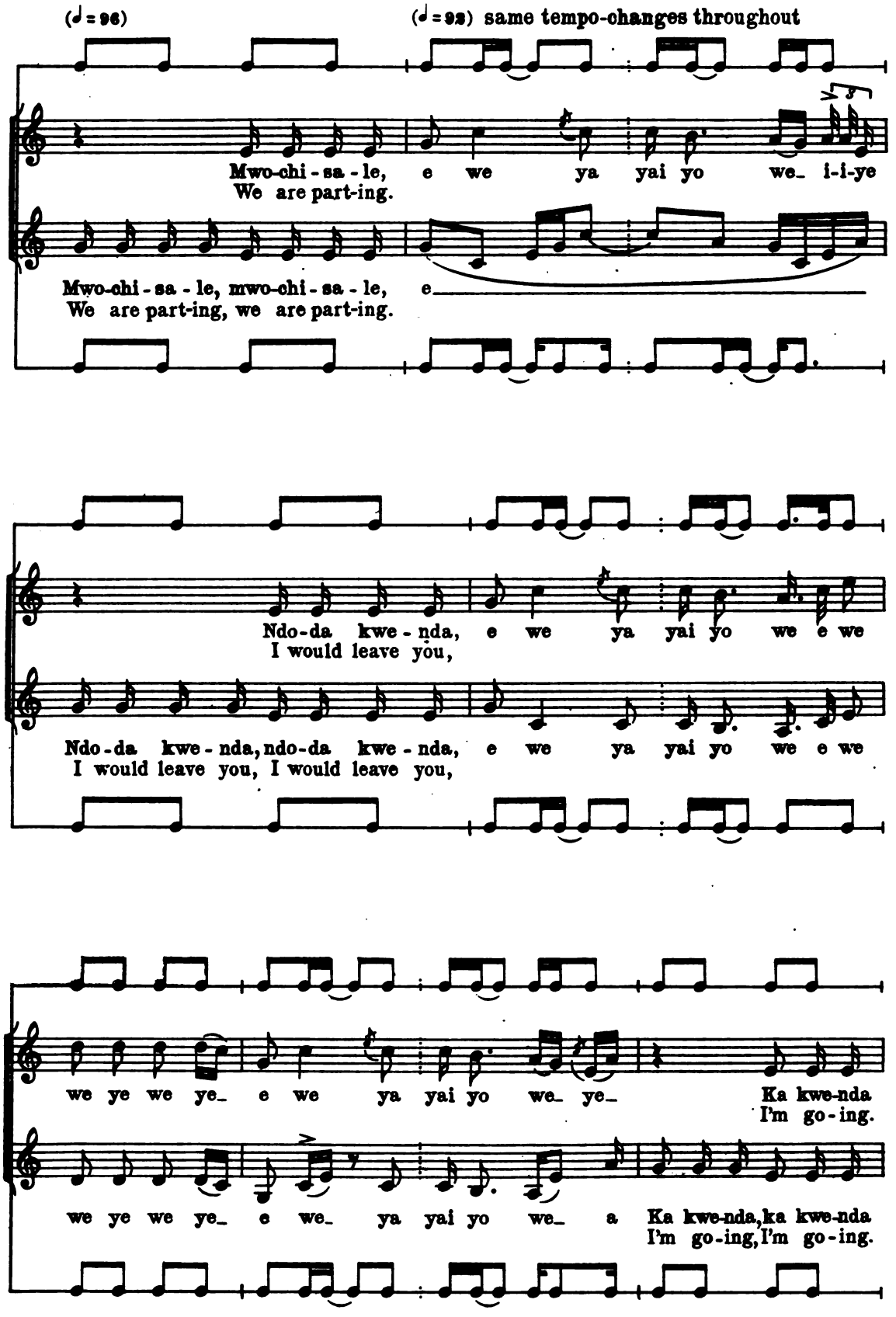


* If the rhythm of these hand-claps is beaten without the voice, the African readily recognizes the song; the rhythm to him perfectly indicates the melody. Indeed, when I was learning this song, my African instructor would make me clap without singing to see if my clapping "made the right tune." I confess that the rhythms were not easy to learn, at first, though after I had reduced them to notation they looked simple enough. The feeling of the beats bracketed in groups of three is distinctly that of a triple rhythm, brought out more clearly by the holding back of the tempo, and creating an interesting effect of cross-rhythms with the lower voice and its corresponding hand-claps.
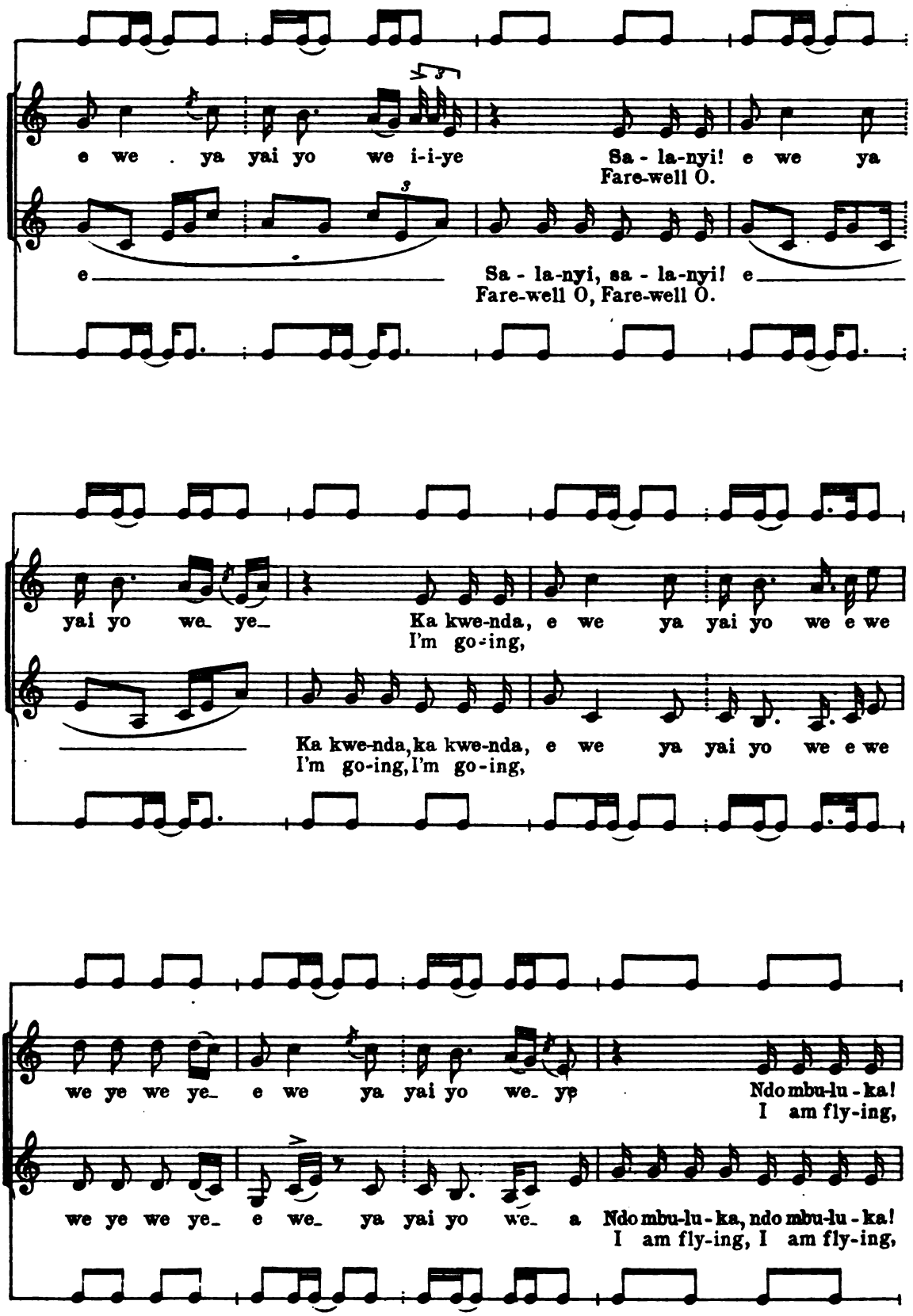
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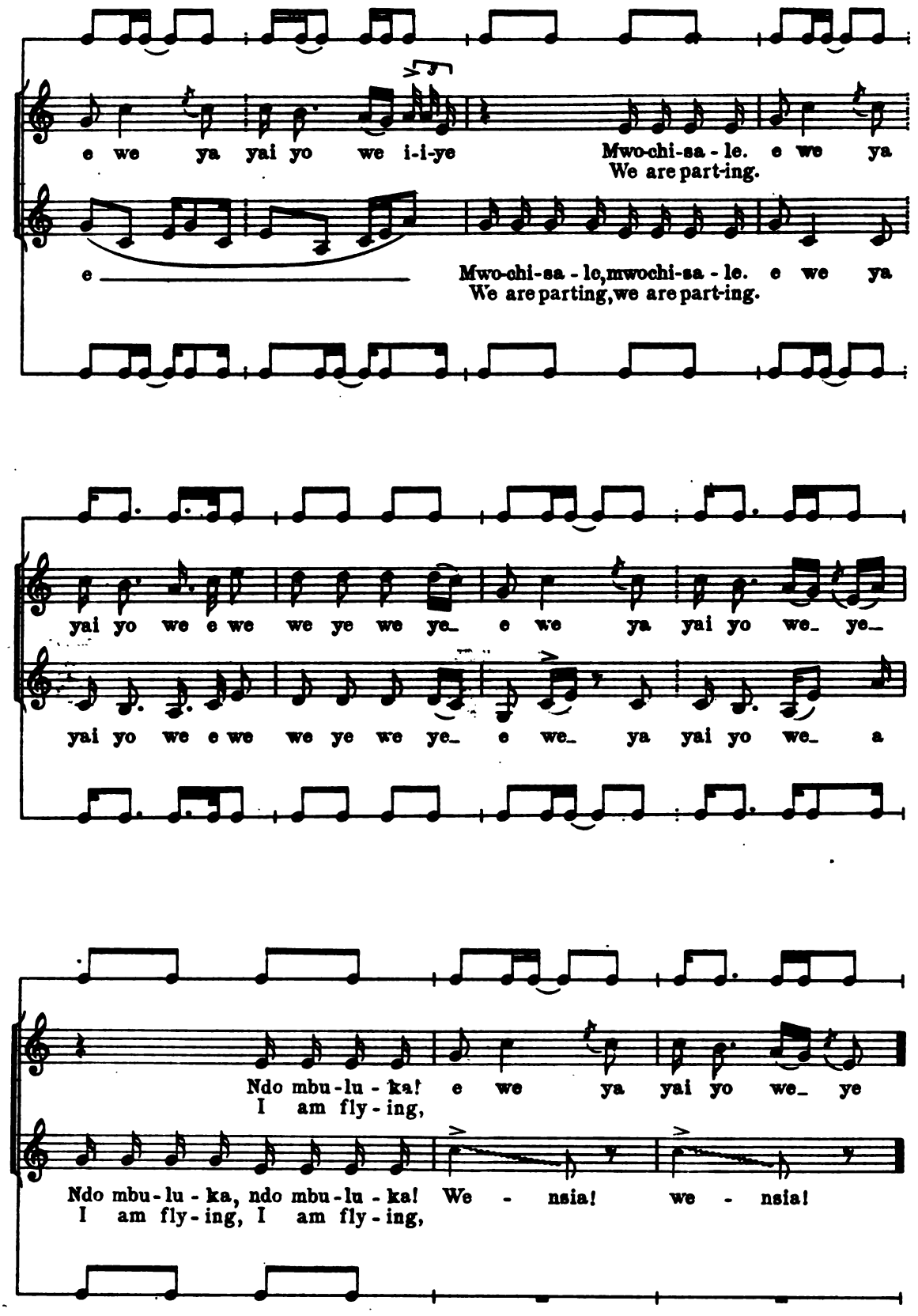
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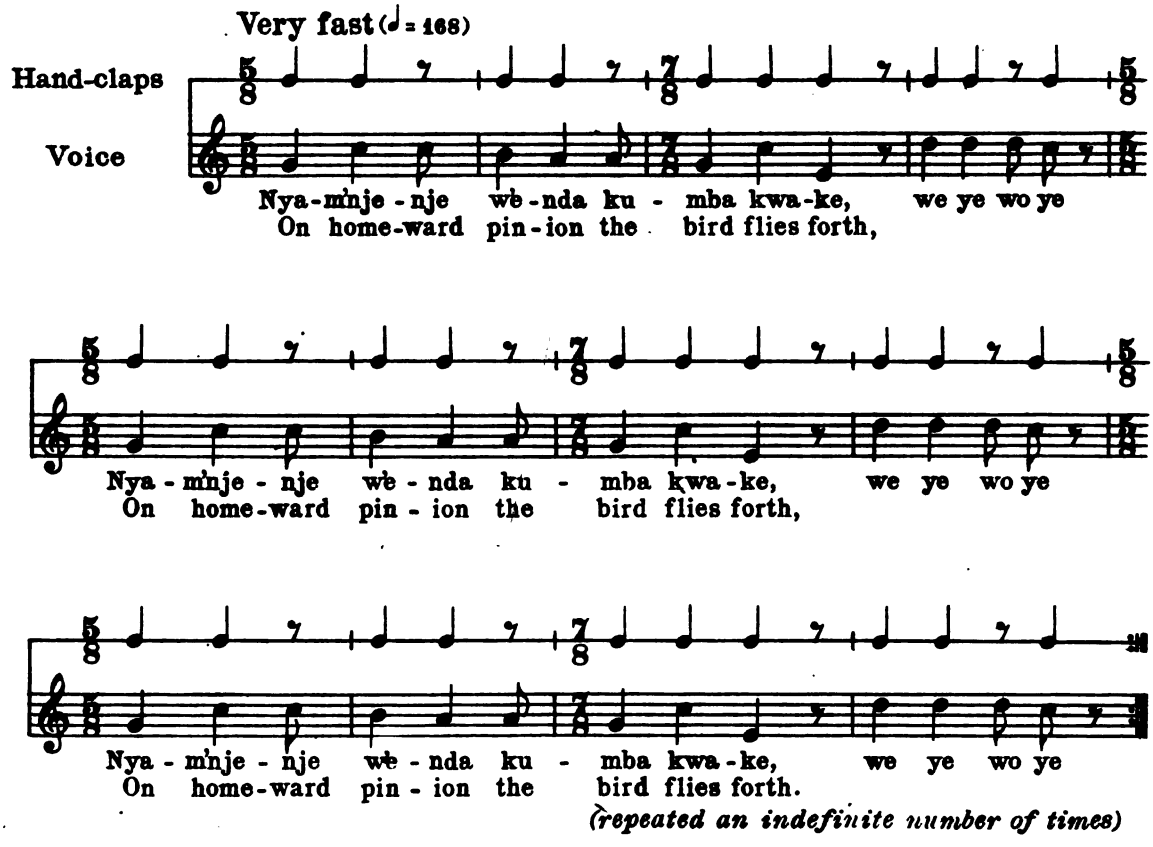
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Manthi'ki
Spirit-Song
II

The form of this song comprises three distinct sections, each of which can be sung any number of times before the final cry of "Wensia!" announces the flight of the spirit, and thus the end of the song.

1

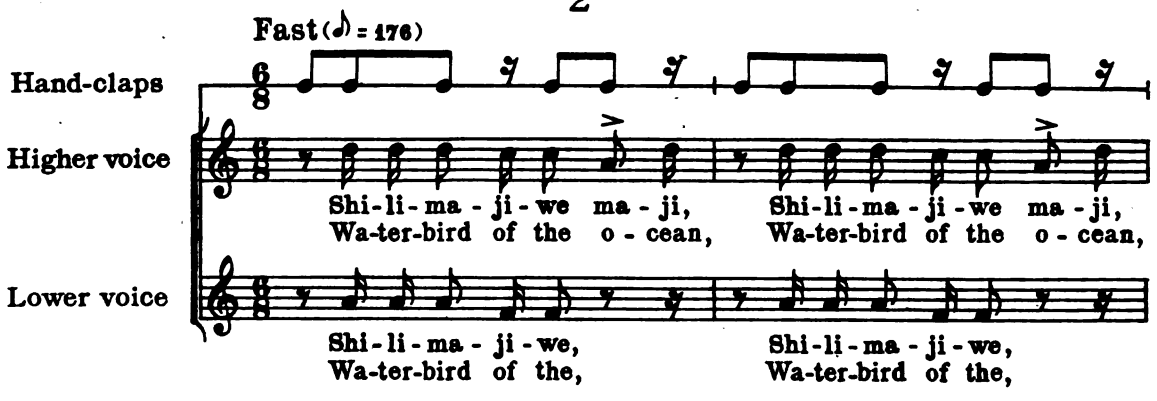
Nyam'nje-nje
The Bird



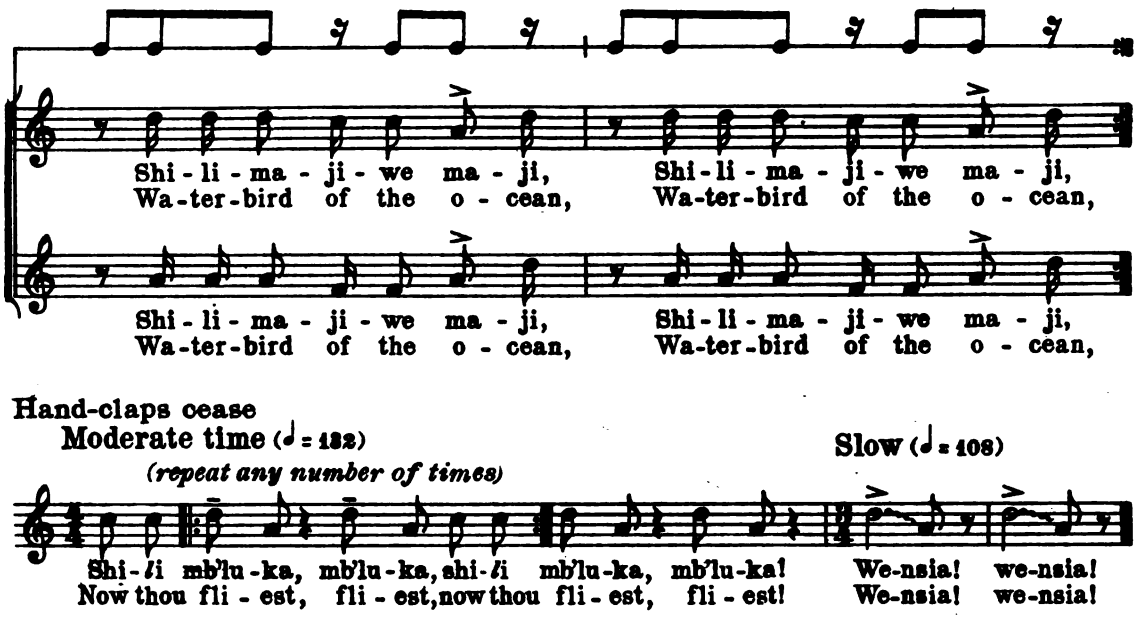
(repeated an indefinite number of times)

Note: **The structure of the above song consists in a melody conforming absolutely to the rhythm of the song-words — a rhythm which I have sought to reproduce in the translation.**

2



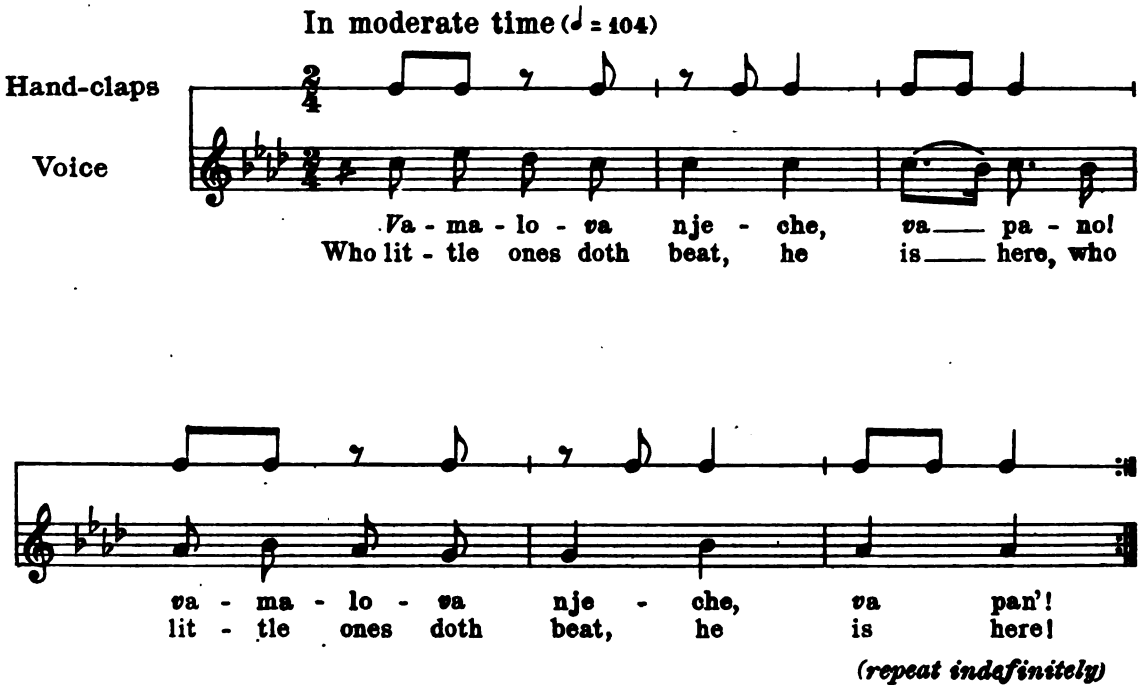
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Manthi'ki

Spirit-Song

III

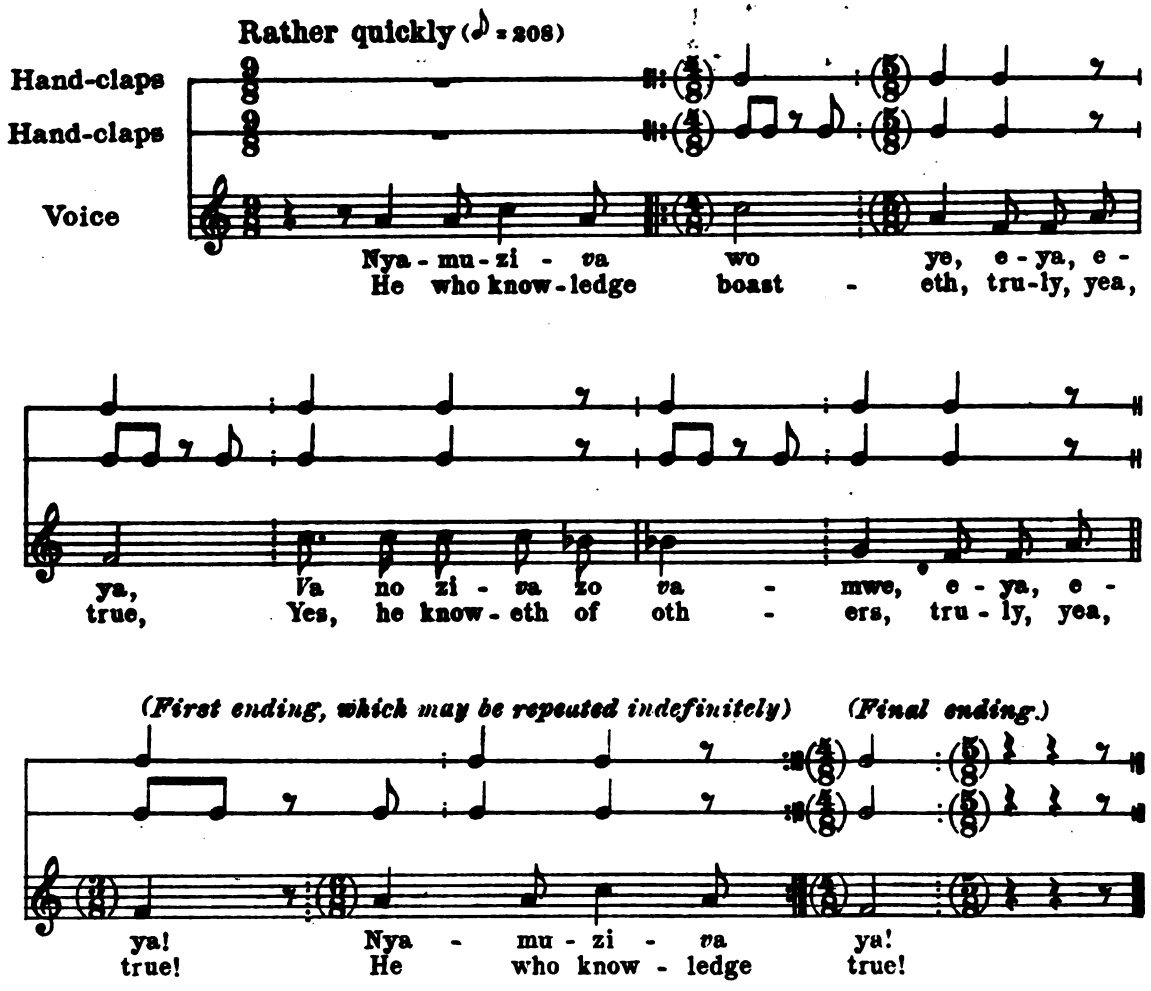


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Manthi'ki

Spirit-Song

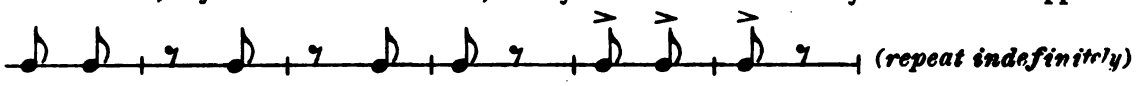
IV



This song is usually accompanied first by only the first hand-clapping. But excitement grows as the song is repeated, the tempo accelerates, and the second hand-clapping is added to the first. During its many repetitions the song increases in dynamic intensity until a climax is reached; then the fervor wanes, the tempo becomes slower, the volume of voices dies down, the second hand-clapping ceases, and the song ends as it began, with single accompaniment of the first hand-clapping.

Most African dances are dynamic in character, beginning softly and in moderate time, then speeding to a climax, and at the end, dying away. During the life of the song different dance-steps correspond to the different hand-clappings.

In the Manthi'ki (Spirit-Songs) wonderful contrasting effects of dynamic percussion-sounds are made by striking the hands in different ways, sometimes arching the hands in cup-like formation, which gives a deep hollow sound, again striking the hands flat together with a hard, dry smack. For instance, a very common Manthi'ki rhythm is thus clapped.



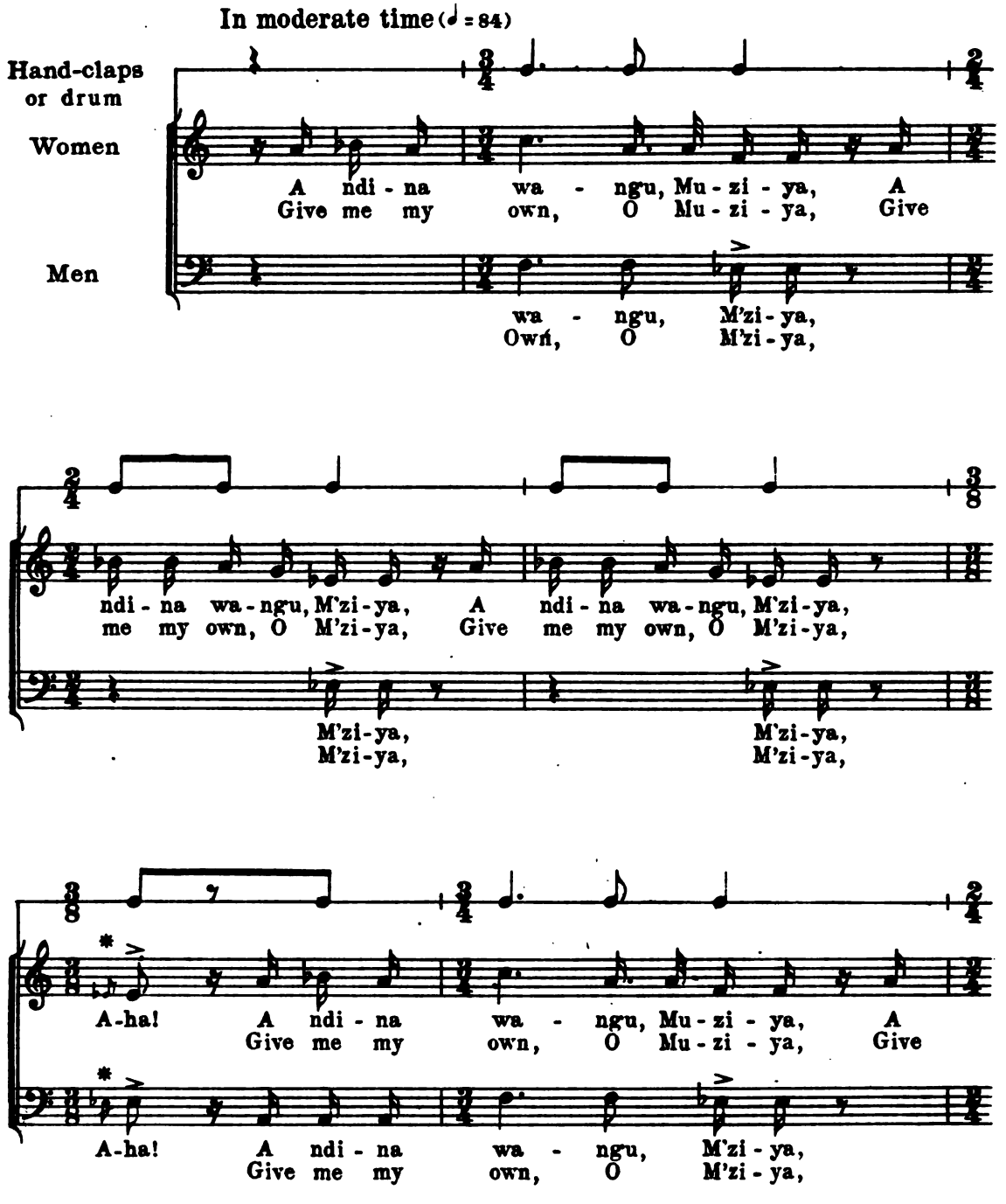
hollow hands *right* hand uppermost. hollow hands *left* hand uppermost. hollow hands *right* hand uppermost. flat slaps

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Lu'mbo lgo Lu'do
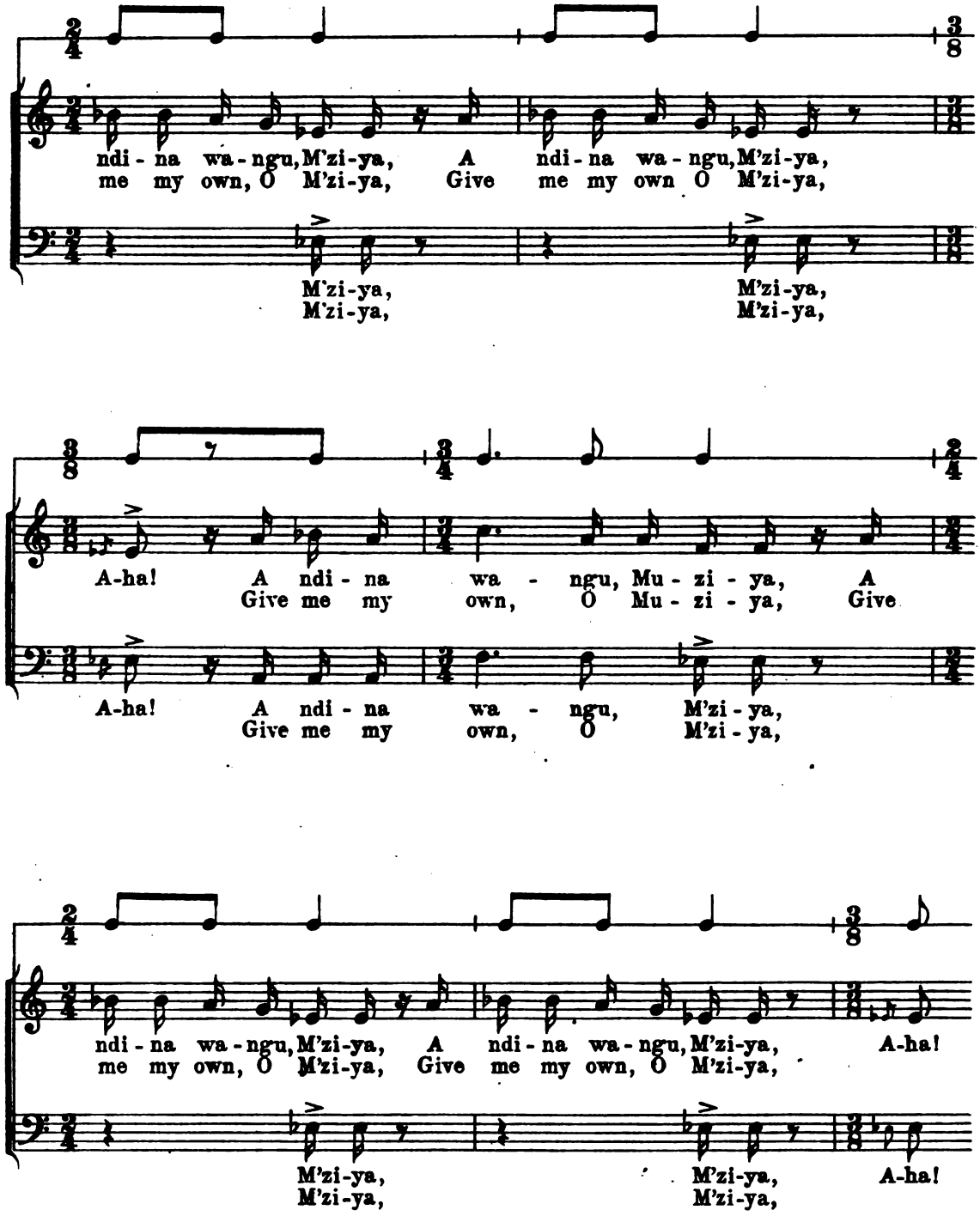
Song of Love

(Also used as a Dance-Song, in which case it is usually accompanied by hand-clapping. The dance is slow and dignified.)



* An ejaculation, half-sighed, half-spoken, not really sung on any given note.

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(Repeated an indefinite number of times, ending with the final ejaculation, "A-ha!")

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Mafuve

Dance of Girls

Not fast (♩ = 68)

Voice

E - yo - we, we yo we i-ye e - yo - we, we yo we i-ye e -
A - las, O we yo we i-ye A - las, O we yo we i-ye A -

Hand-claps
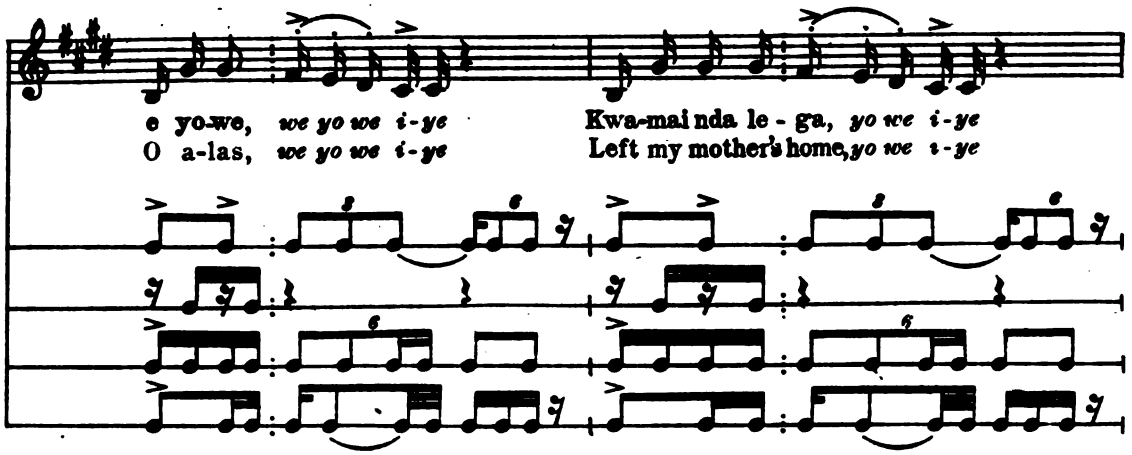
Only the two dancers can clap this clap; though they as well as the onlookers may also clap all the other claps. The first beat of each bar, carrying the words of the song and accented by the two emphatic beats of the dancers, is made to stand out vigorously from the rest of the song; the following syllables, accompanied by the more rapid hand-clapping, sound somewhat parenthetical in character.

yo - we, we yo we i-ye Kwa-mai-we! we yo we i-ye e -
las, O we yo we i-ye Moth-er's home! we yo we i-ye A -
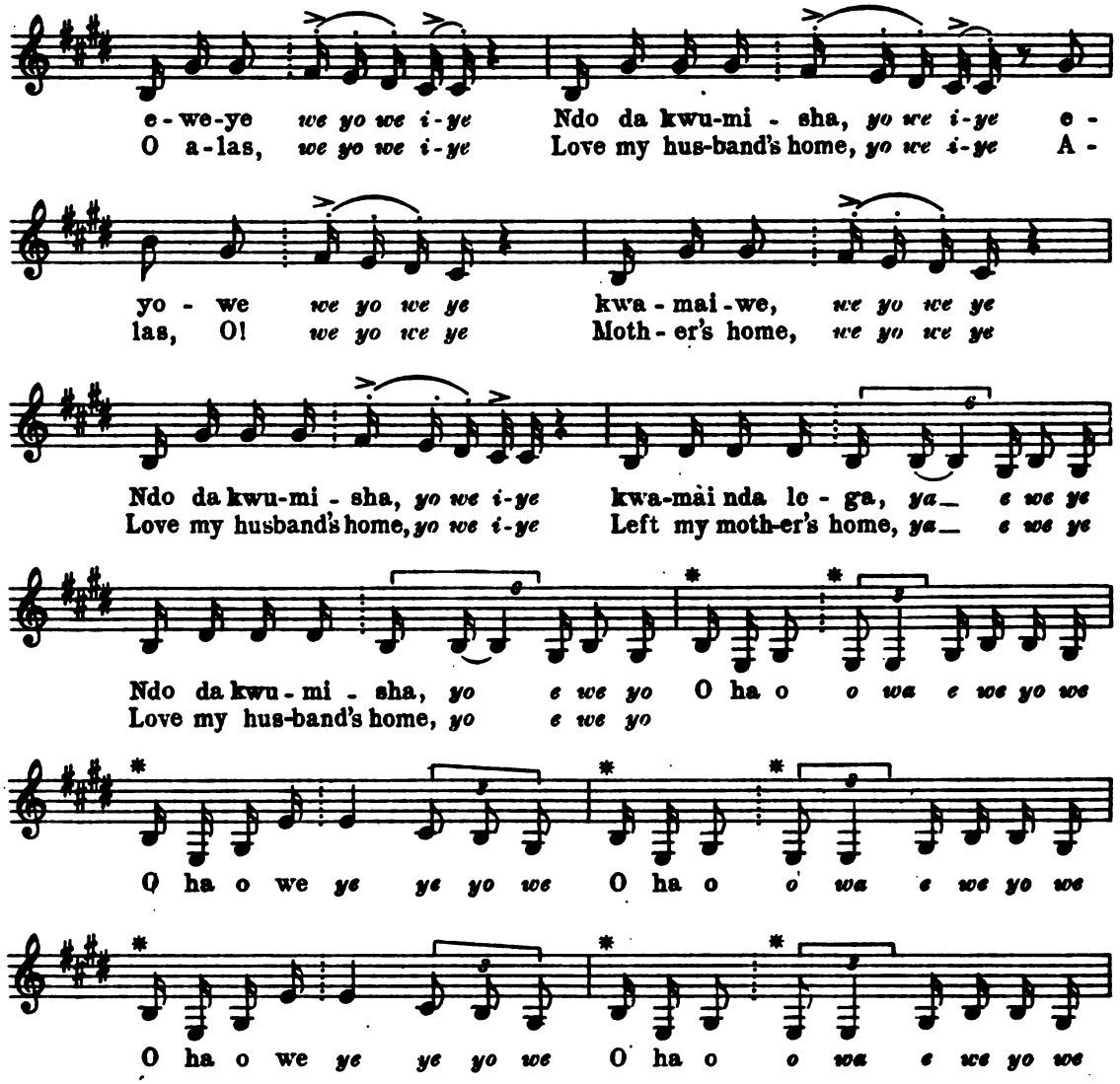
yo - we, ye we ye yo e - yo - we, ye yo we i-ye
las, O a - las, a - las, a - las, O! ye yo we i-ye

* Sometimes this rhythm is used for beats 2 and 3:

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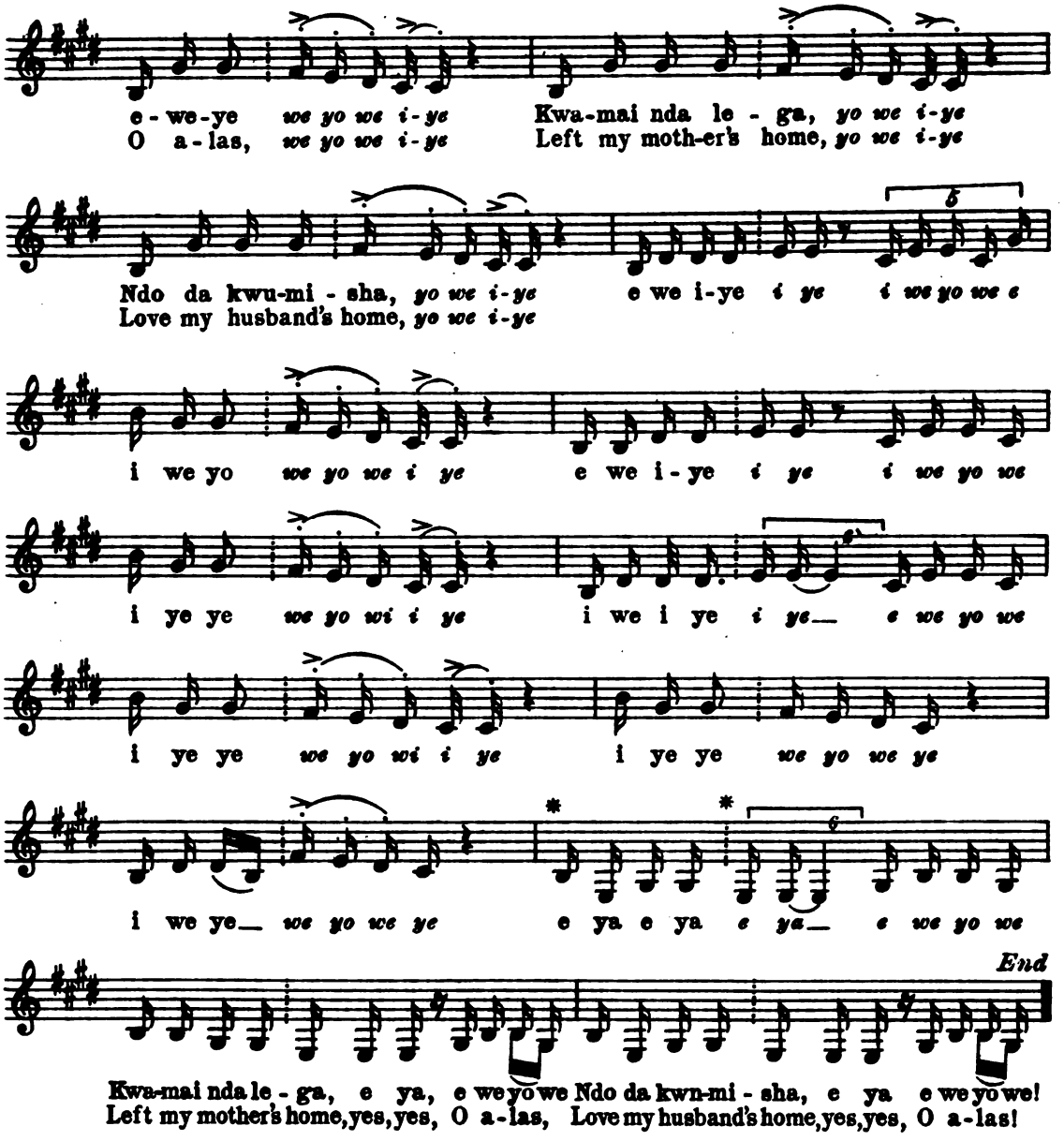


(Accompanied by the same hand-clapping and dance-rhythms.)

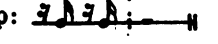


* Bars marked with an asterisk are sung with a strange, guttural, grunting noise.

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Note. Any phrase or group of phrases of this song may be repeated an indefinite number of times, so the song may be sung for an hour, or an hour and a half, steadily. There is no prescribed order for the sequence of words, or of phrases, though the above gives all the different words and phrases used, and the proper ending.

Though the four different kinds of hand-clapping are here written out *consecutively* (for the sake of clarity), no one person claps the same rhythm throughout the song, but may clap for two or three bars in one way and then for two or three bars another, interchanging at will. A chorus of clapping, composed of all four rhythms sounding at the same time, is always heard, however, as soon as the song is well under way. The second clap:  is clapped only by the two dancers, though these may vary this kind of clapping with the other three kinds.

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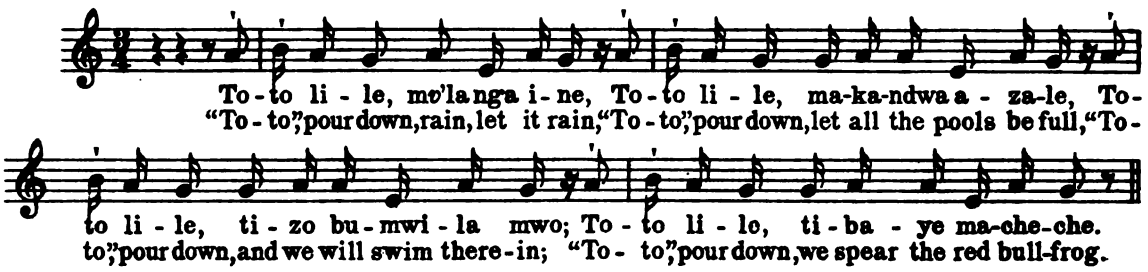
Children's Songs

I

"Mu-to-to-li'le"

"Drip-drop the Rain"

Not fast (♩ = 60)

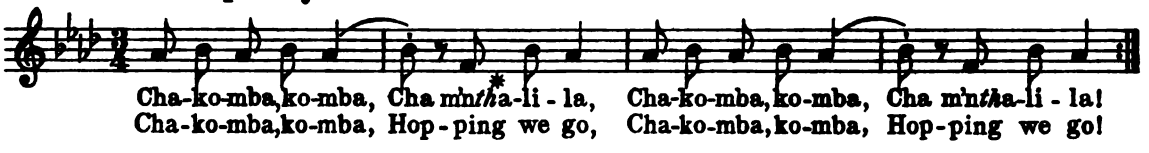


II

"Cha-Ko'mba, Ko'mba"

Hopping Song

Rather quickly (♩ = 116)



* *tḥ* is not pronounced as in English. The t is followed by an aspirate *ḥ*.

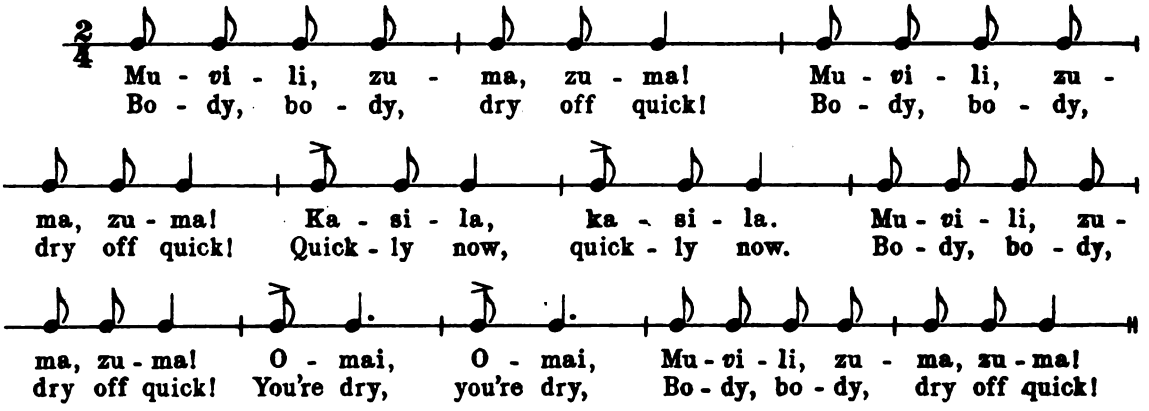
III

Muvi'li Zu'ma, Zu'ma

Drying Song

A rhythmic chant, spoken rather than sung

Rather quickly (♩ = 116)



This little chant offers a striking example of the way in which accents on African words chanted or sung, are different from those given to the same words when used in common speech. This custom of changing the accent (producing in the singer's mind a sort of verbal syncopation) is analogous to the way in which the American Negro changes the accents of the English language when singing. (See foreword to Book II, Negro Folk-songs.)

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Laboring Song No. I

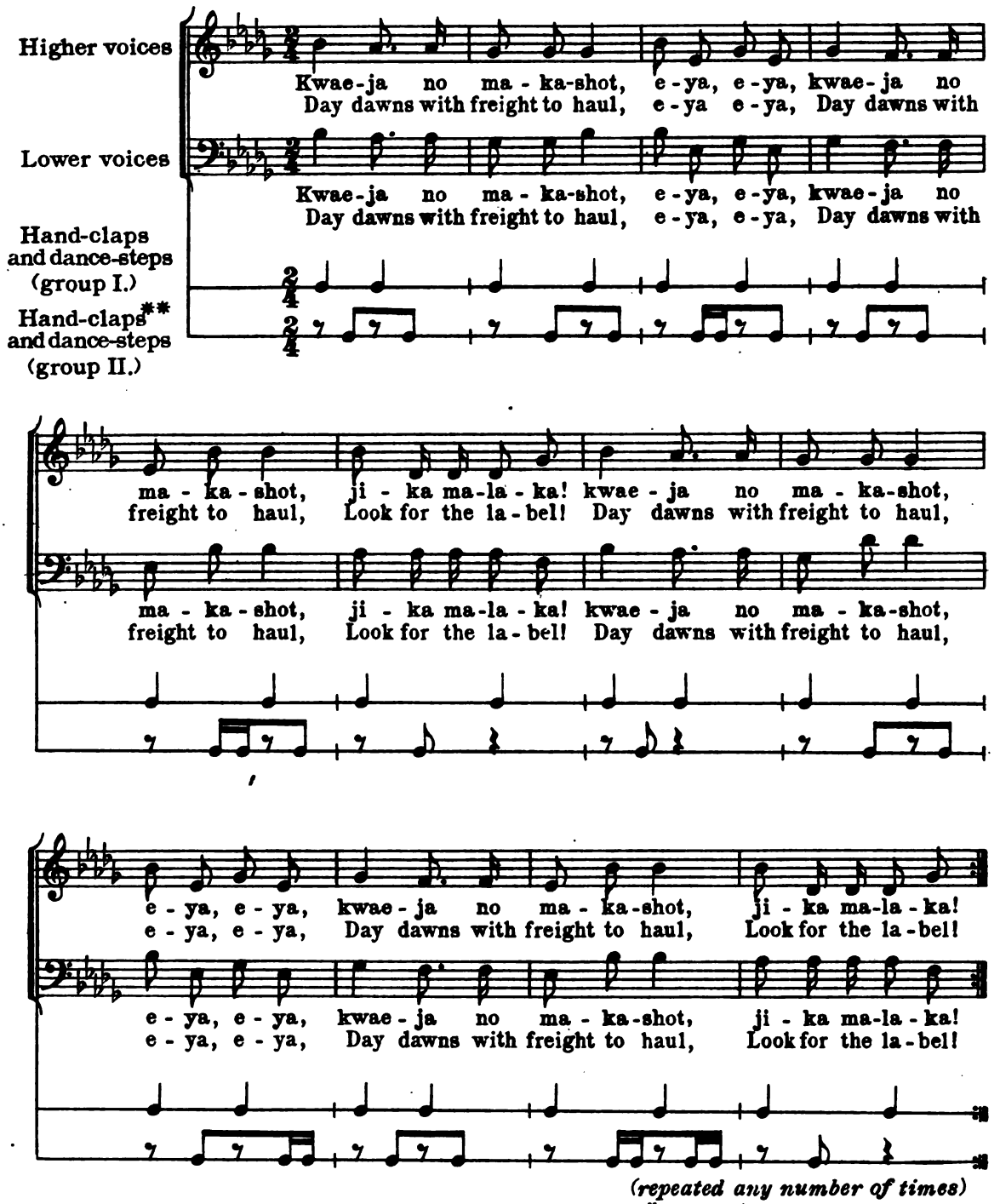
(Also used as a Dance-Song)*

"Kwae'ja no makashot'"

"Day dawns with freight to haul"

Sung on the shipping docks.

Rhythmic and spirited, with broad, swinging movement (♩ = 108)



(repeated any number of times)

* When used as a dance-song, this song is called "Nthoko'do" ("dance").

** The various rhythms of this second group may be used in any order the dancer wishes.
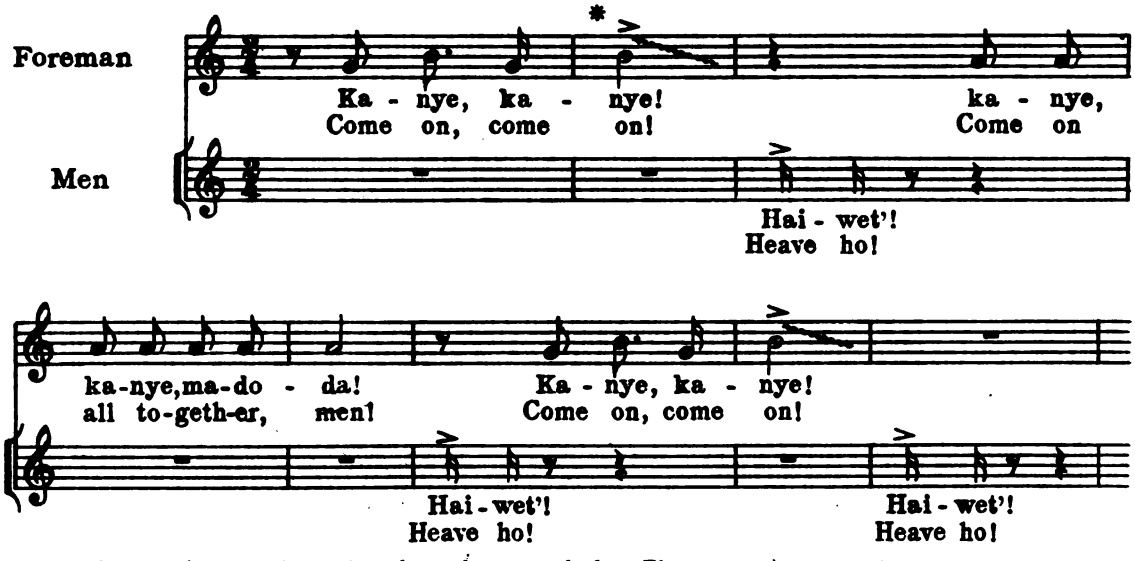
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Laboring Chant

This is a rhythmic chant of a group of laborers pulling or pushing heavy things. The native foreman calls out "Ka'nye, Mado'da!" "All together, men!" Then the men as they push or pull say "Hai-wetu!" syllables which are not real words with a definite meaning, but a rhythmic expression which corresponds to "Heave ho!" The words "Ka'nye mado'da" are Zulu.

Rather slowly and with great emphasis (♩ = 92)
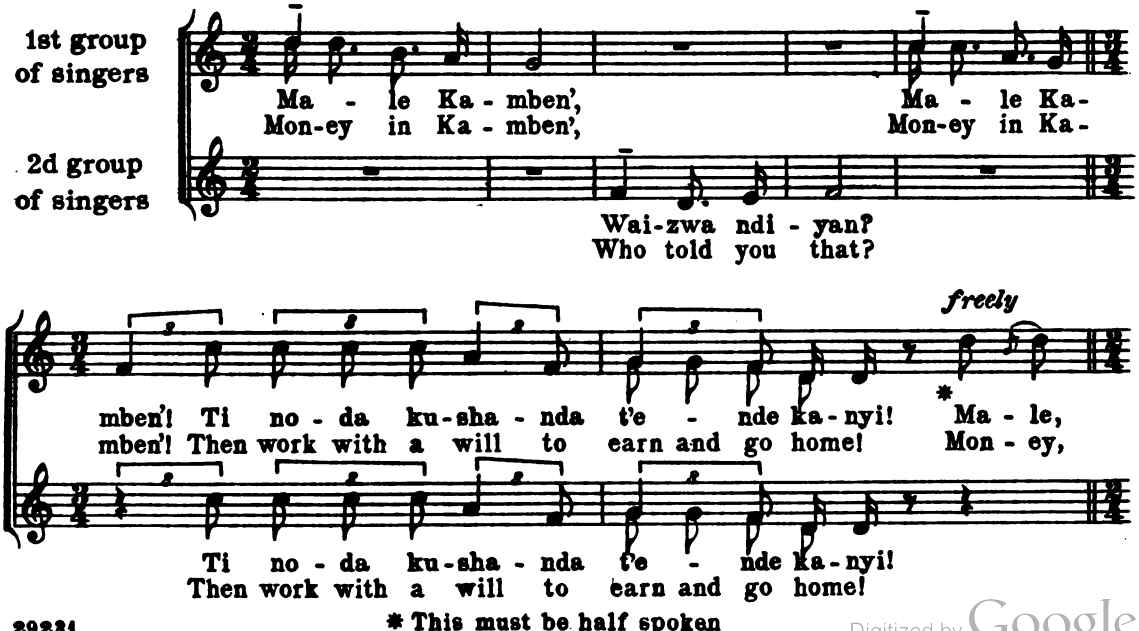


* The foreman's voice drops in a long downward slur. The notes are not always a pure major third, the phrase being merely a rhythmic call to the men rather than a song. The ejaculation "Hai-wet'!" while pulling or pushing is spoken, not sung.

Laboring Song No. II

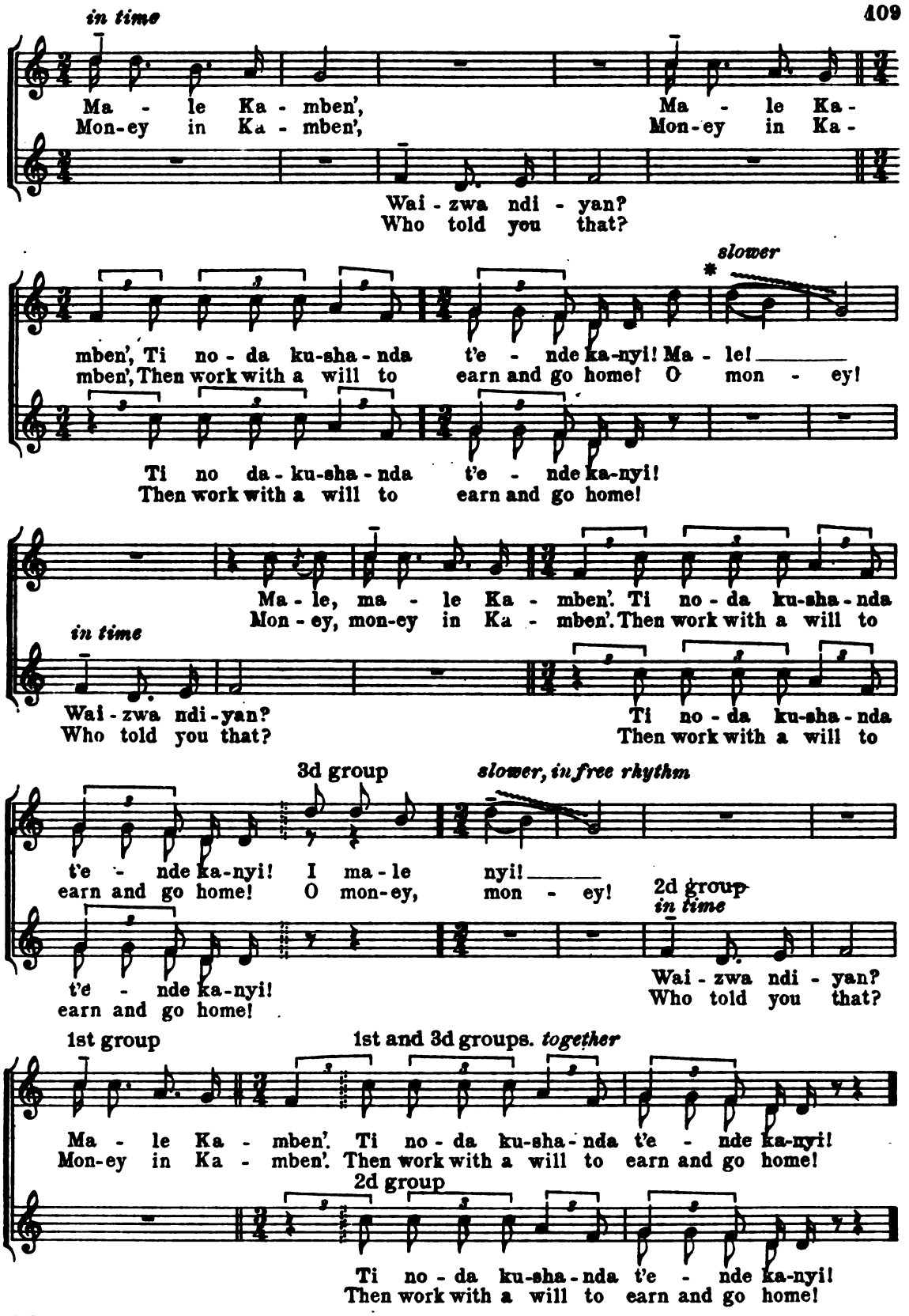
Ma'le Kambe'n'
Money in Kamben'

Not fast, but with sweeping rhythmic force (♩ = 88)



* This must be half spoken

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* Long-drawn portamento, no distinct tones heard. It is simply a long call beginning on D, and sliding down.

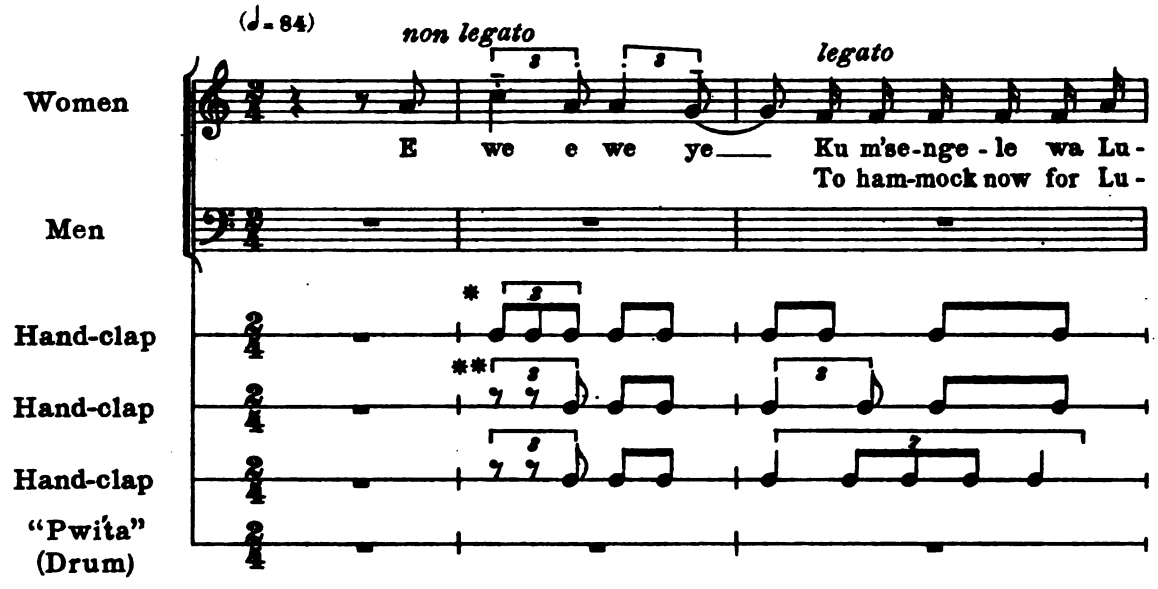
This song may be repeated an indefinite number of times and the word "male" may be sung in any of the ways indicated, varying the order with the different repetitions. The singers usually end with the phrase "ti noda kushanda ti ende kanyi."

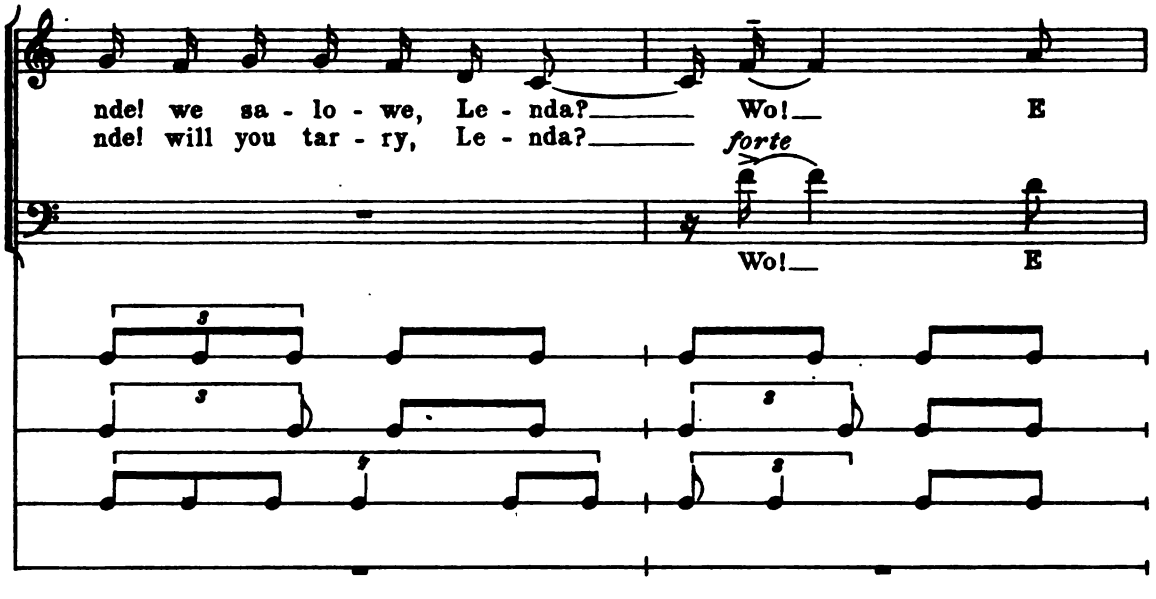
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Pwi'ta

Dance-Song

Dance-songs accompanied by the "Pwi'ta", a certain kind of drum, are called "Pwi'ta".
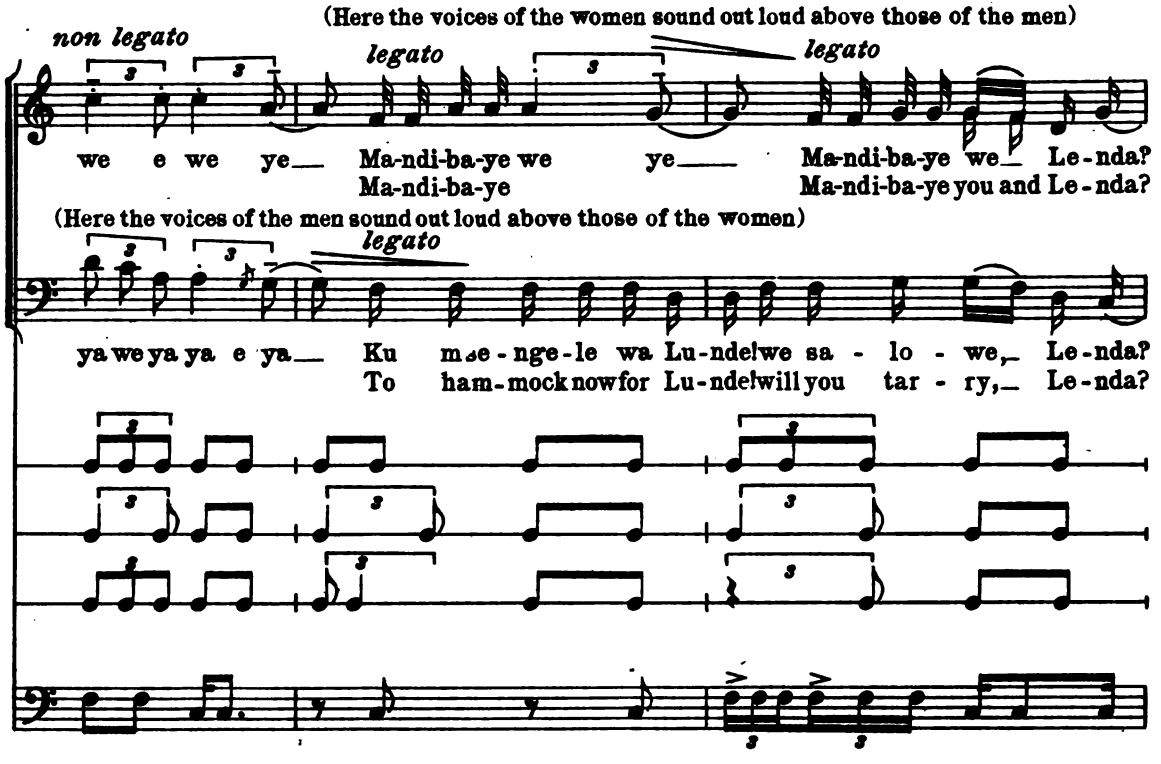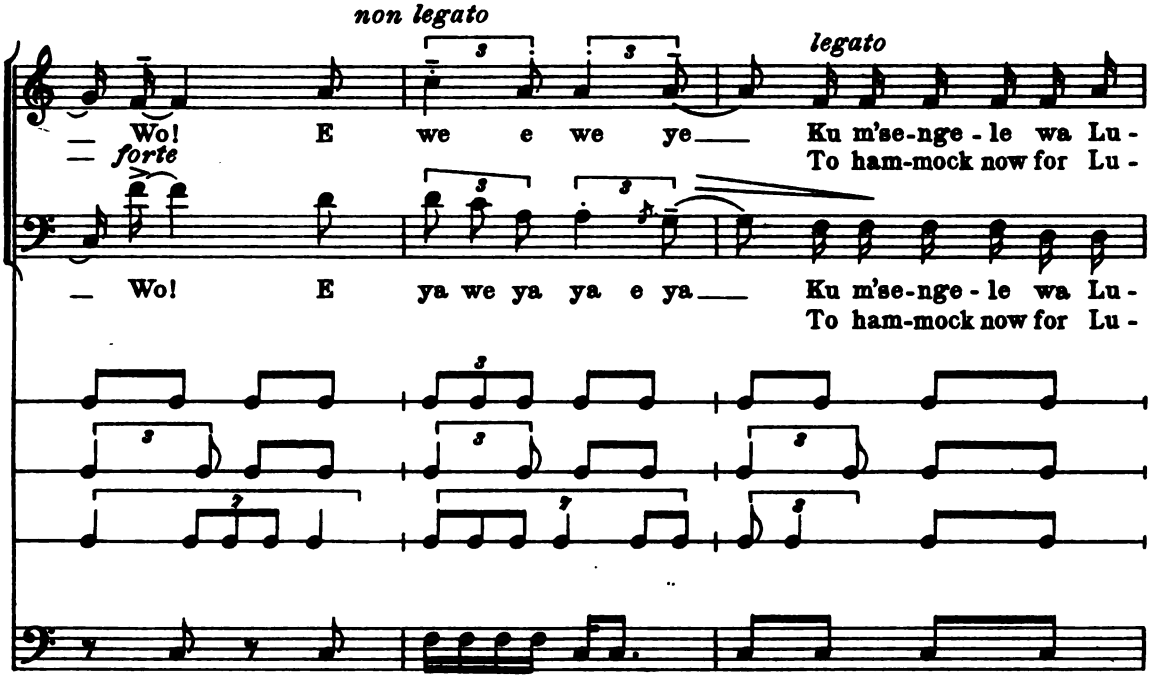




* Though these different kinds of hand-clapping are written separately for the sake of clarity, they are interchangeable; the singers clap as they choose, varying the rhythm according to their fancy.

** This rhythm is identical with the rhythm of the Spanish "Habanera," and through the Spaniards is prevalent in Mexico and South America. As the name indicates, the "Habanera" came from Havana. The rhythm may have been learned by the Spaniards from the blacks; it is also found among the Moors and the Arabs and is common in North Africa. See interrelation of Semitic and Negro cultures, page xiv.

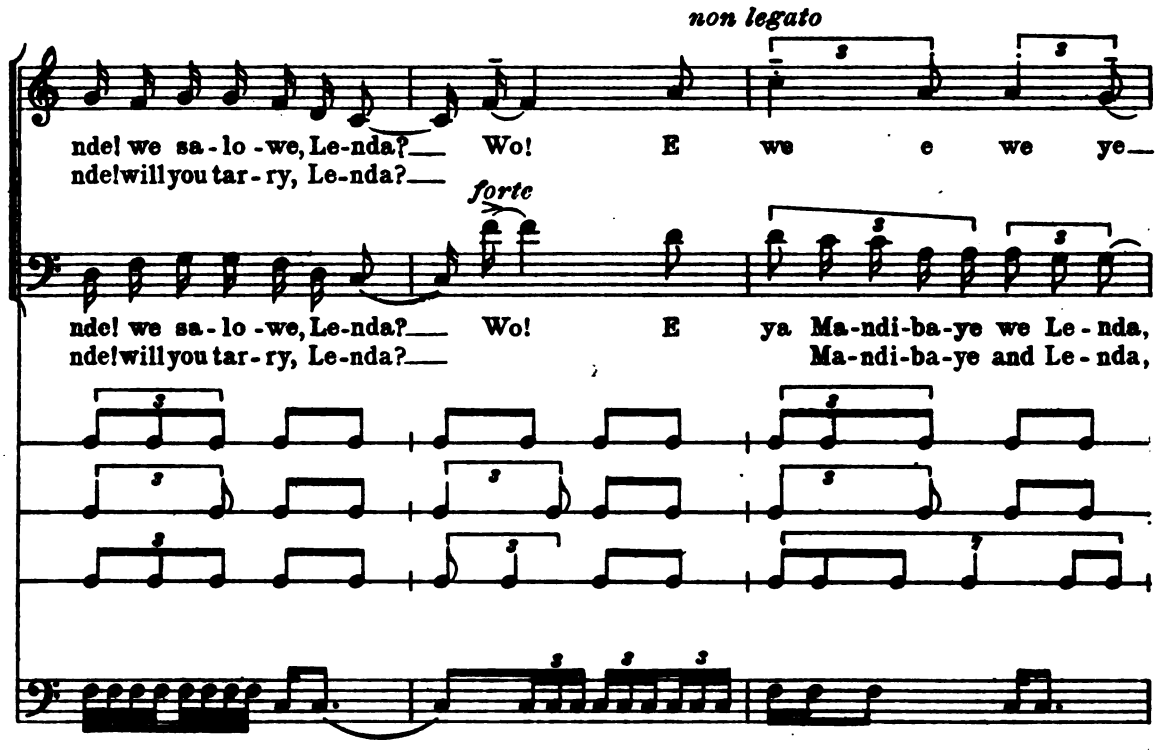
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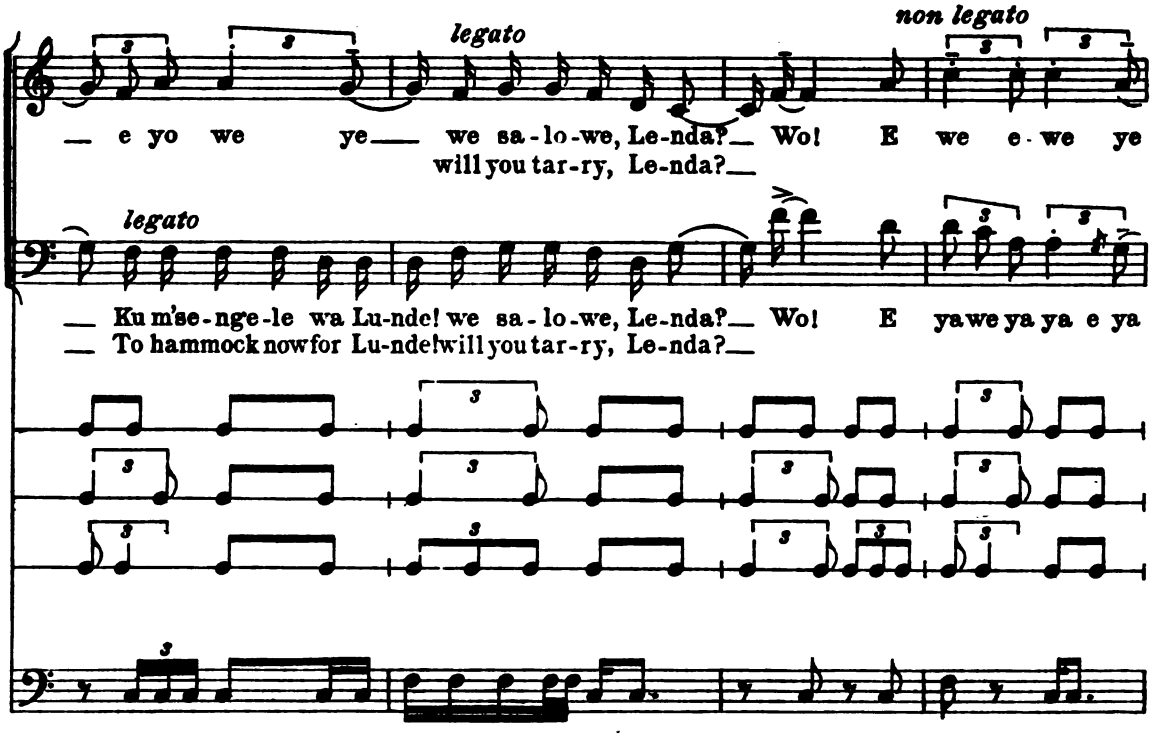




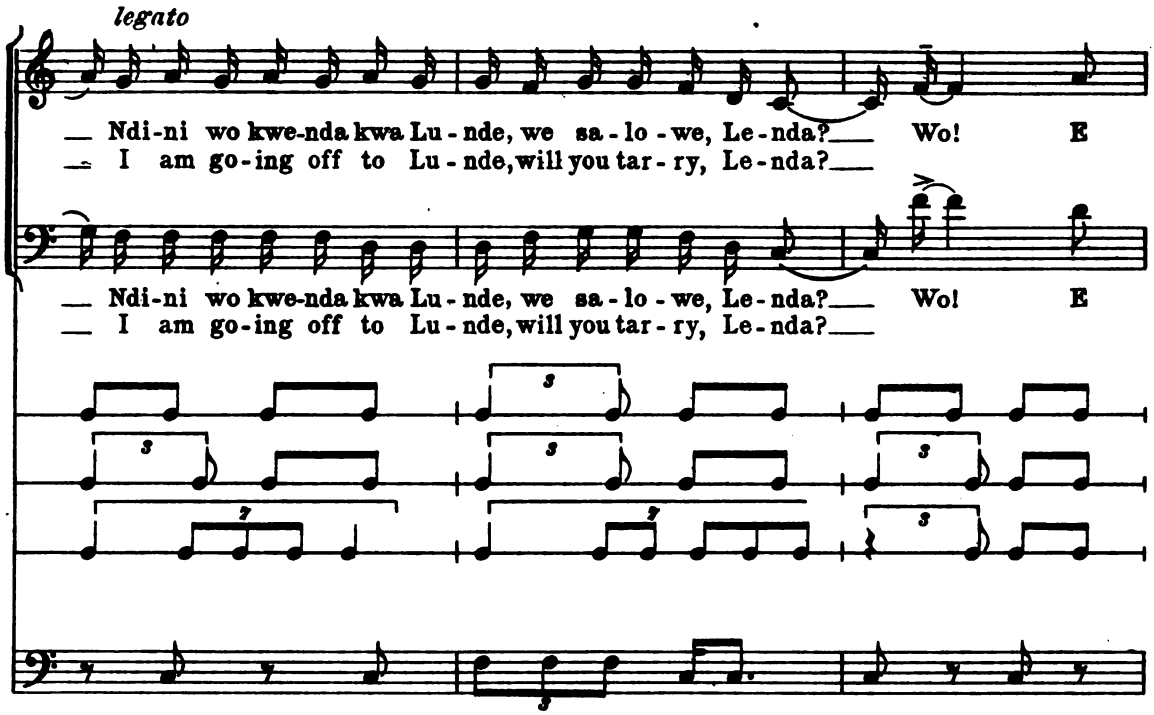
The "Pwita" has still other rhythmic variants than those here recorded, the player making them up at his pleasure; sometimes he ceases to play for a bar or two, when the hole in the rhythmic accompaniment made by his pause, and the sudden forceful beginning again, are most effective and dramatic.
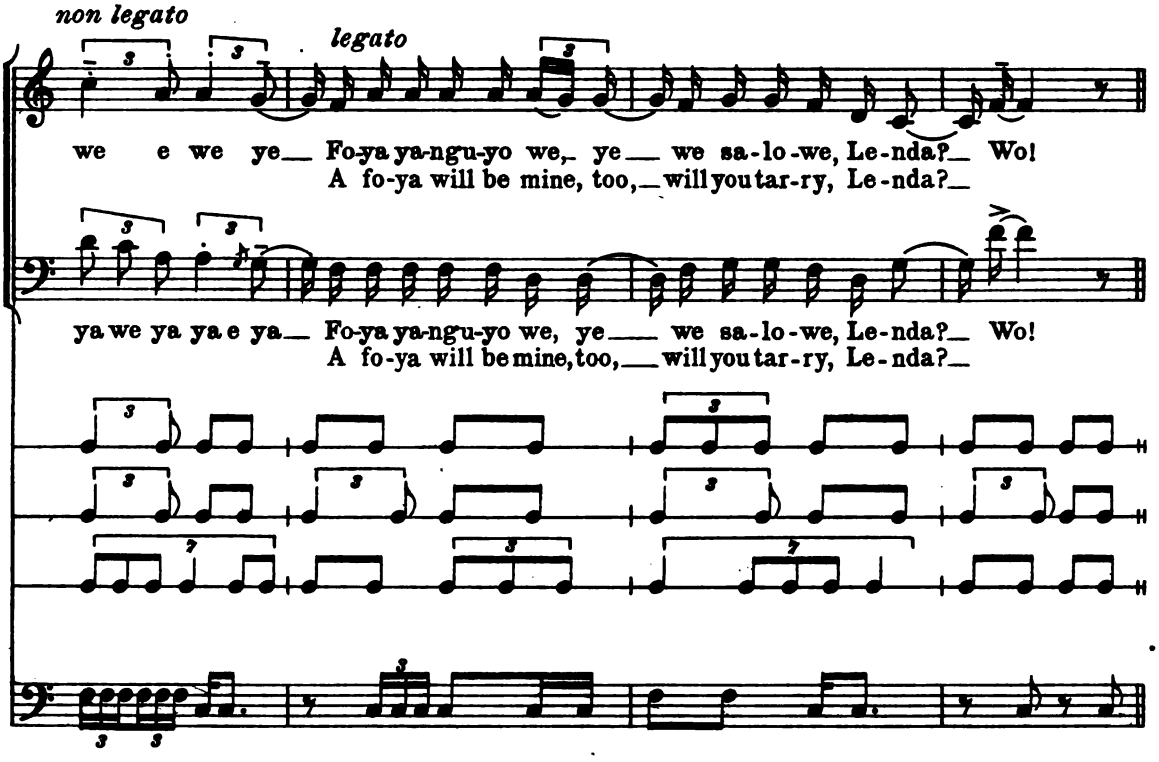
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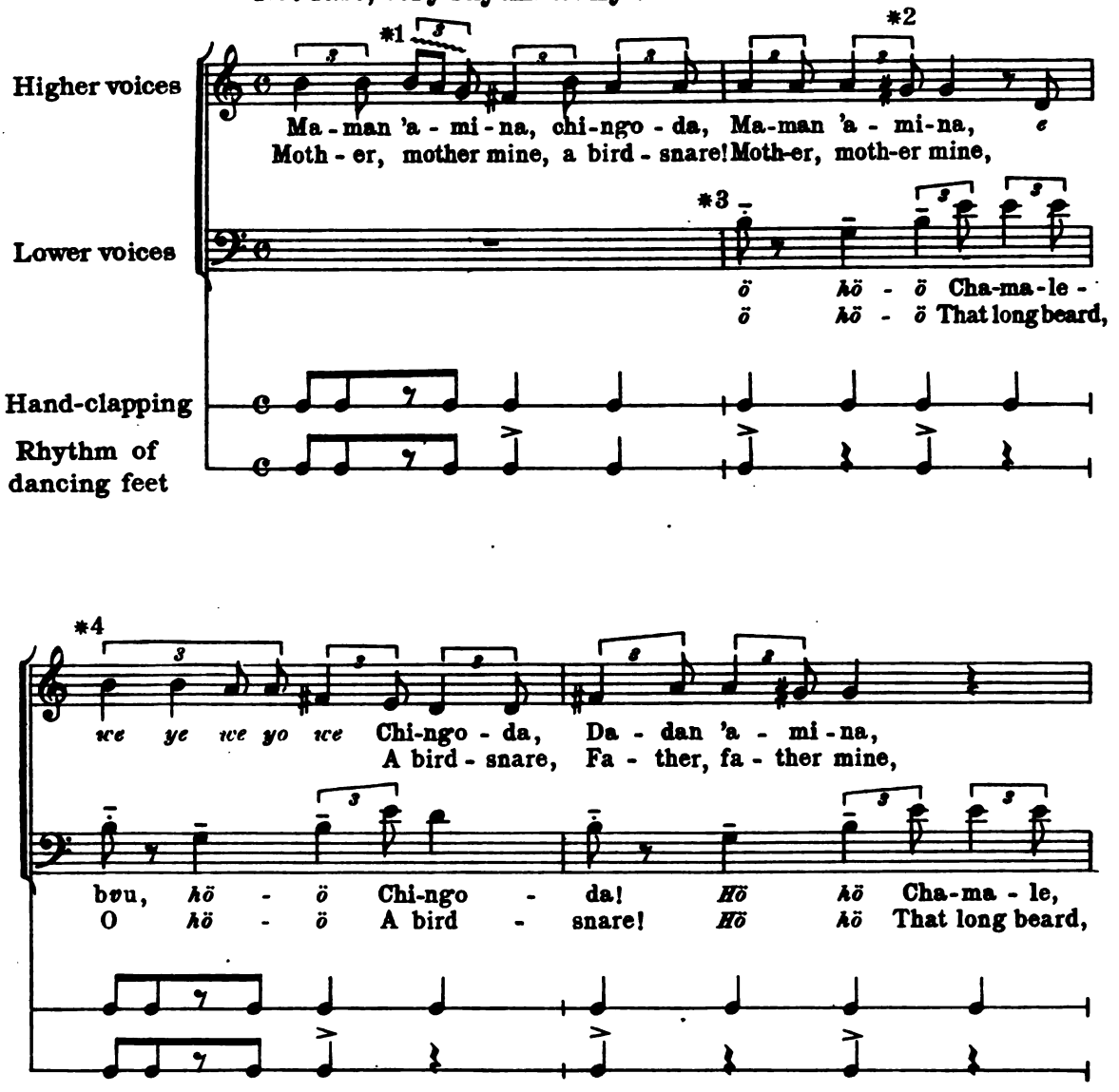




These phrases, repeated *ad libitum* (not necessarily in the order here given), may be sung over and over again as often as the dancers choose. The song may be begun anywhere, and ended anywhere.

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Dance Song
II

Chamale'bʊu
The Long Beard

Not fast, very rhythmically (♩ = 126)



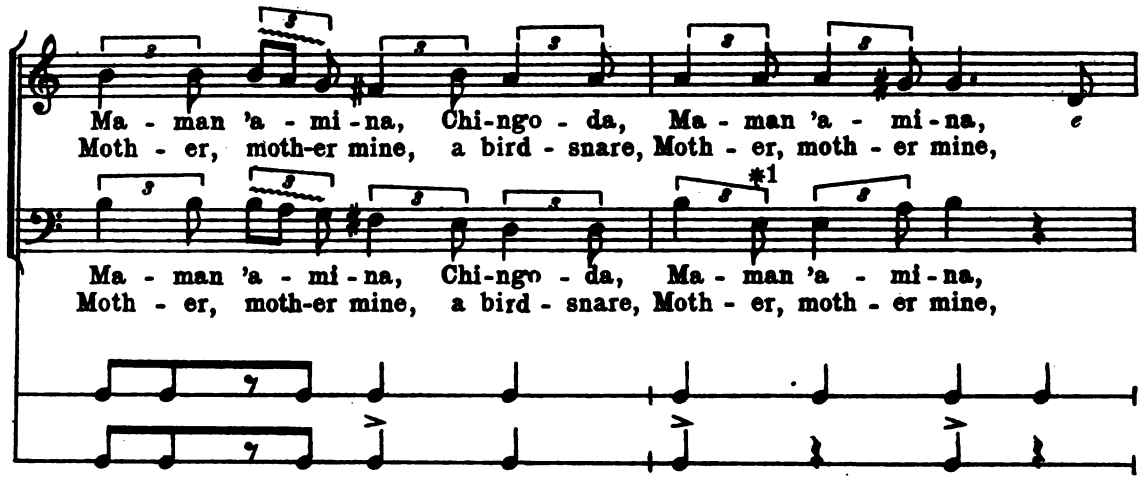
*1 Notes marked ⌒ are sung with a blurred slur, without distinct pitch, though the rhythm of three tones is heard because of the words.

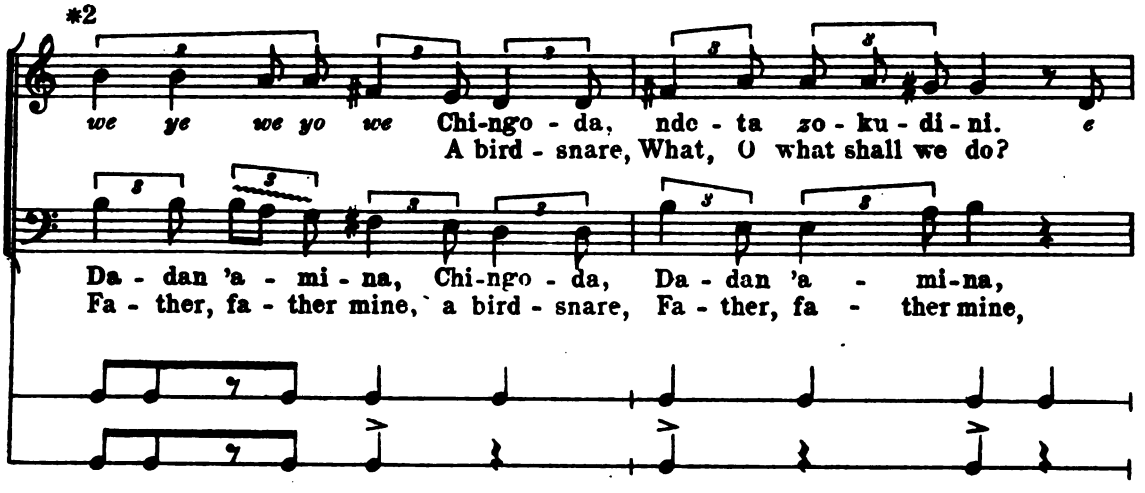
*2 This note is higher than G, though not as high as G♯.

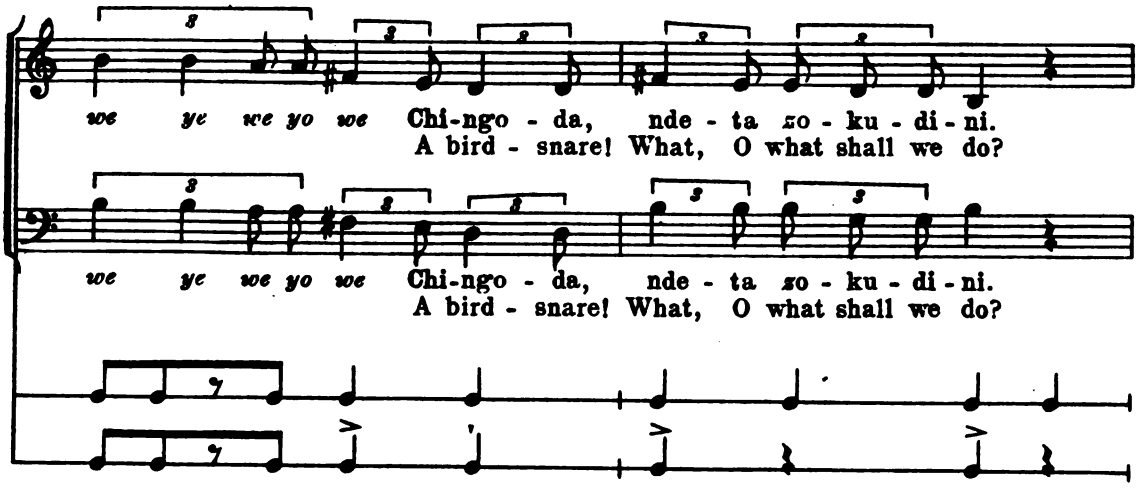
*3 The syllables "ö hö" are pronounced as in the German language. They are sung with a tone of voice called by the Africans "magombe'la," which is a deep guttural sound made by pressing the back of the tongue far down on the larynx.

*4 The triplets here are quarters.

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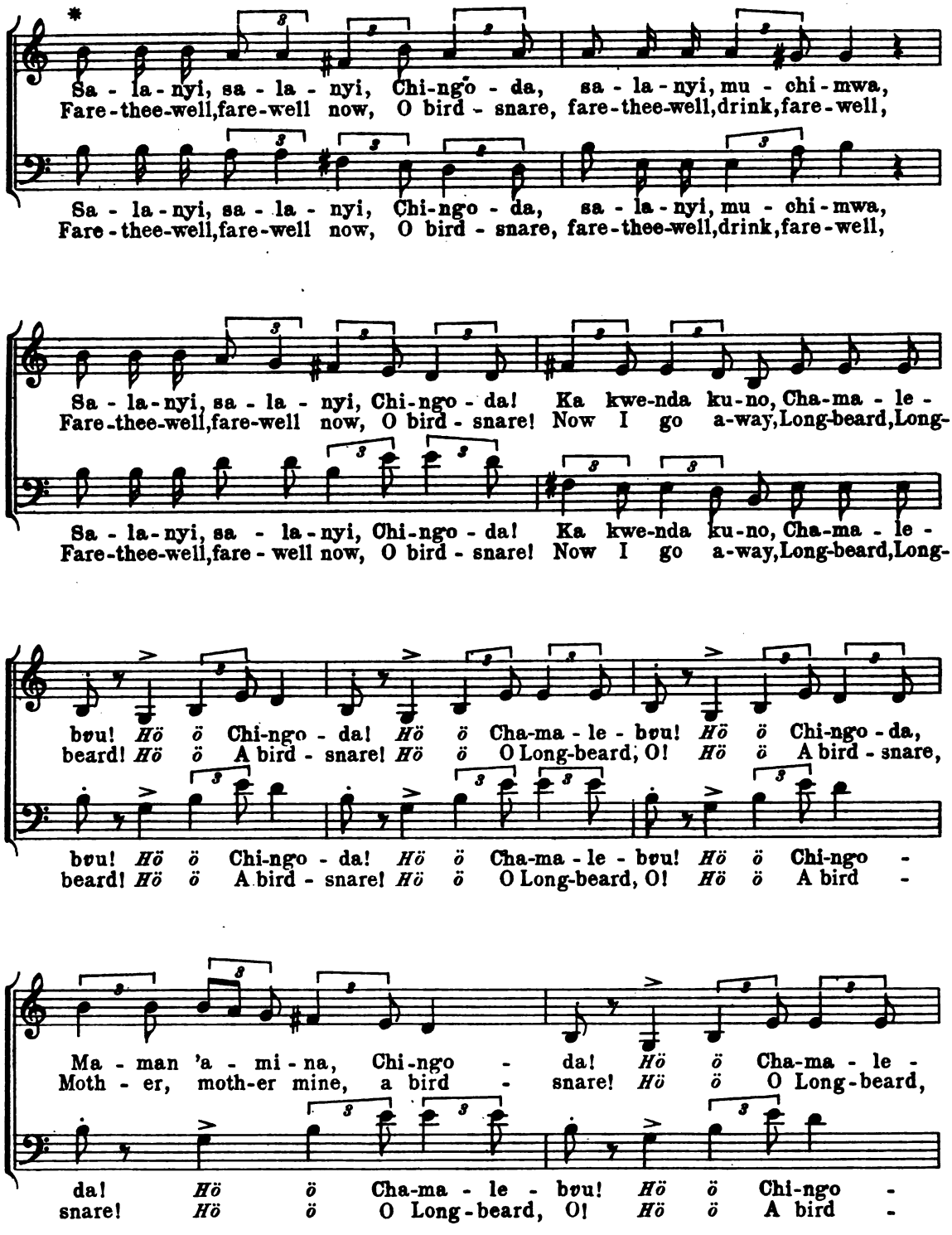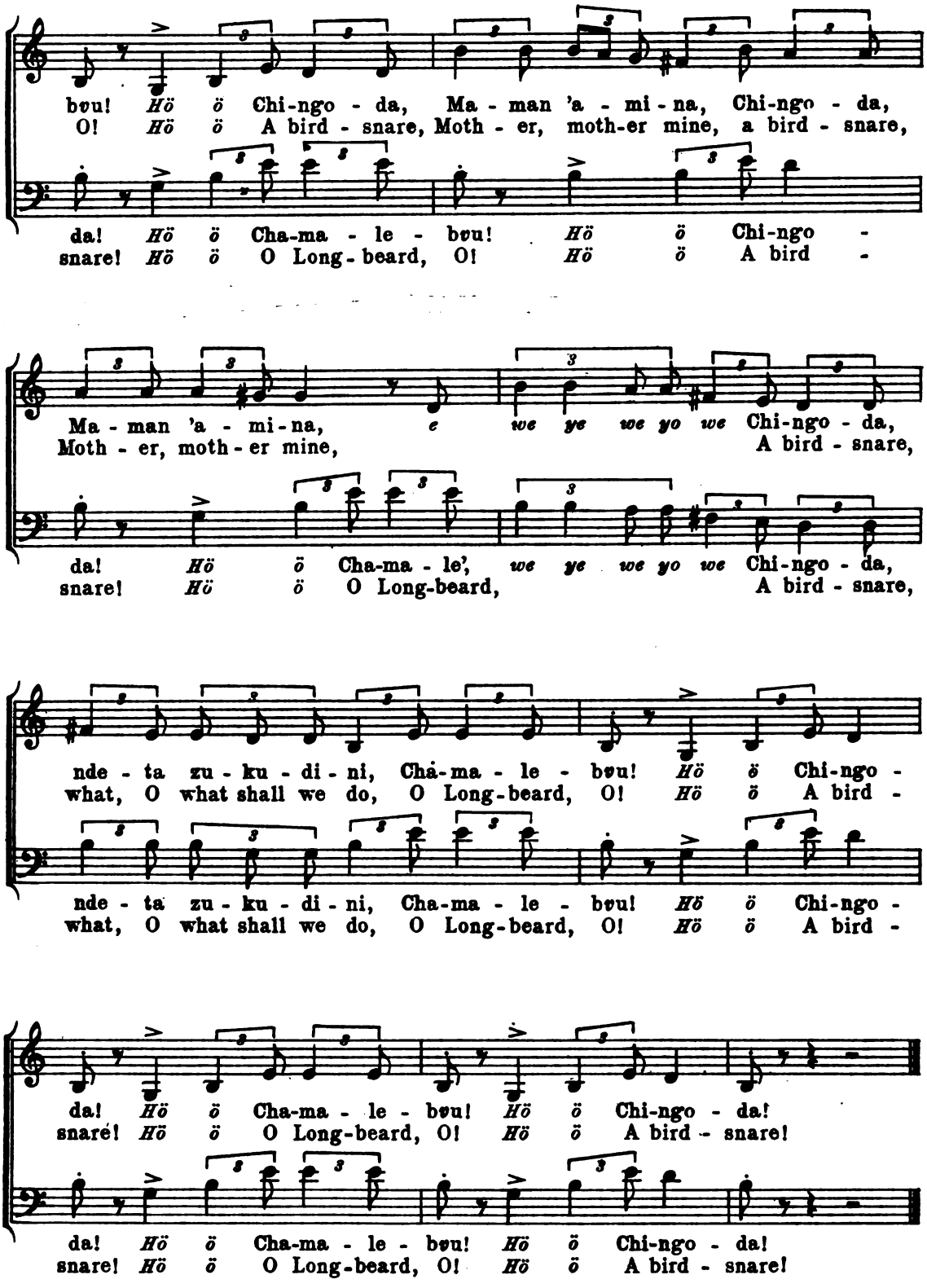






*1 Higher than E, but not as high as F.
*2 As before, triplets here are quarters.

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* The hand-clapping and dance-rhythms throughout the song continue with interplay of the same rhythmic figures. Sometimes the dancer may take the exact rhythm of the hand-clapping. Again, for the sake of variety, the hand-clapping may take the exact rhythm of the dance; or, dancers and clapping may interchange rhythms. The above rhythmic figures embody the main clapping and dancing rhythms which are employed at will throughout the dance.

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The above notation comprises all the main phrases and rhythms of the song, which can be continued indefinitely, making extemporaneous changes in the order of the phrases and in the putting together of the higher and lower parts.

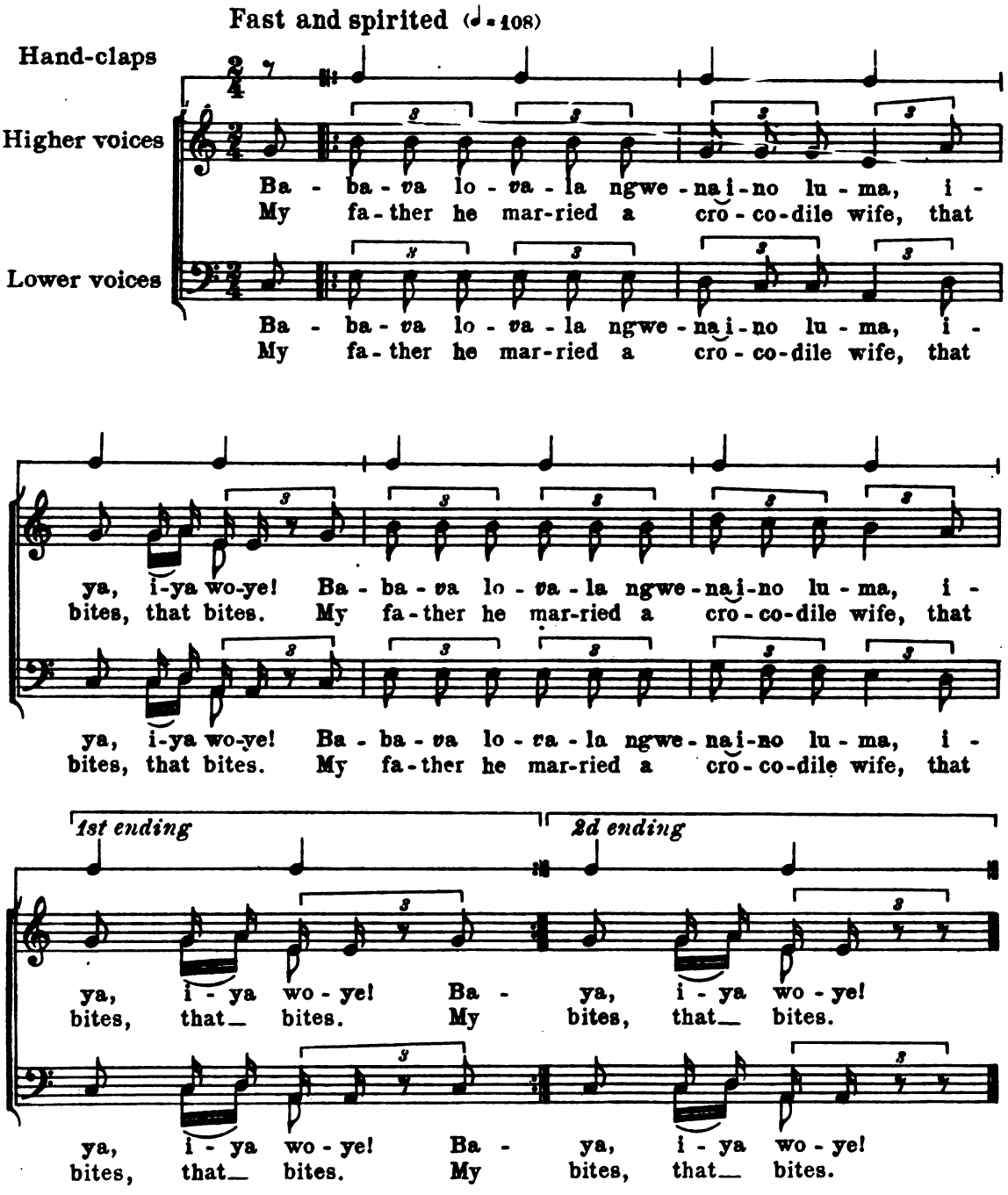
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Nthoko'do*

Dance-Song

III

** Sung at Beer-Drinking Festivals when native beer ("Kaffir beer") is quaffed.
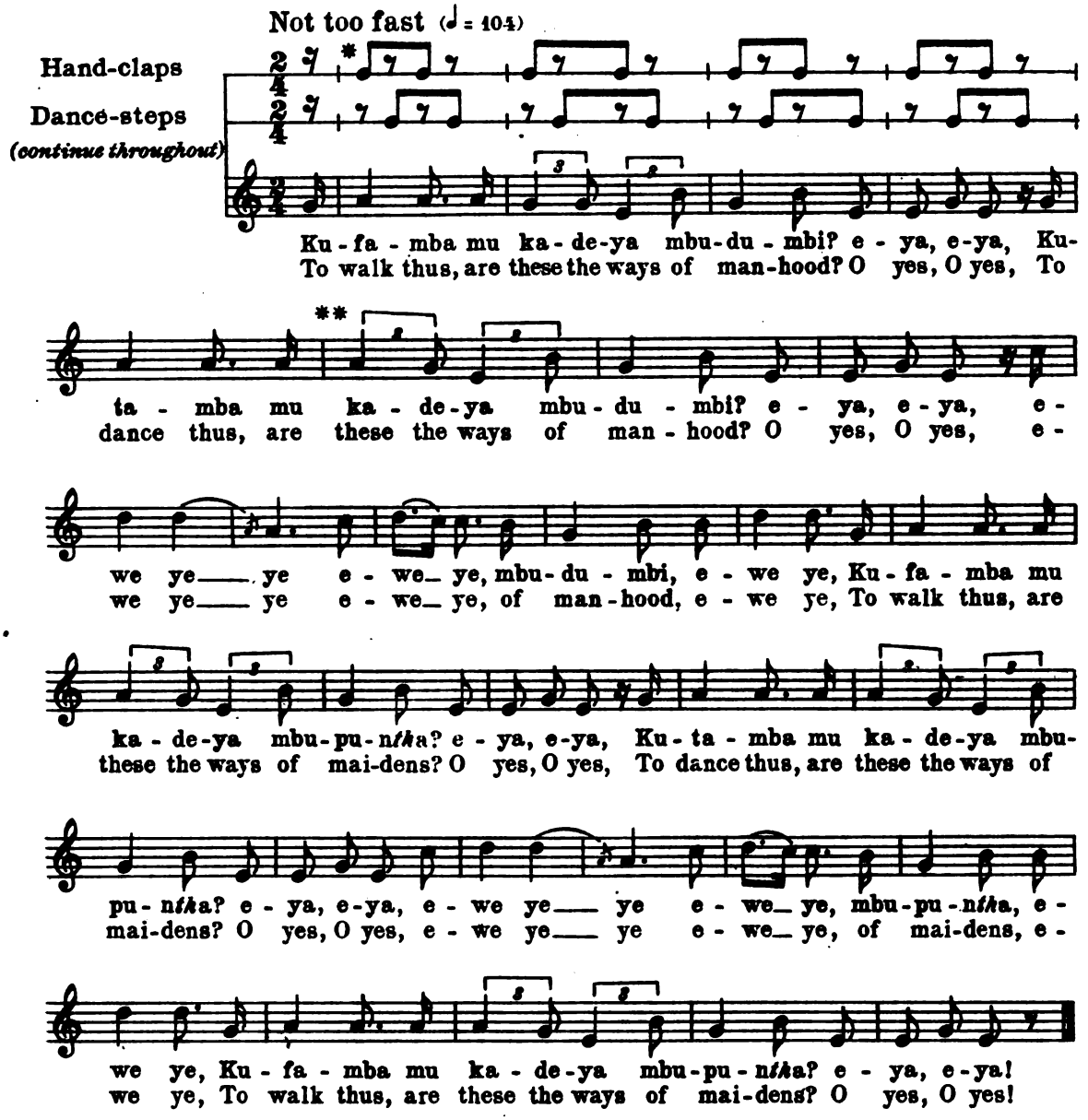


* The "h" in this word is aspirate; the th is not sounded as in English, but is pronounced t, followed by an aspirate h.

** All Nthoko'do songs (beer-drinking songs) have the same rhythm. These are the only dance-songs with this particular rhythm.

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"Kufa'mba"
("To Walk")
Mocking-Song



The above musical phrases may be repeated any number of times, and different verbs may be substituted for "Kufa'mba" and "Kuta'mba" *(to walk* and *to dance)*. If sung to deride a boy only, the word "mbudu'mbi" *(manhood)* would be used throughout the song, omitting the word "mbupu'ntʰa" *(girlhood)*, which is here inserted in the last part of the song to show where it falls in the music when the song is sung of (or *at)* a girl.

* All "Mocking-Songs" have the same rhythm.

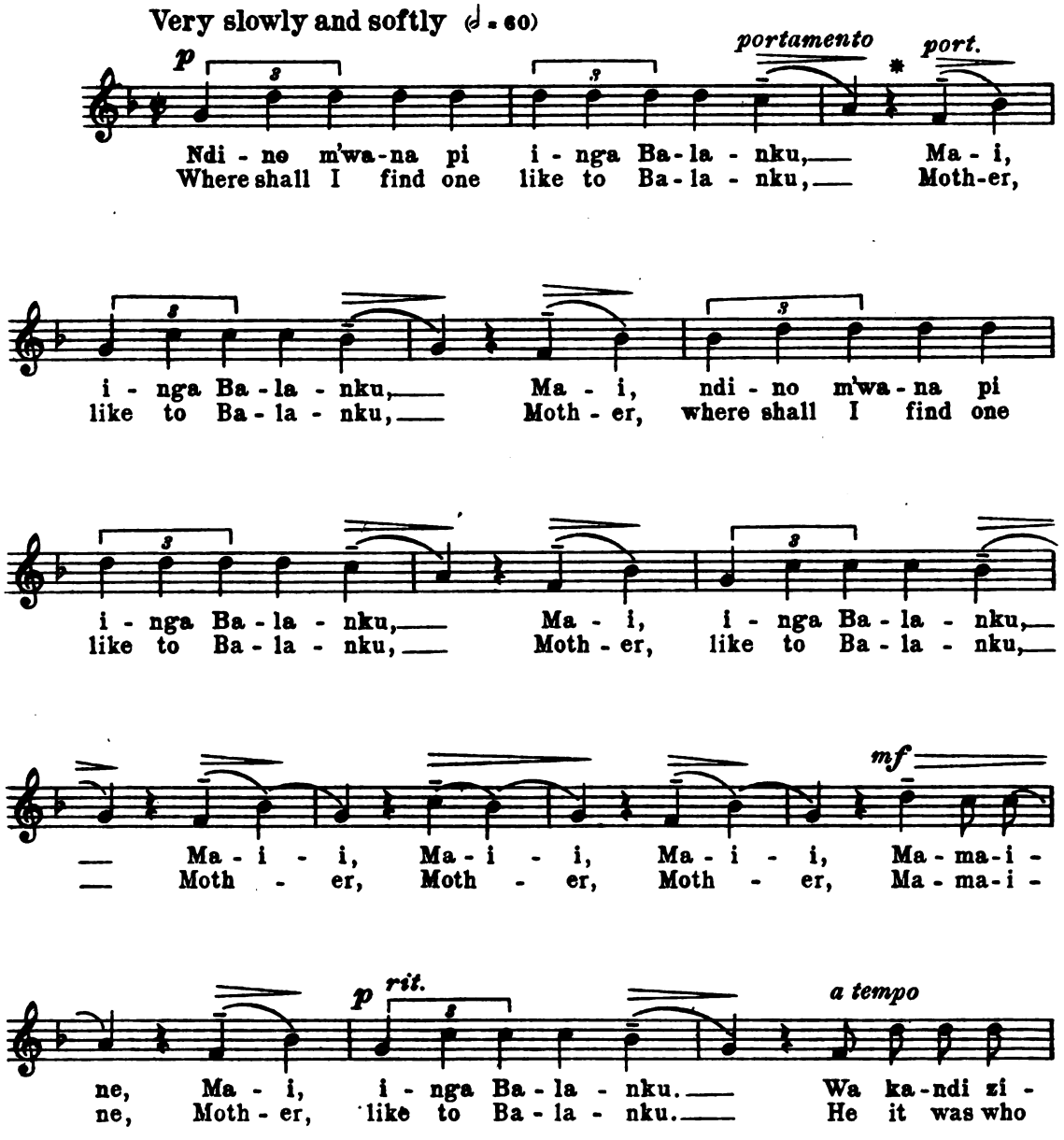
** This variant may be used, in the repetitions of the song, interchangeably with the corresponding bar in the first verse.

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Chili'lo

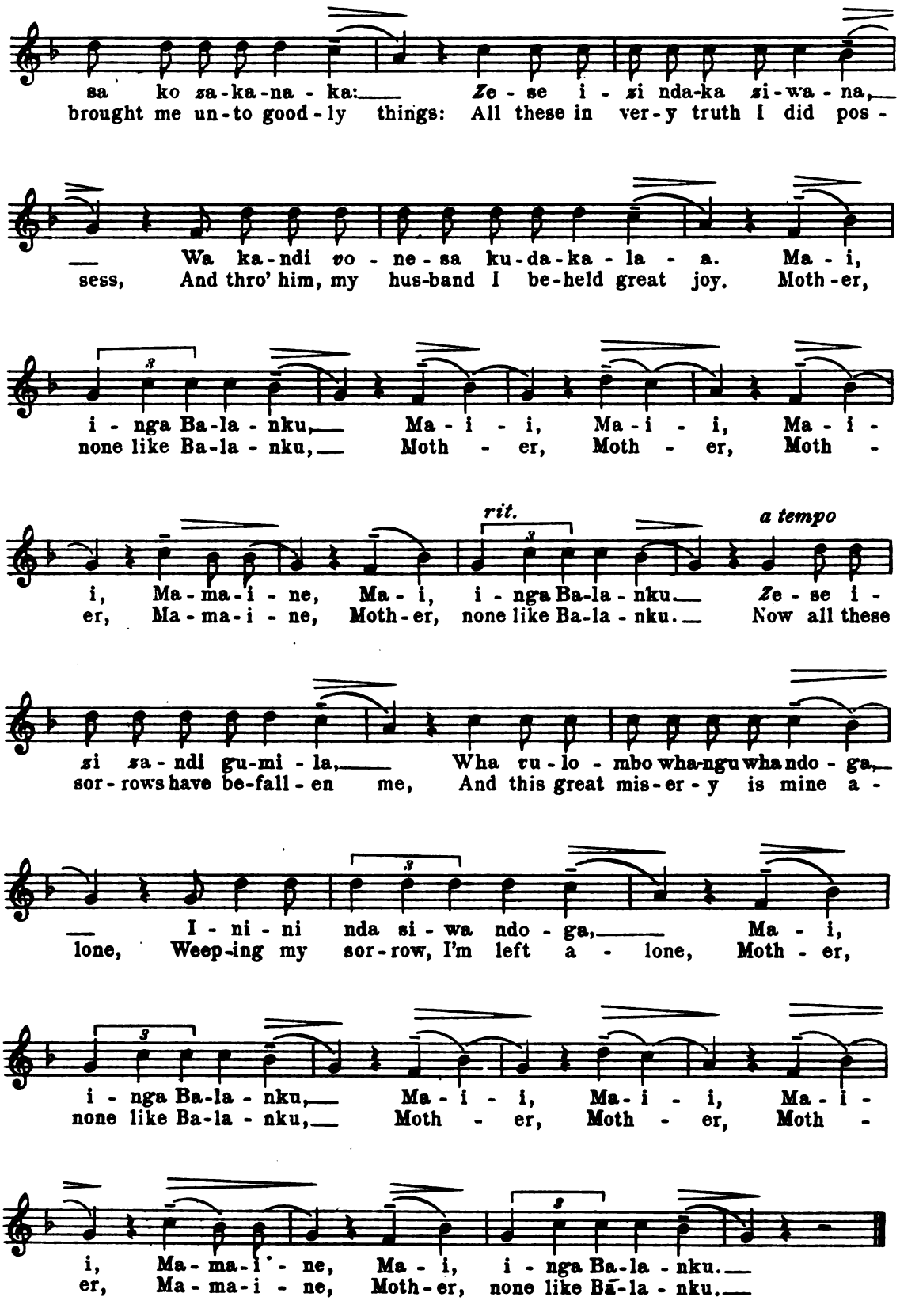
Lament

Sung with plaintive melancholy and long-drawn portamento



* At the *rests,* the breath is taken audibly, like an indrawn sigh, throughout the song.

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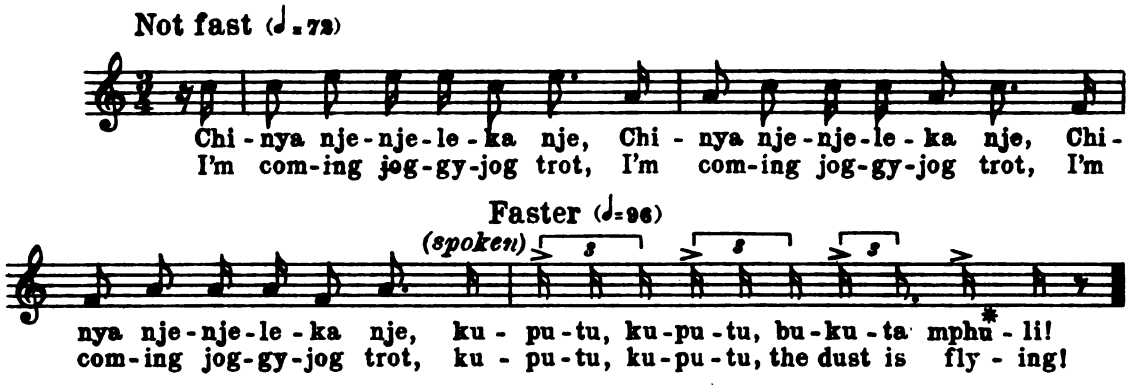
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From the Folk-Tale

"How the Animals Dug Their Well"

Song I

The Animals' Dance-Song
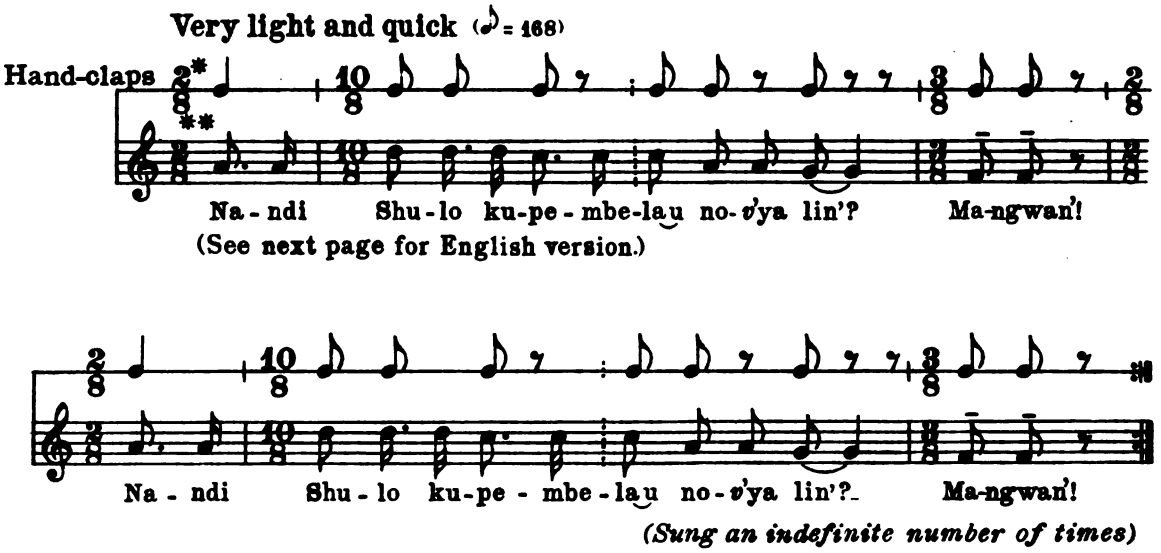


Spoken: Ti no lu ka'nda ku'na, Va Njou!
I give my place to you, Sir Elephant! *etc.*

* The h is an aspirate; "ph" in the African dialect is *not* pronounced "f", as in English, but like p followed by an aspirate h.

Song II

The Hare's Dance-Song



(Sung an indefinite number of times)

* The hand-clapping is only used for dancing, never when the song is sung by a story-teller as part of the narrated tale.

** When sung a second time, substitute for the word "na'ndi" the word "i'we". When sung a third time, substitute the word "ku'ti", and for "nov'ya", substitute "wozv'ya".

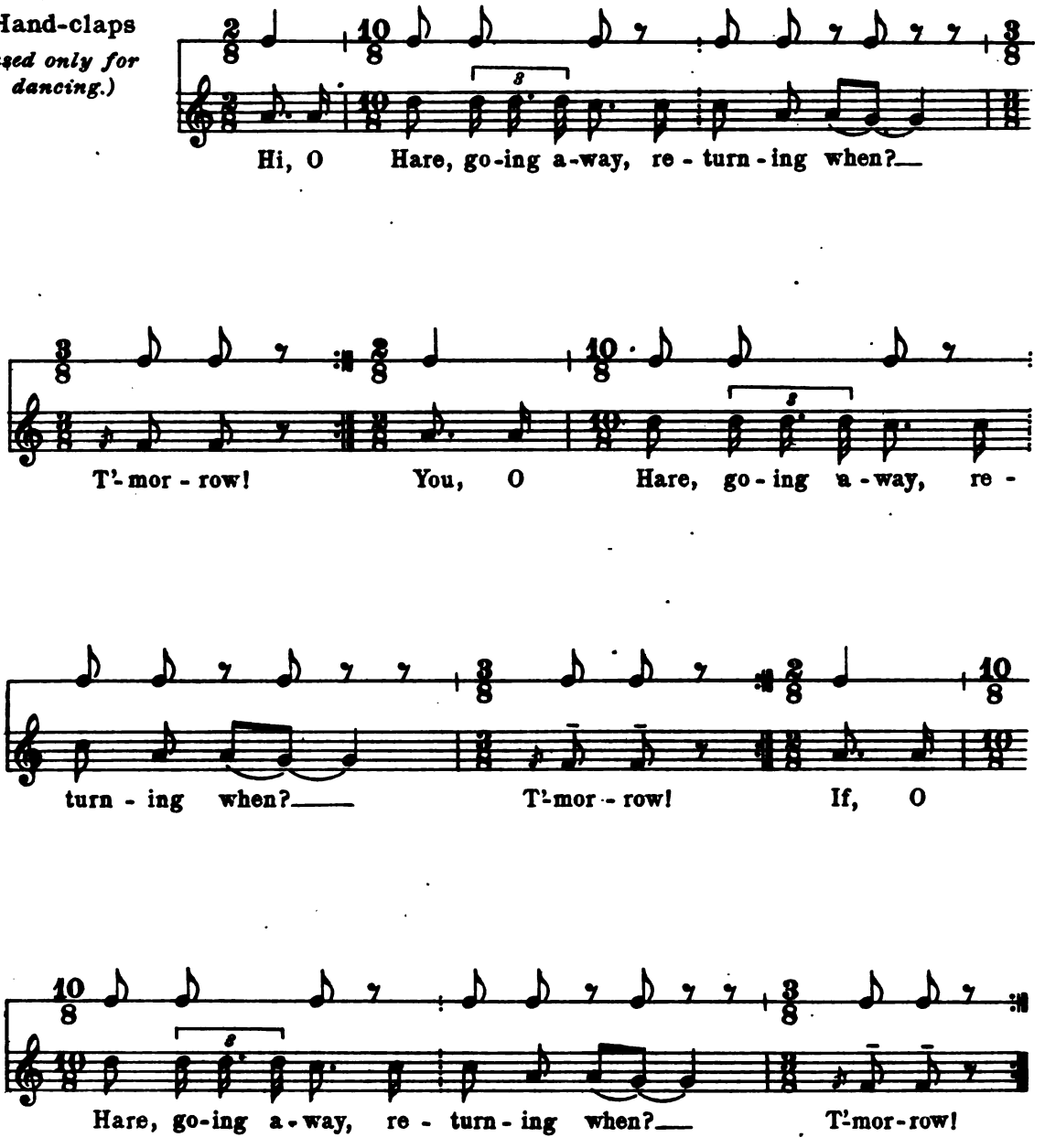
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The Hare's Dance-Song

(English Paraphrase.)

Very light and quick (♪ = 168)

Hand-claps
(used only for dancing.)

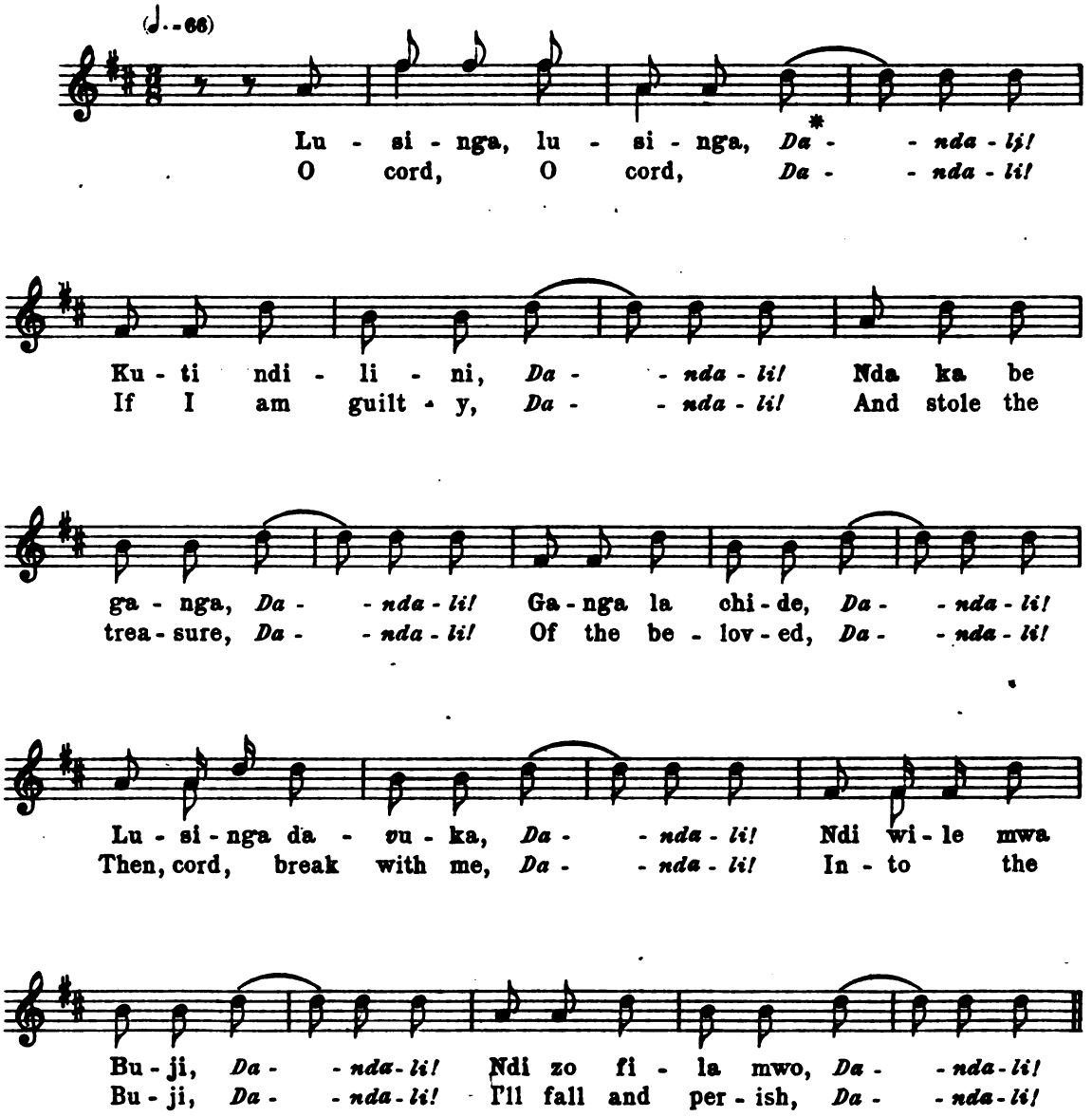


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Legend of the Daughter and the Slave

"Lusi'nga, Lusi'nga"

Song of the Cord



* The *D* is given a slight sound of *dy*, or *di* before the *a*. The word "Da'ndali" is supposed to imitate the twanging whir of the tightly stretched cord, or rope, suspended across the Buji River.

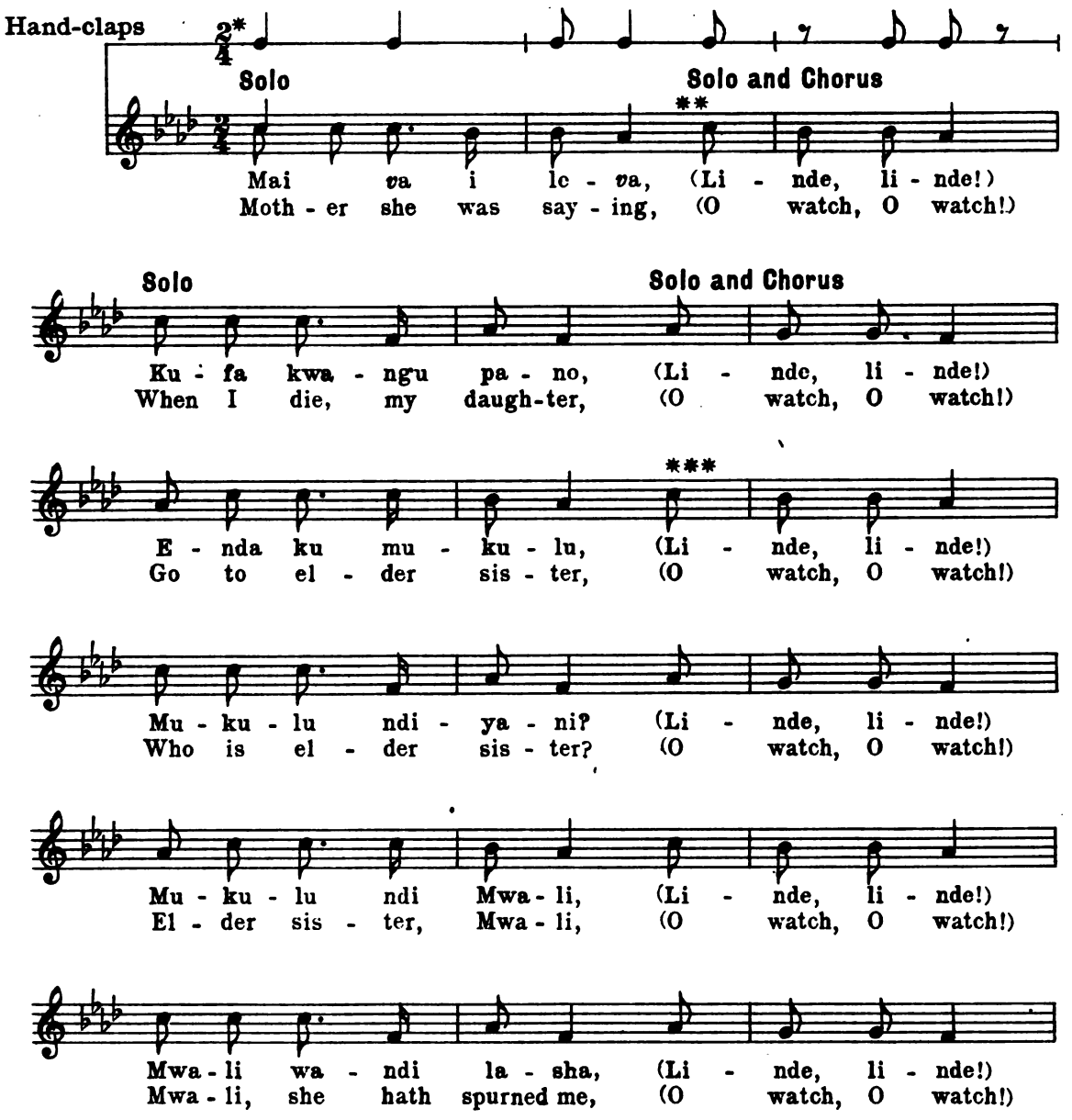
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Legend of the Daughter and the Slave

Lunga'no

Legend

Slowly and very plaintively (♩ = 76)

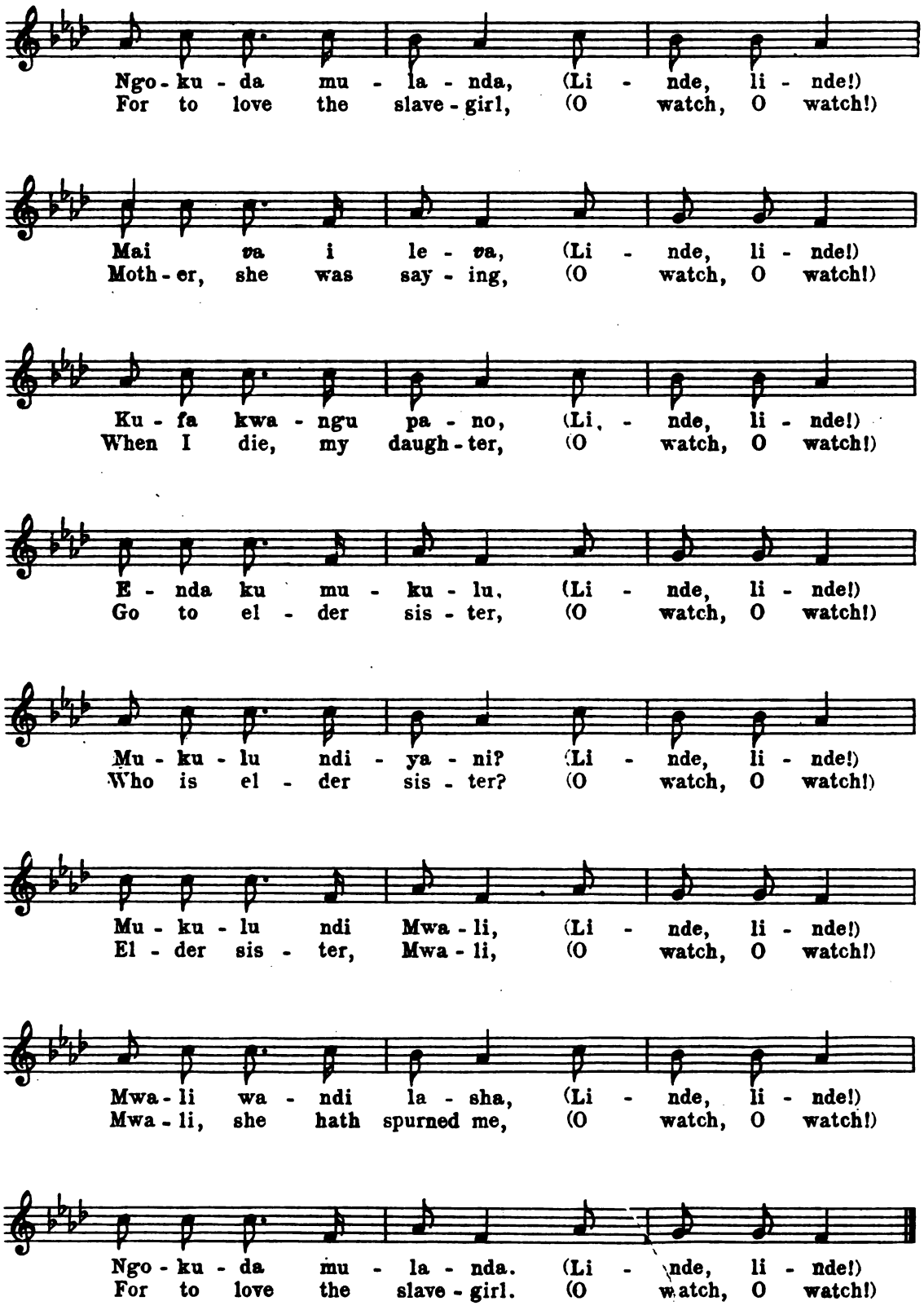


* Though this is not a dance-song and therefore the rhythmic accompaniment of stamping or clapping is not an intrinsic part of the song, my African informant involuntarily beat this rhythmic figure in singing, carried throughout the song.

** When the tale, of which this song is a part, is told, the group of listeners join in the refrain "Li'nde, li'nde"("O watch, O watch") which ends each line of the verse.

*** Solo and Chorus throughout.

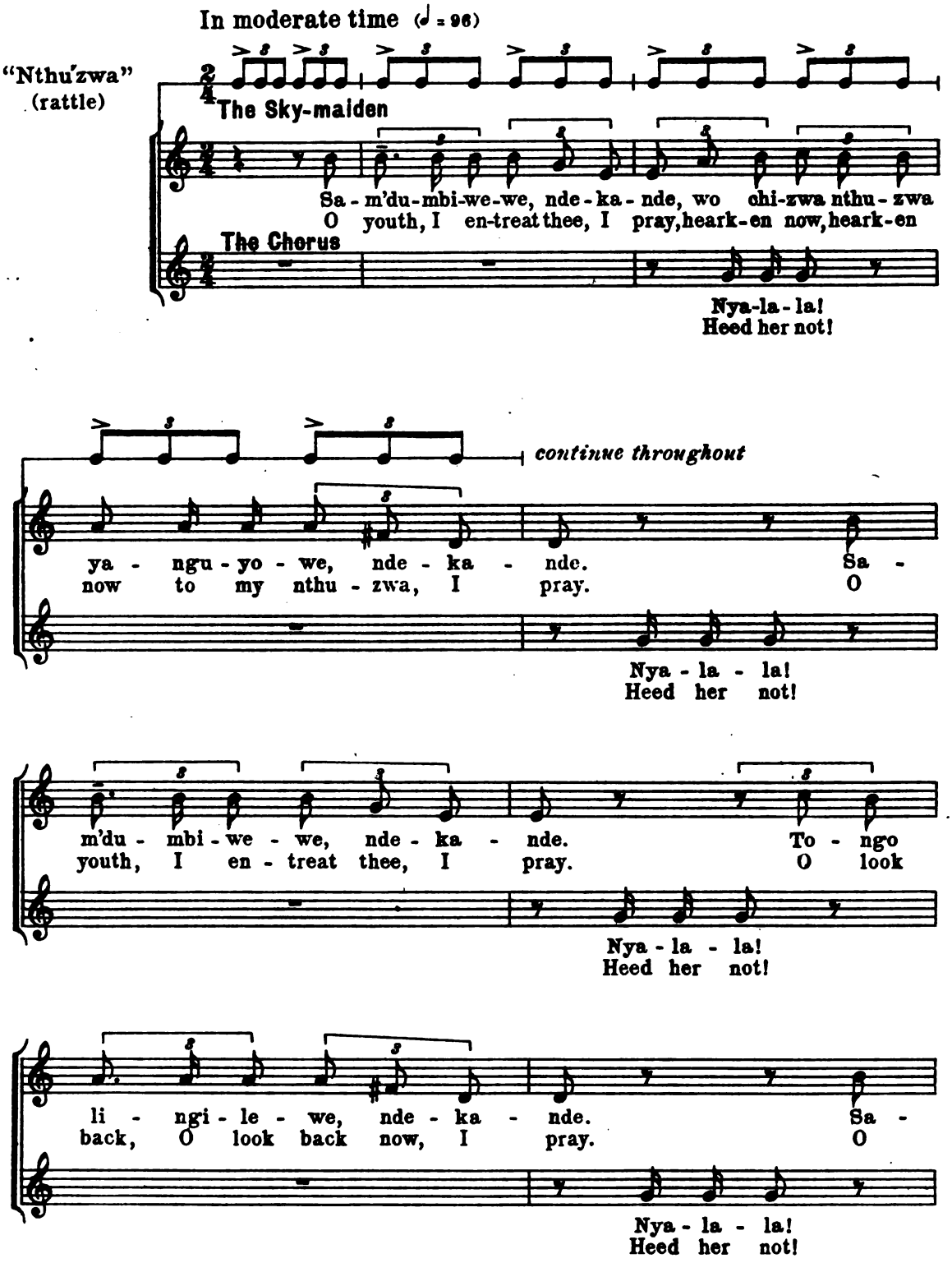
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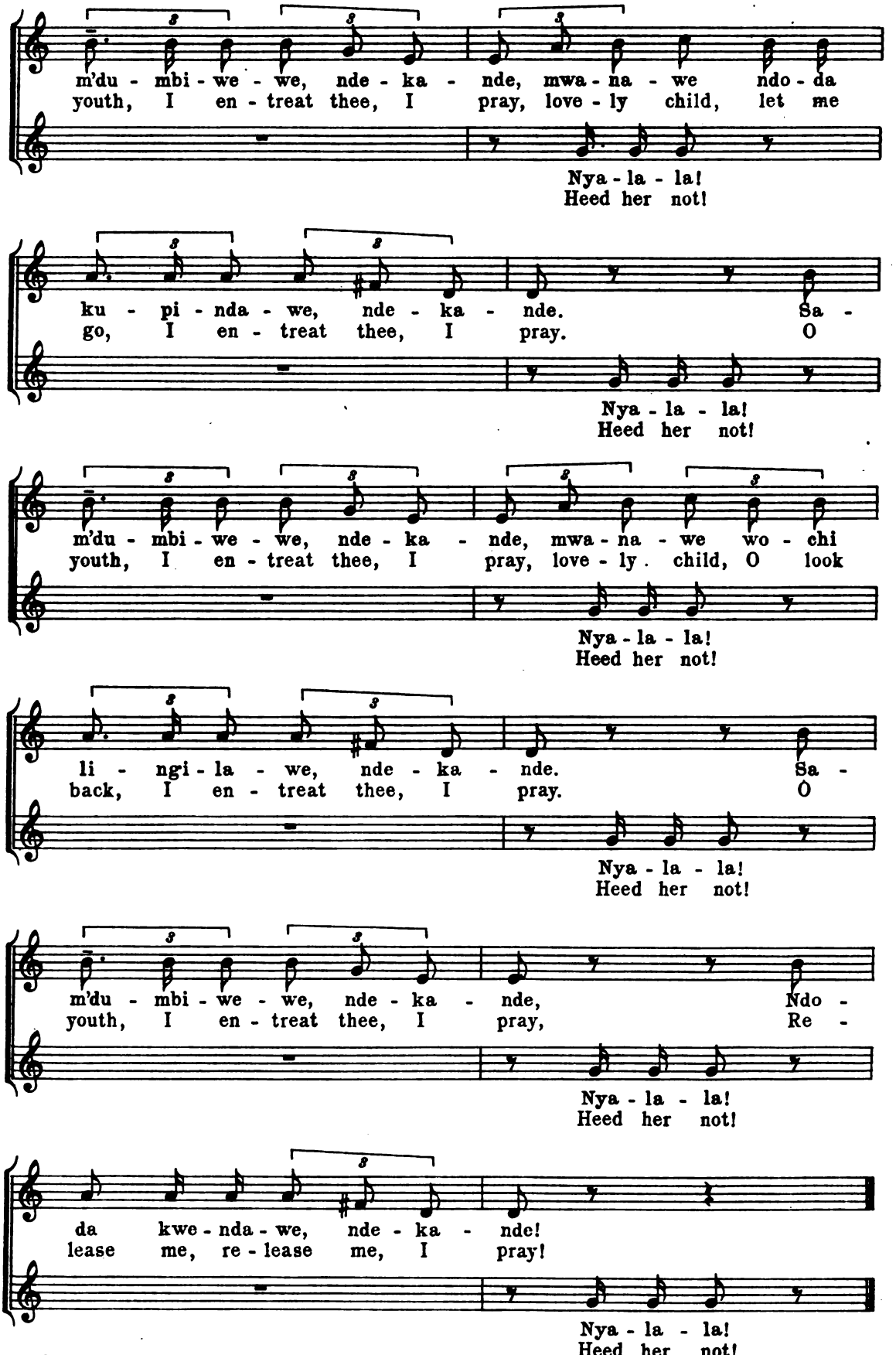
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*V*asa-Go're

Song of the Sky-Maiden
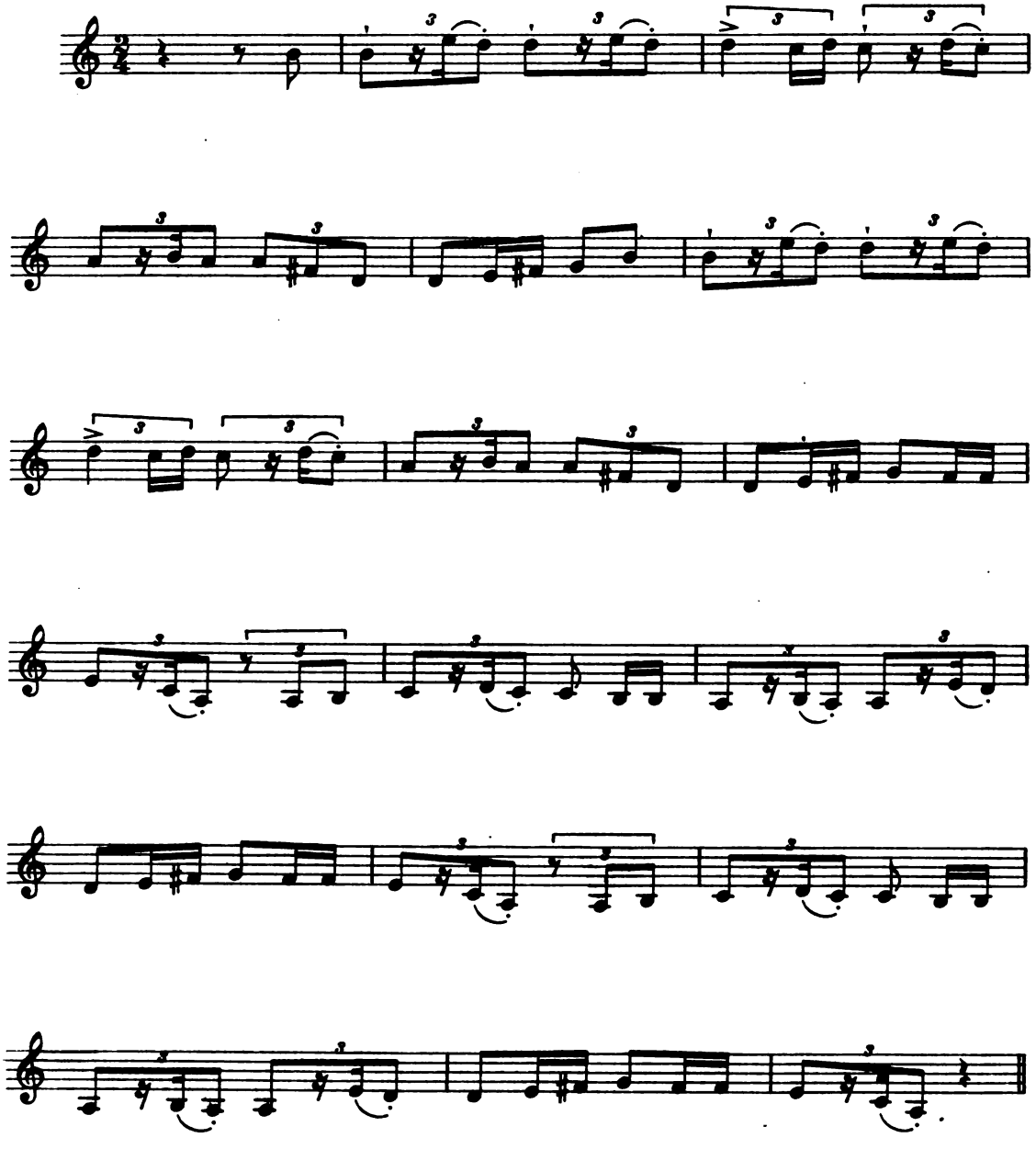


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Often the foregoing "Song of the Sky-Maiden" is played by black musicians upon the "Mali'mba" (for description of native instruments see page xvi); the song is then lengthened with the following interlude played between repetitions of the main melody.



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Zulu Songs

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Zulu Songs

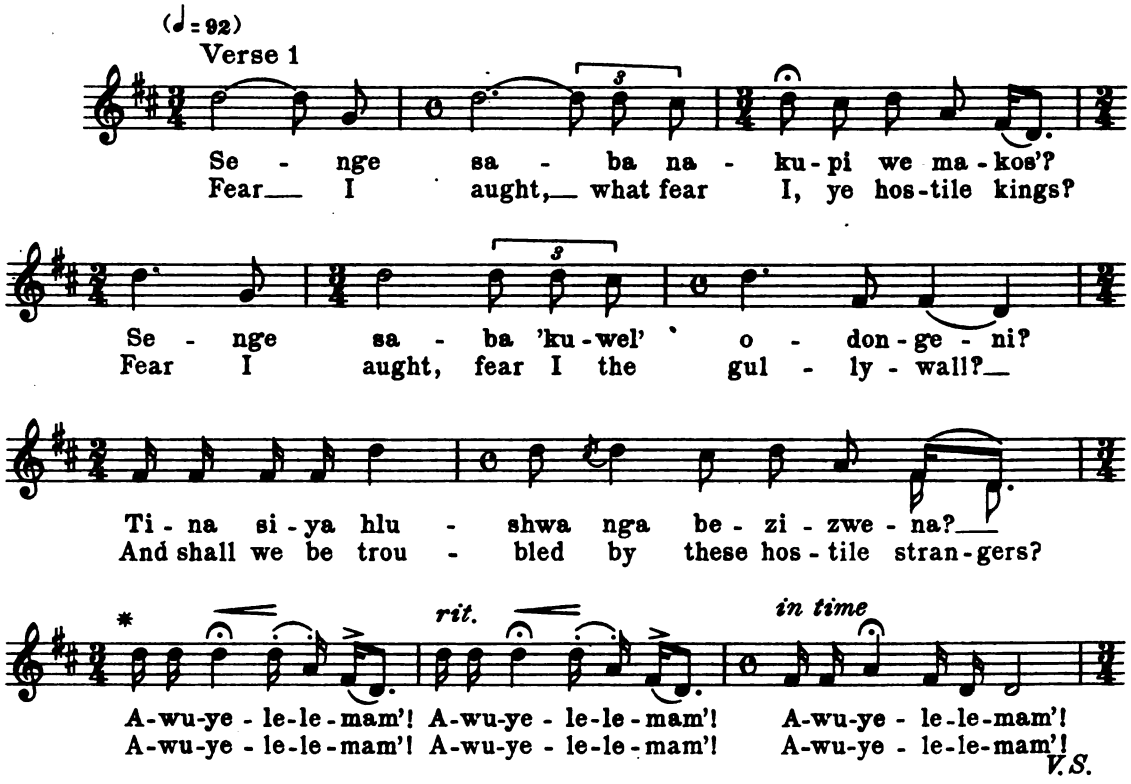
(South Africa)

Recorded from the singing of Madika'ne Ǫandiya'ne Če'le

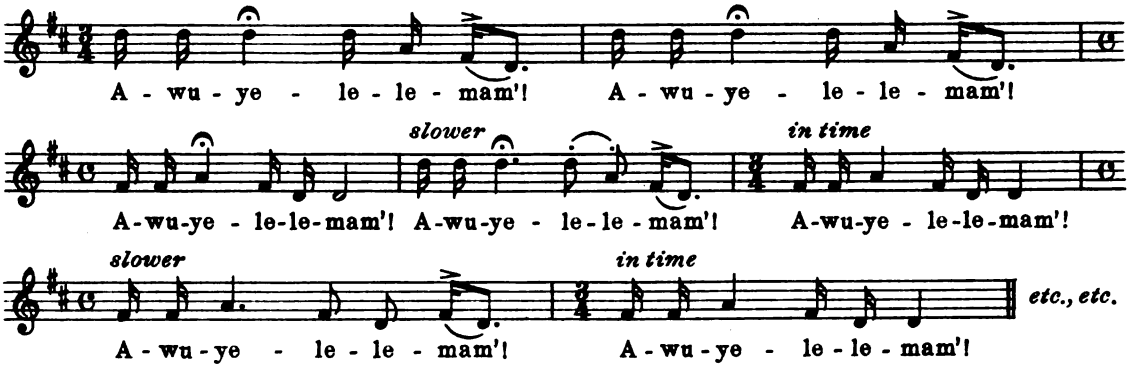
Iga'ma le 'Mpi

Song of War

Sung with broad declamation, freedom of rhythm, and growing excitement
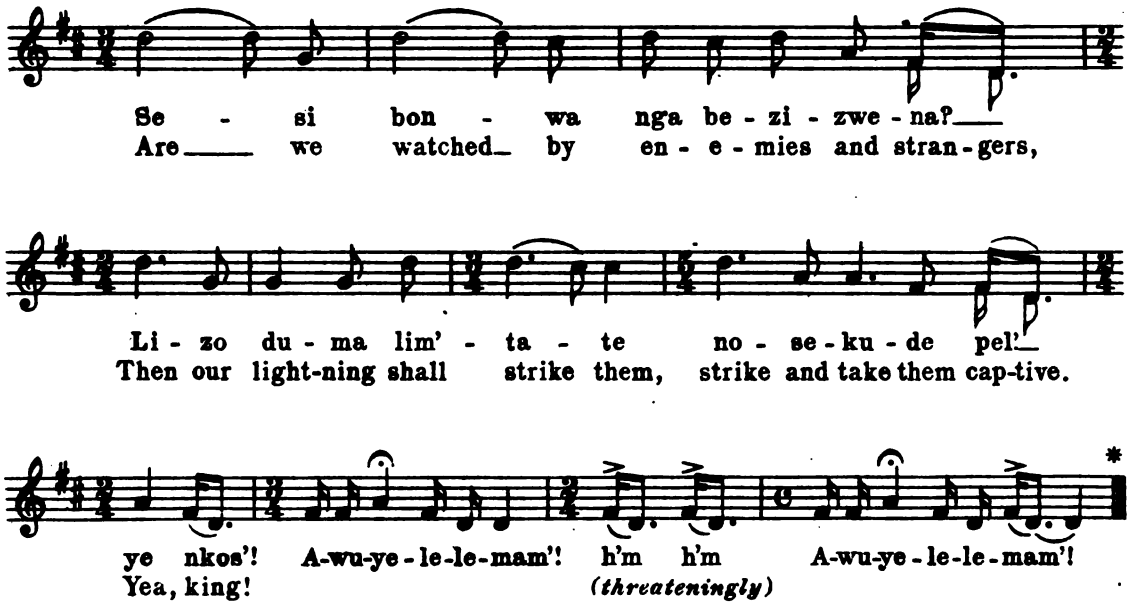


* This ejaculation, "Awuye-le-le-mam'!" may be repeated any number of times with various tones and accents, the two melodic figures accompanying the ejaculation being interchangeable, thus:



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Verse 2

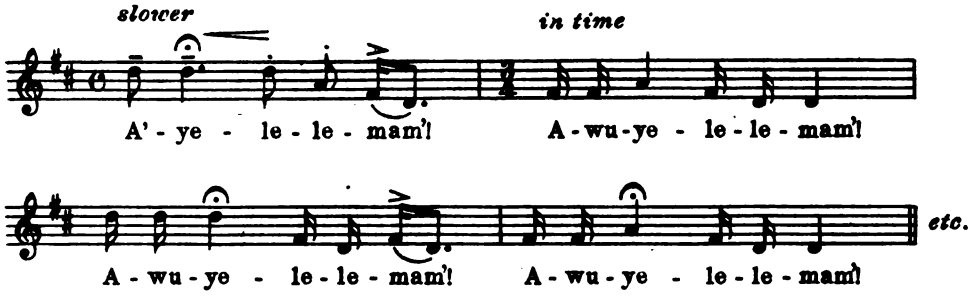


At the end of the song, the ejaculation is improvised upon with growing excitement and frenzy. As such singing is extemporaneous and the product of momentary inspiration and passion, a complete transcription of the song is impossible. The above is merely the traditional outline upon which the singer improvises. The line,

"Ye - ka ingane enčane ye nkos!"
"Trouble not ye the child of the King!"

is chanted at the end of each verse.

* Here the singer improvises again:



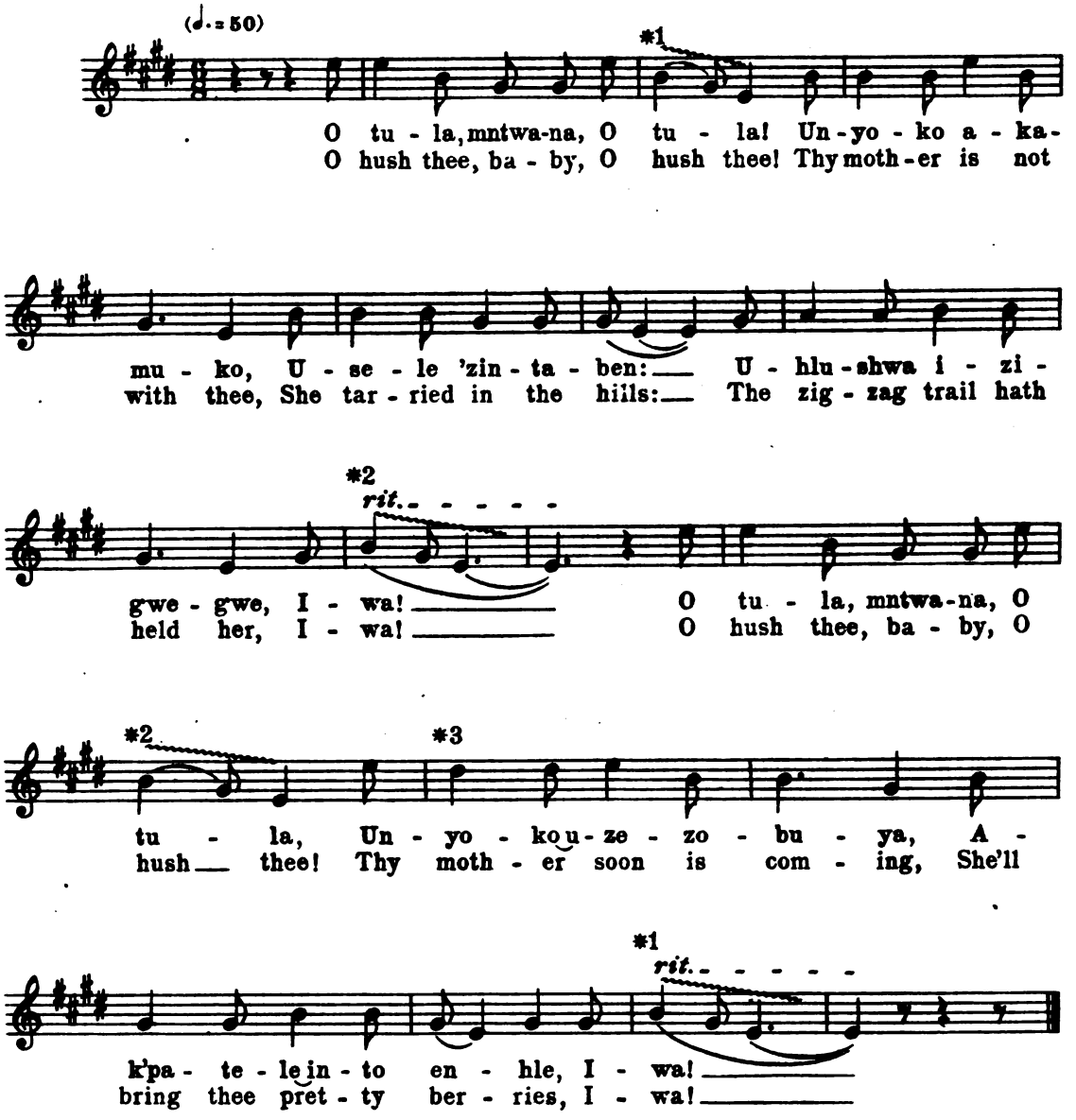
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Iga'ma la Bantwa'na

Song of Children

Lullaby

Sung softly and with swaying rhythm



*1 Intervals blurred in a long cooing, downward slur from B to E.

*2 Intervals a little more distinct than in the former phrase, because of the pronouced retard, but all the indeterminate sounds in the downward sweep, from interval to interval, are heard as when the finger slides from stop to stop on the violin.

*3 Note between D♯ and E.

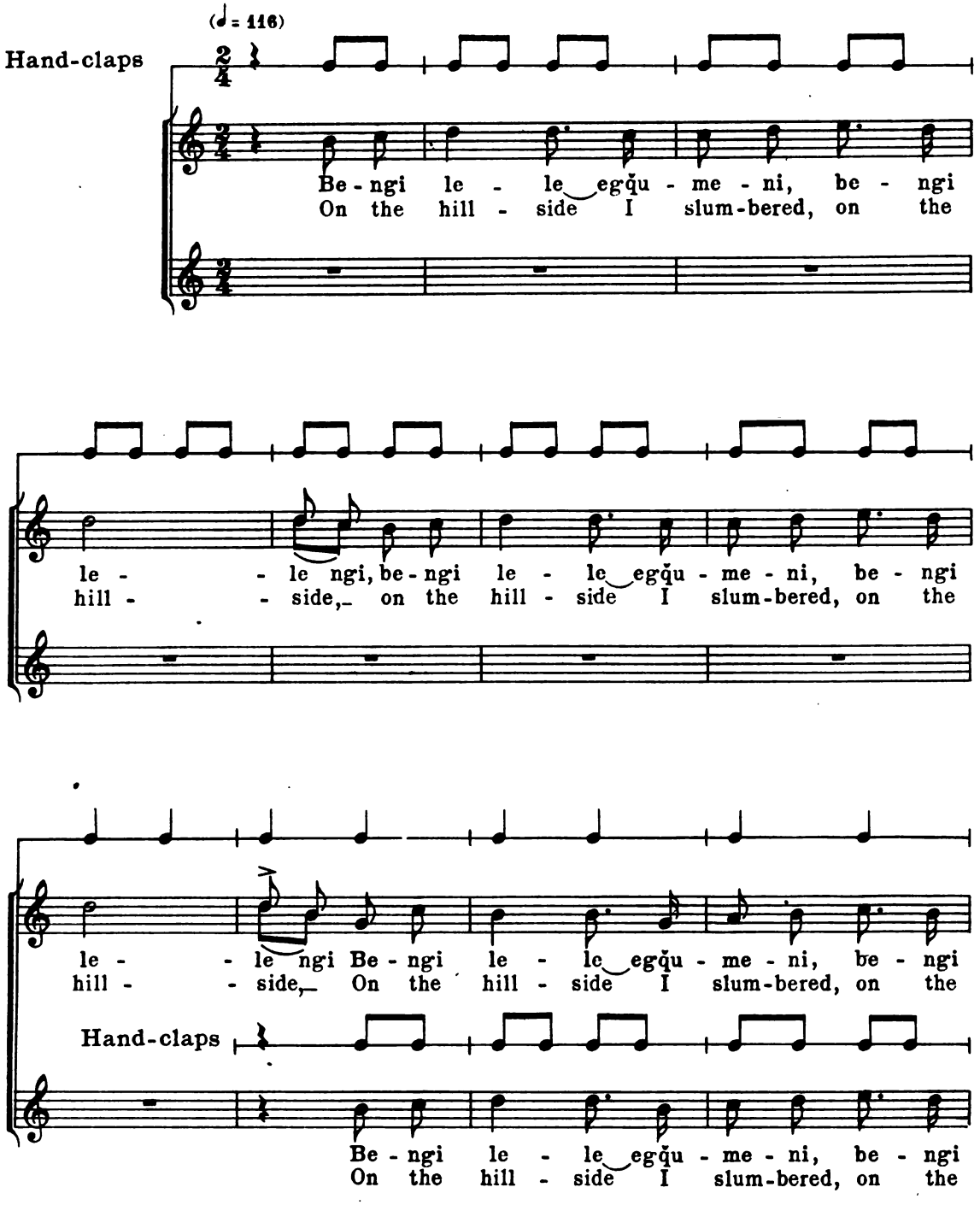
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Iga'ma lo Kusi'na
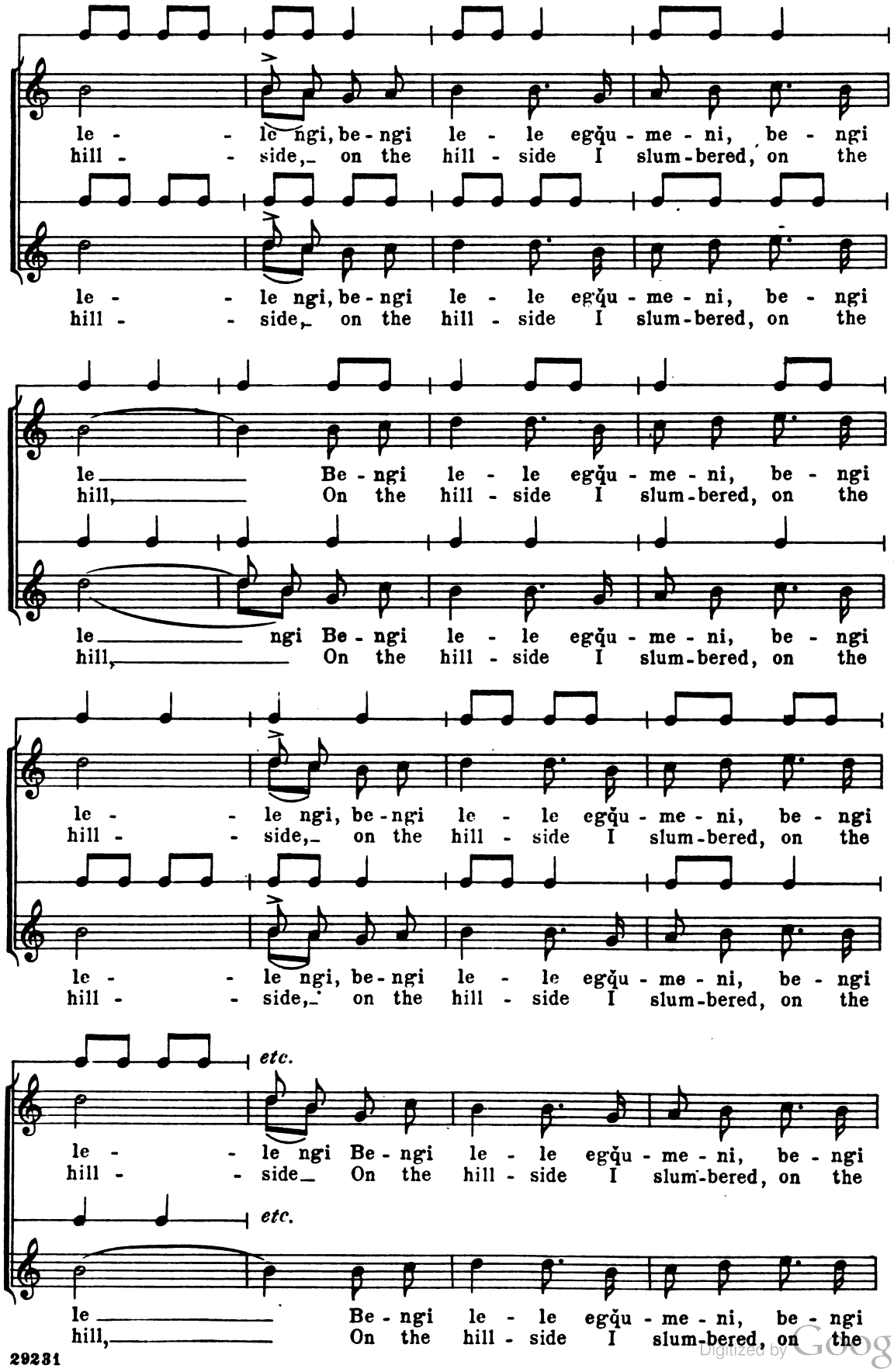
Dance-Song

I

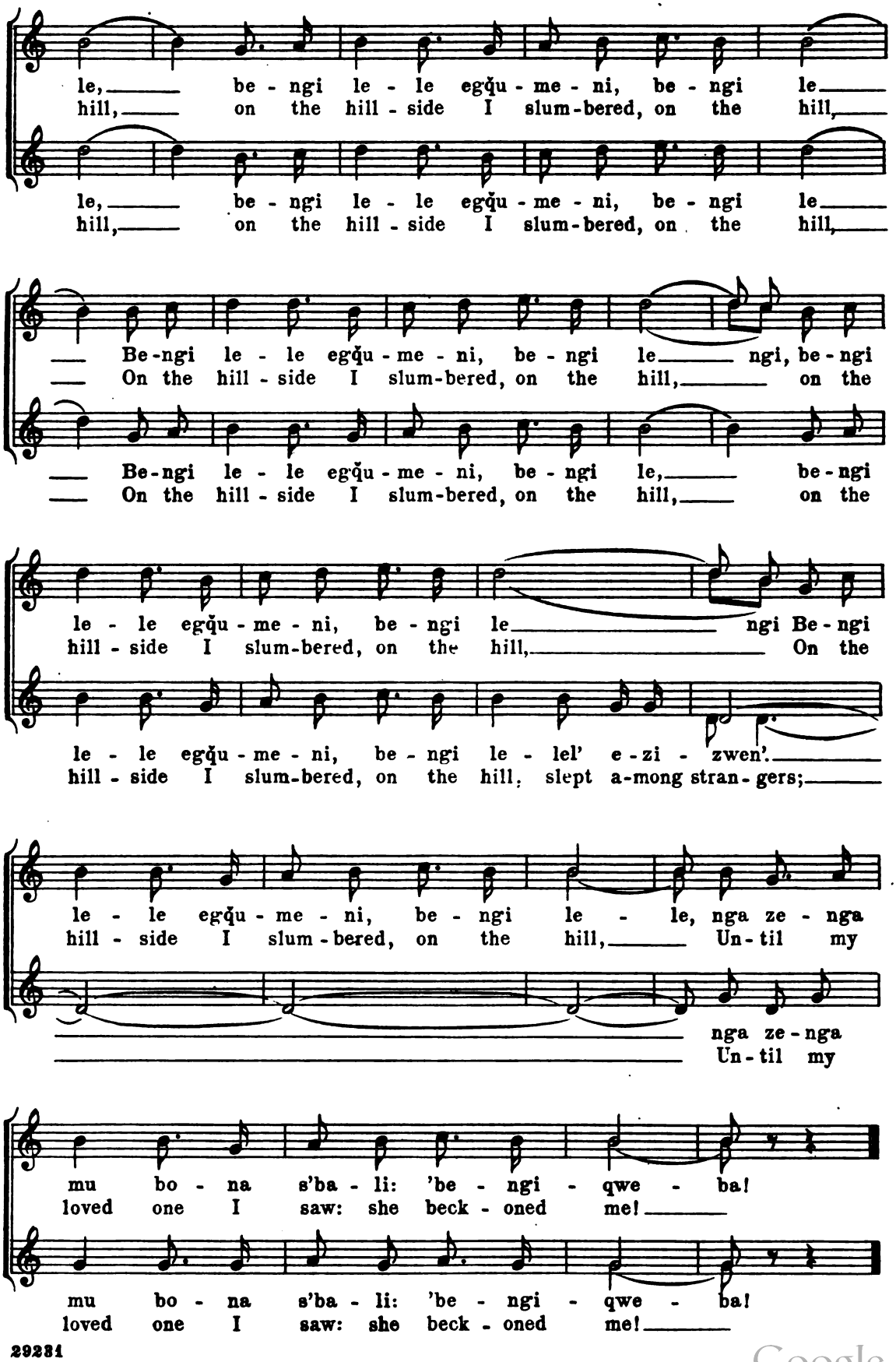
Hand-claps. The rhythm of these hand-claps is extemporaneous, depending on the impulse of the singers. As a rule, when the voice rises, the claps are more frequent, and when it sinks, the claps are fewer.



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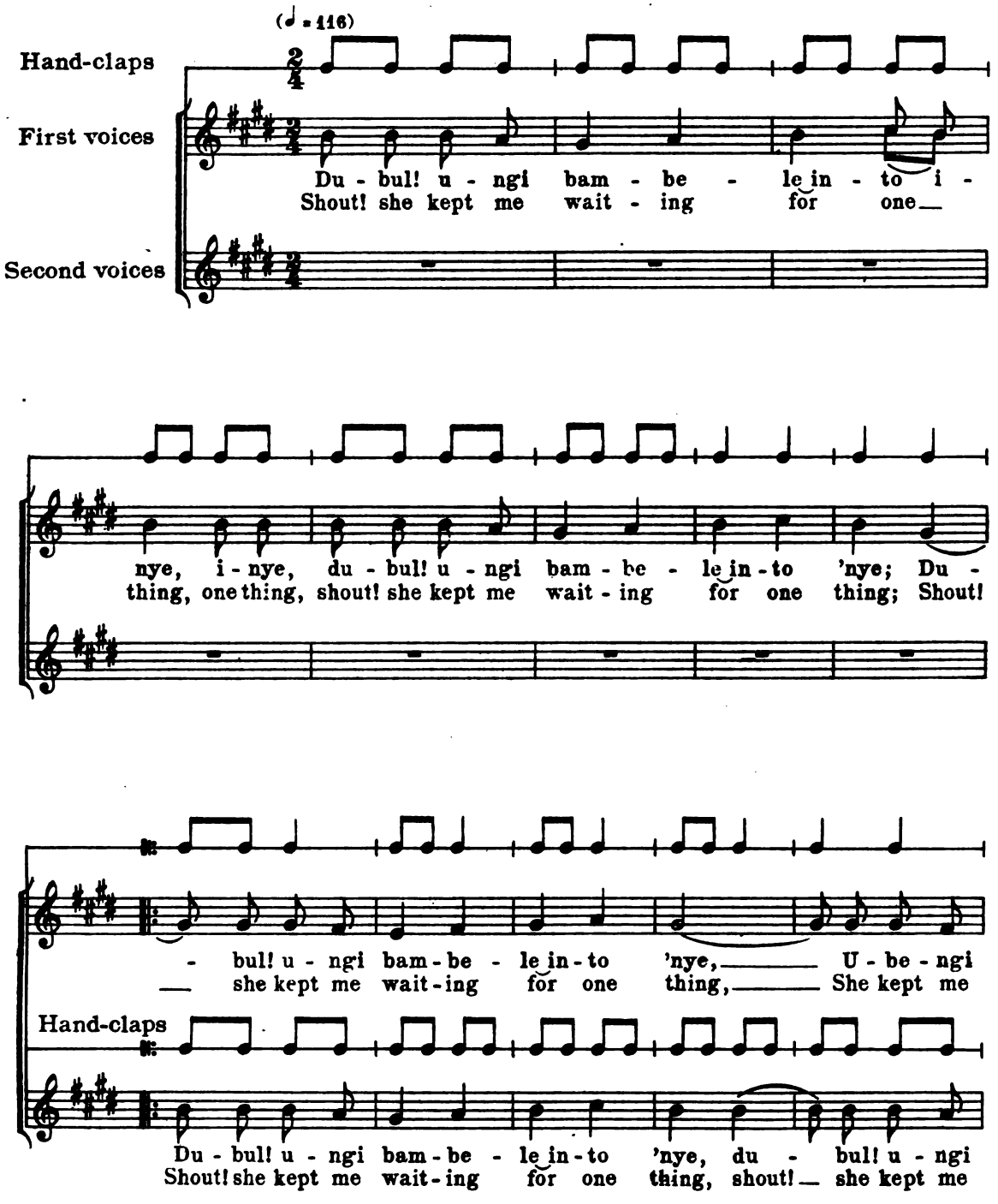
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Iga'ma lo Kusi'na
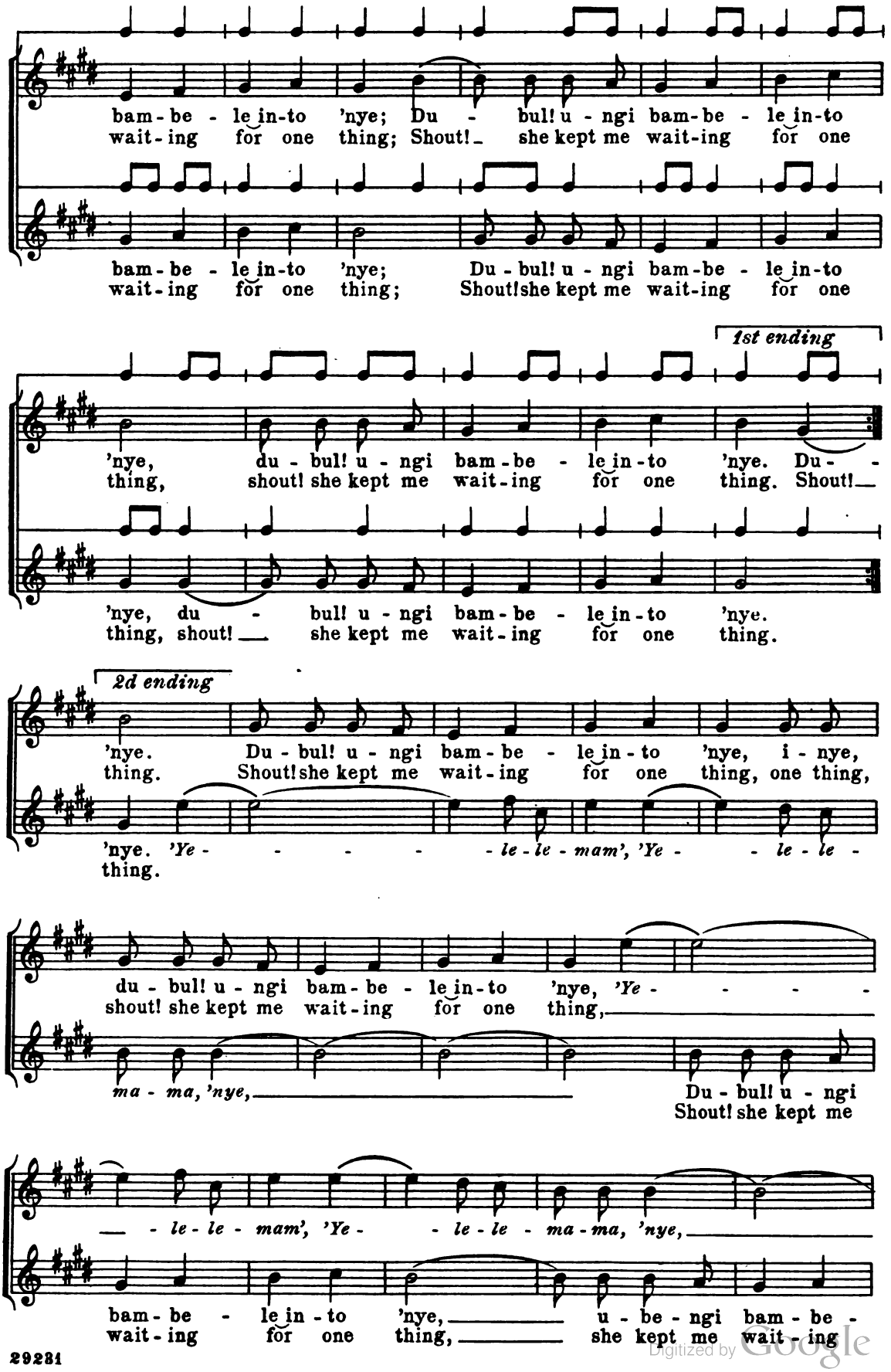
Dance-Song

II

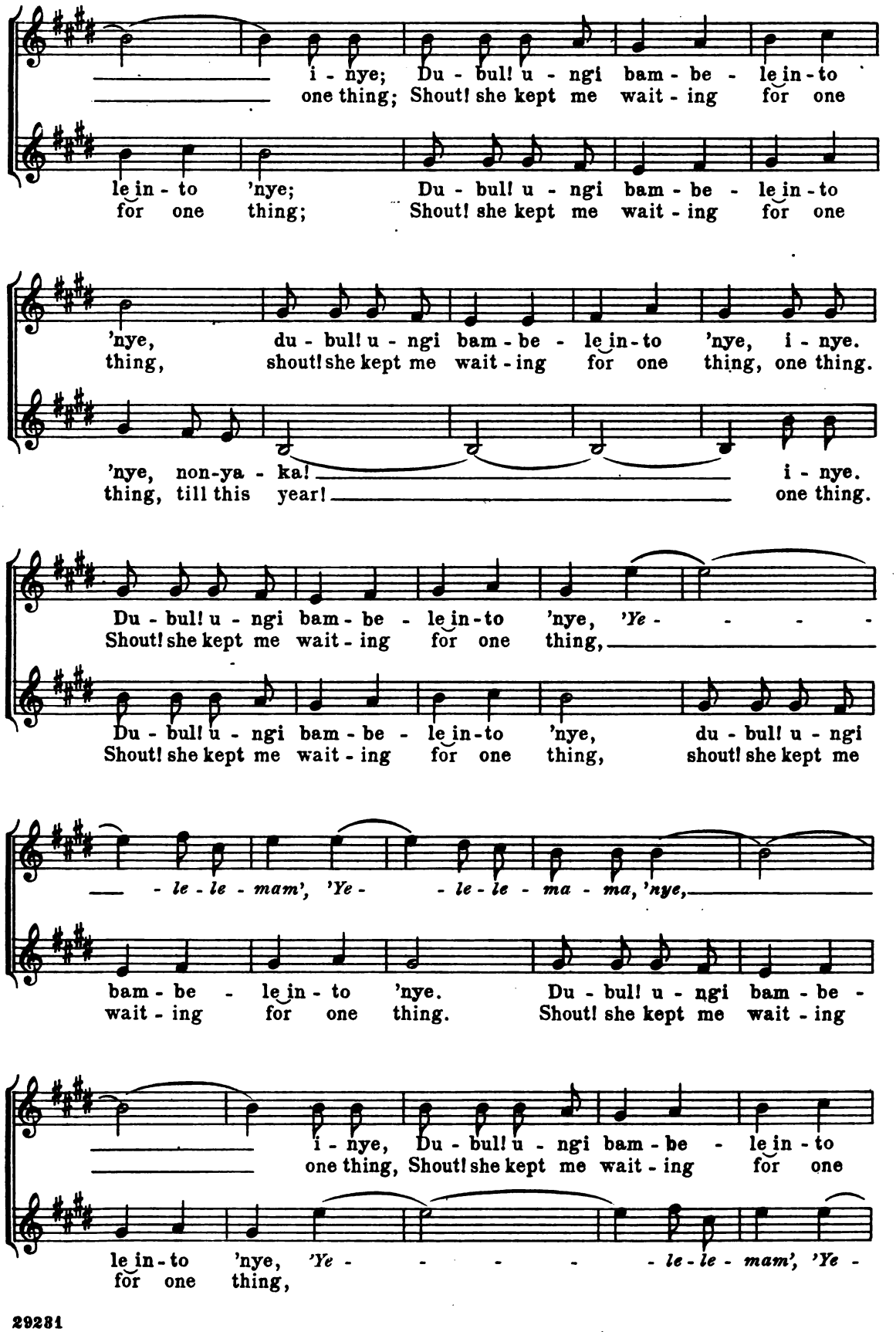
The rhythm of the hand-claps is extemporaneous, depending on the impulse of the singers. As a rule, when the voice rises, the claps are more frequent, and when it sinks, the claps are fewer.



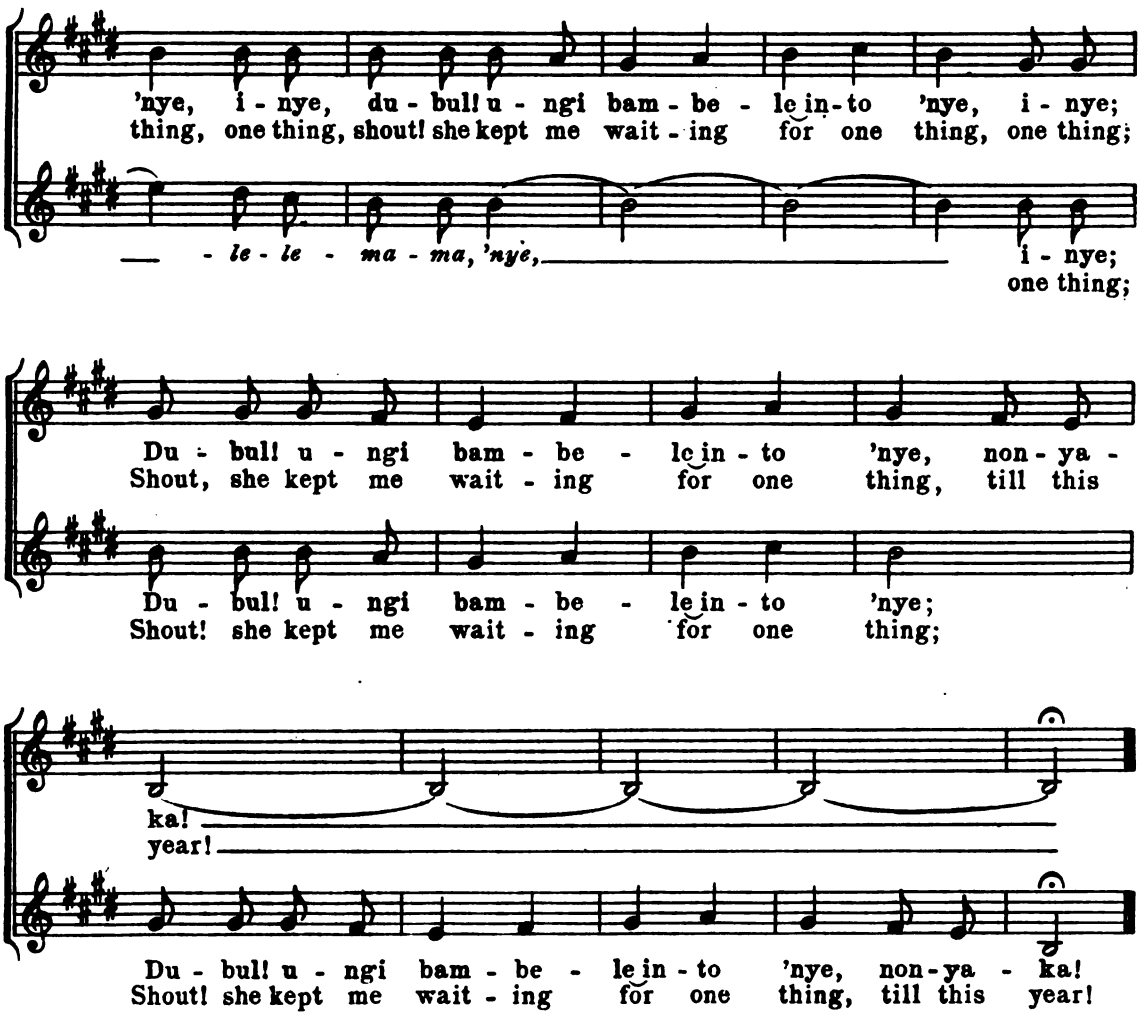
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There is no limit to the number of times that the phrases of this song may be repeated before the song ends. The singers sing as long as they choose and stop anywhere they like, usually ending on long-drawn tones, as though the song were dying away. There is no set sequence of phrases, but the above transcription aims to be characteristic, though explanation must be made that this song may fail here and there in absolute accuracy, owing to uncertainties on the part of the Zulu informant and to the extemporaneous character of the song. "We go up to the high part just whenever we feel like it, and fit the lower part in as we go along, and we repeat when we want to and we clap as we feel," he said. This record is therefore a piecing together of fragments; the song was often sung for me, and also recorded twice in the phonograph, but no two versions were just alike, although all have the same essential features. My method was to note the song from the singer, and from the phonograph cylinder. Then, having recorded the song both on paper and in the machine, I played the record on the phonograph, and the Zulu then sang the second part, thus singing a duet with himself and furnishing me the opportunity of hearing both parts at once for the transcription of the second part.

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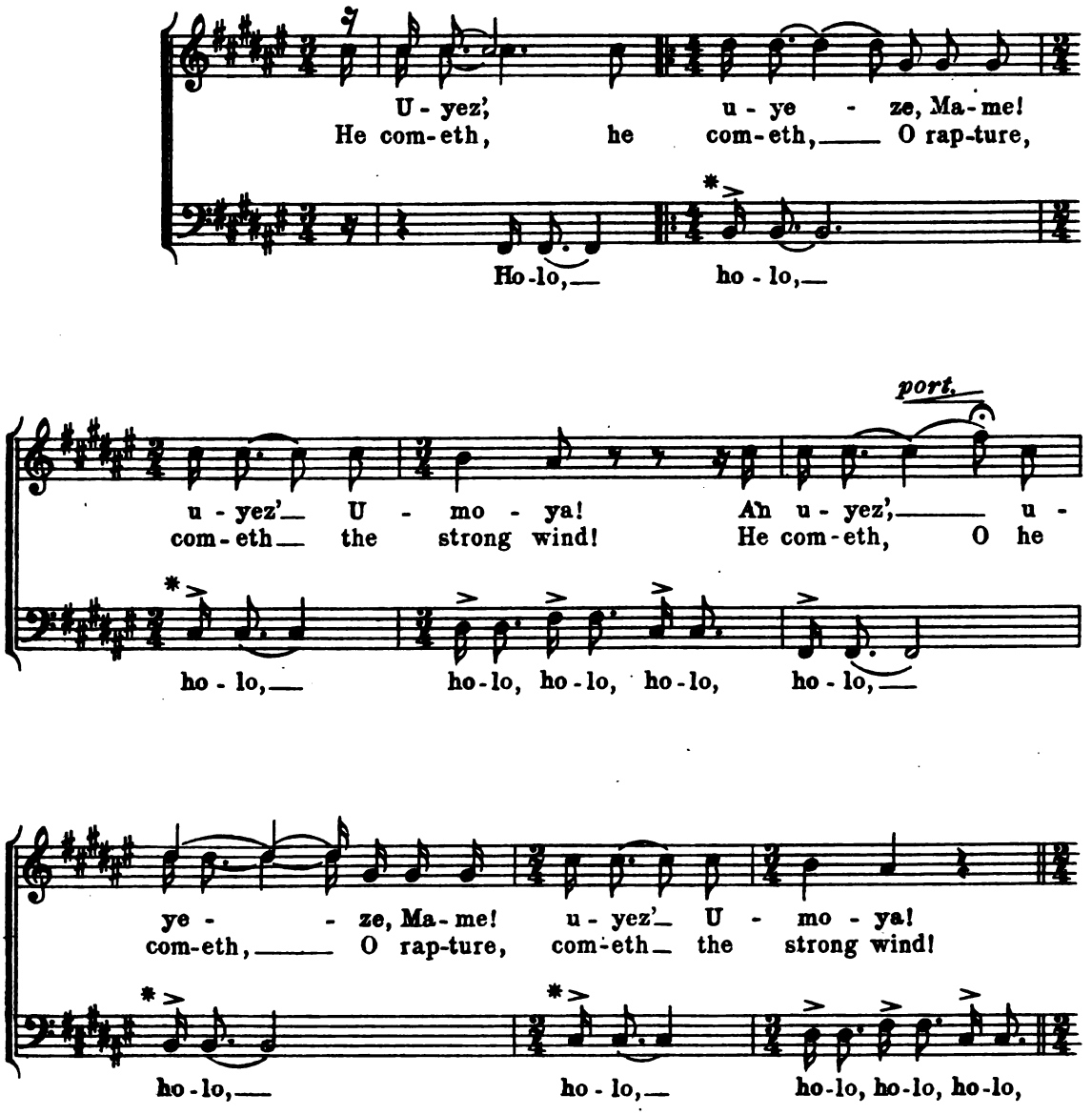
Iga'ma lo Ta'ndo

Song of Love

I

Free in tempo and rhapsodic in feeling.

Slowly, very legato (♩ = 104)

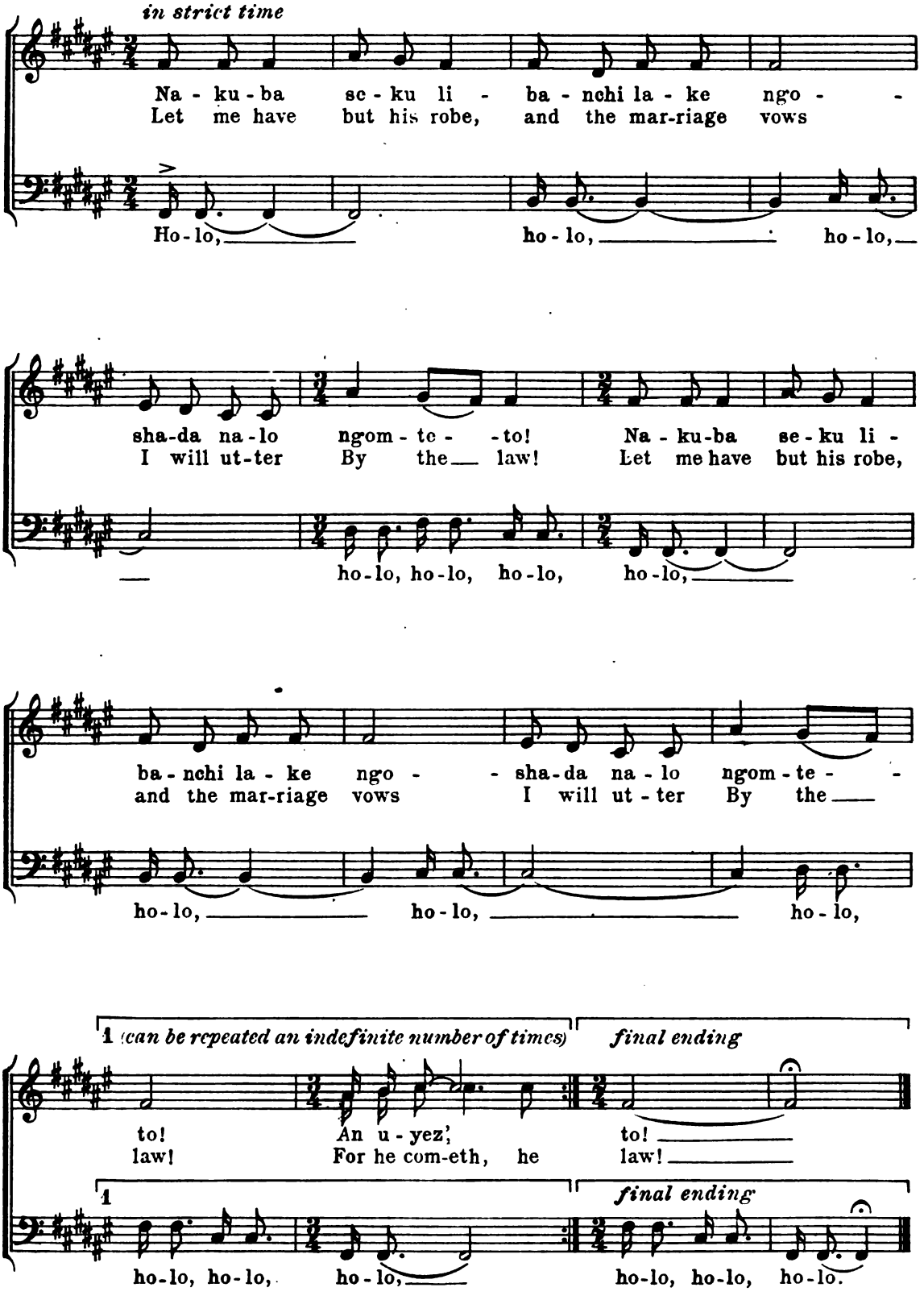


* Often my Zulu informant sang these notes on the second instead of the first beats of the bars. Indeed, he rarely sang this bass part twice alike, although I had him sing it at least fifty times. The intervals were always just the same, but their rapport with the melody often varied slightly. When questioned he explained that of course the Zulu had no written music, and so they simply "fitted the lower part in where it sounded well, following the melody." The "Ho-lo" is pronounced with a deep, hollow sound.

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Sung with resolution and power.

in strict time



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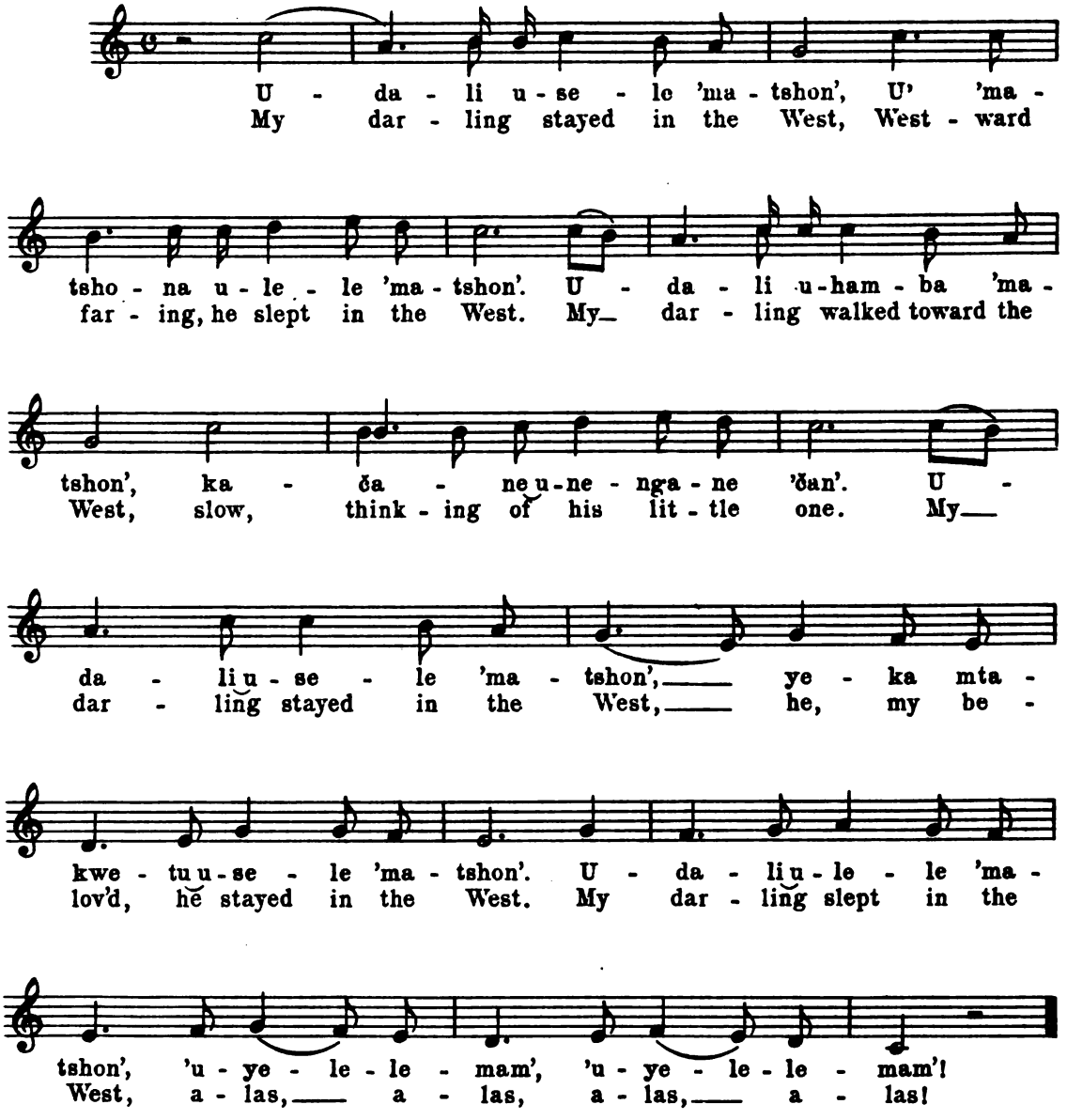
Iga'ma lo Ta'ndo

Song of Love

II

Rather free in rhythm, and with gentle melancholy.

In moderate time (♩ = 92)



Vowels that are dropped or combined with the same vowel at the end of a preceding word, are indicated by an apostrophe. When vowels are joined with other vowels on one note (as in Italian singing), they are bracketted thus: ⌣

Though this is obviously a "white-man tune", the melody when sung with the soft slurring melancholy of the Bantu voice is lifted out of the common by the lingering sweetness and emotion which the black singer pours into this song.

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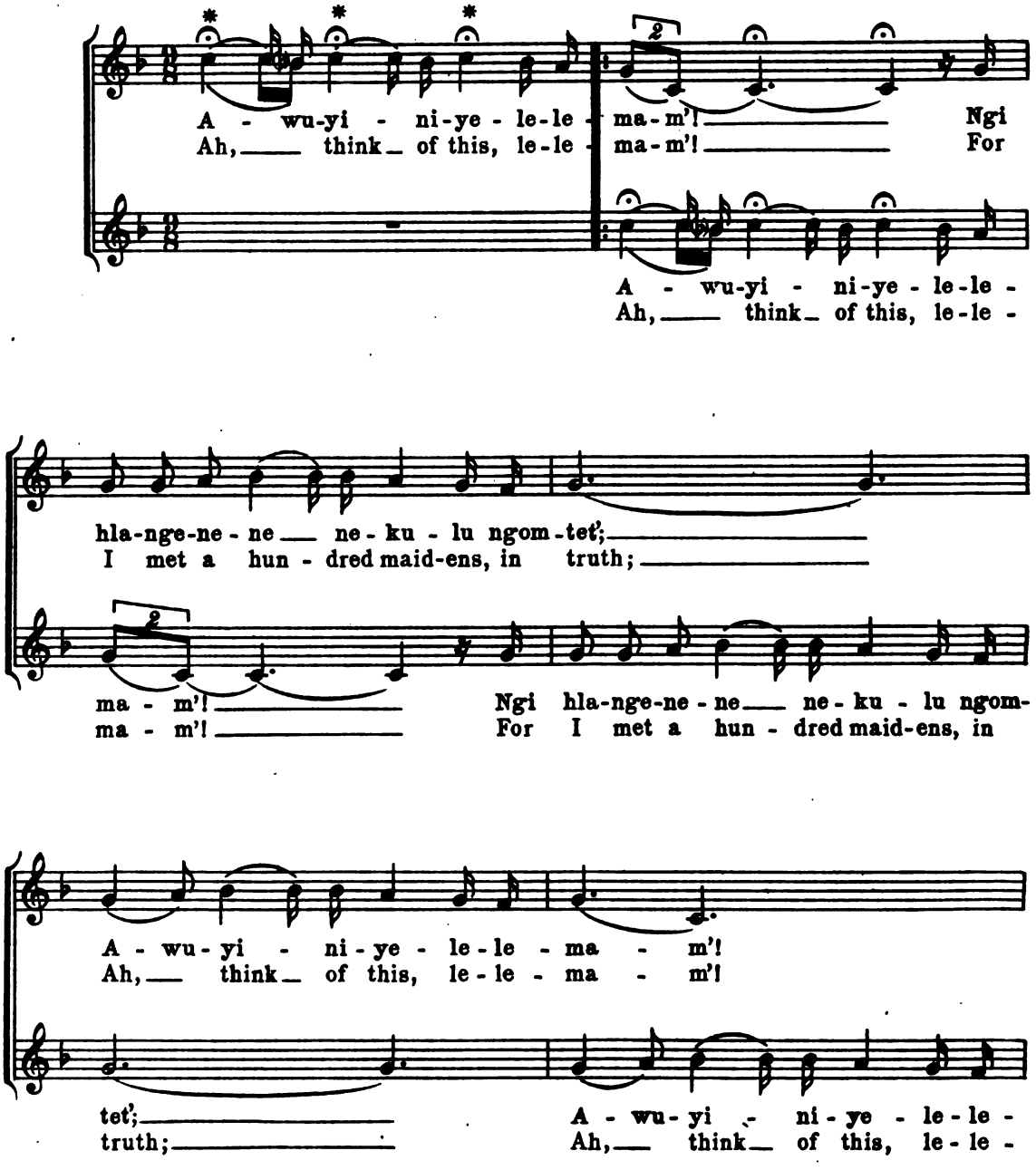
Igáma lo Tándo

Song of Love

III

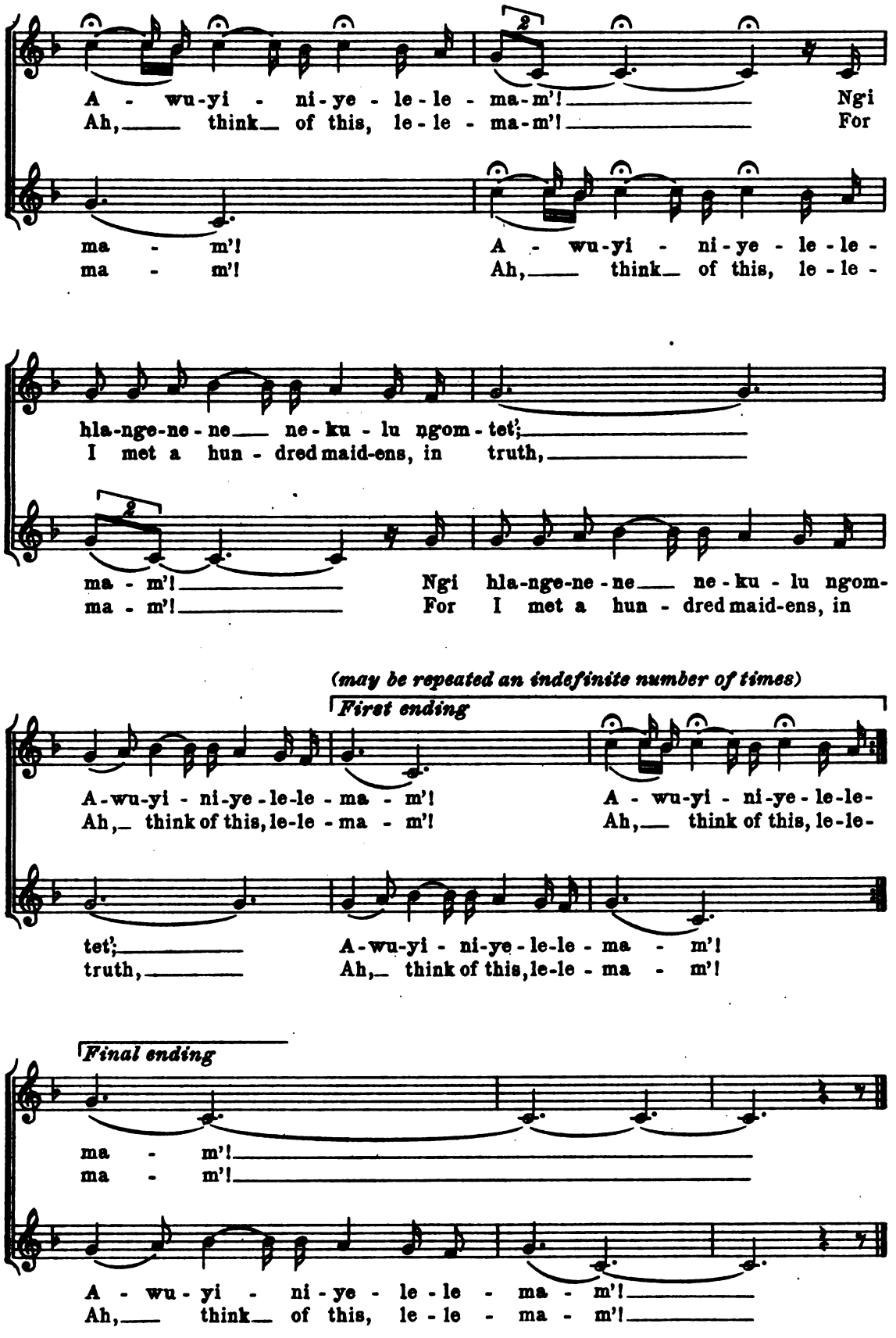
Dreamy and rhapsodic; very legato; free in tempo.

(♩. = 60)



* These pauses are of irregular length, the first being held longest, the second a little shorter and the third only slightly longer than the actual note-value.

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Iga'ma lo Ta'ndo

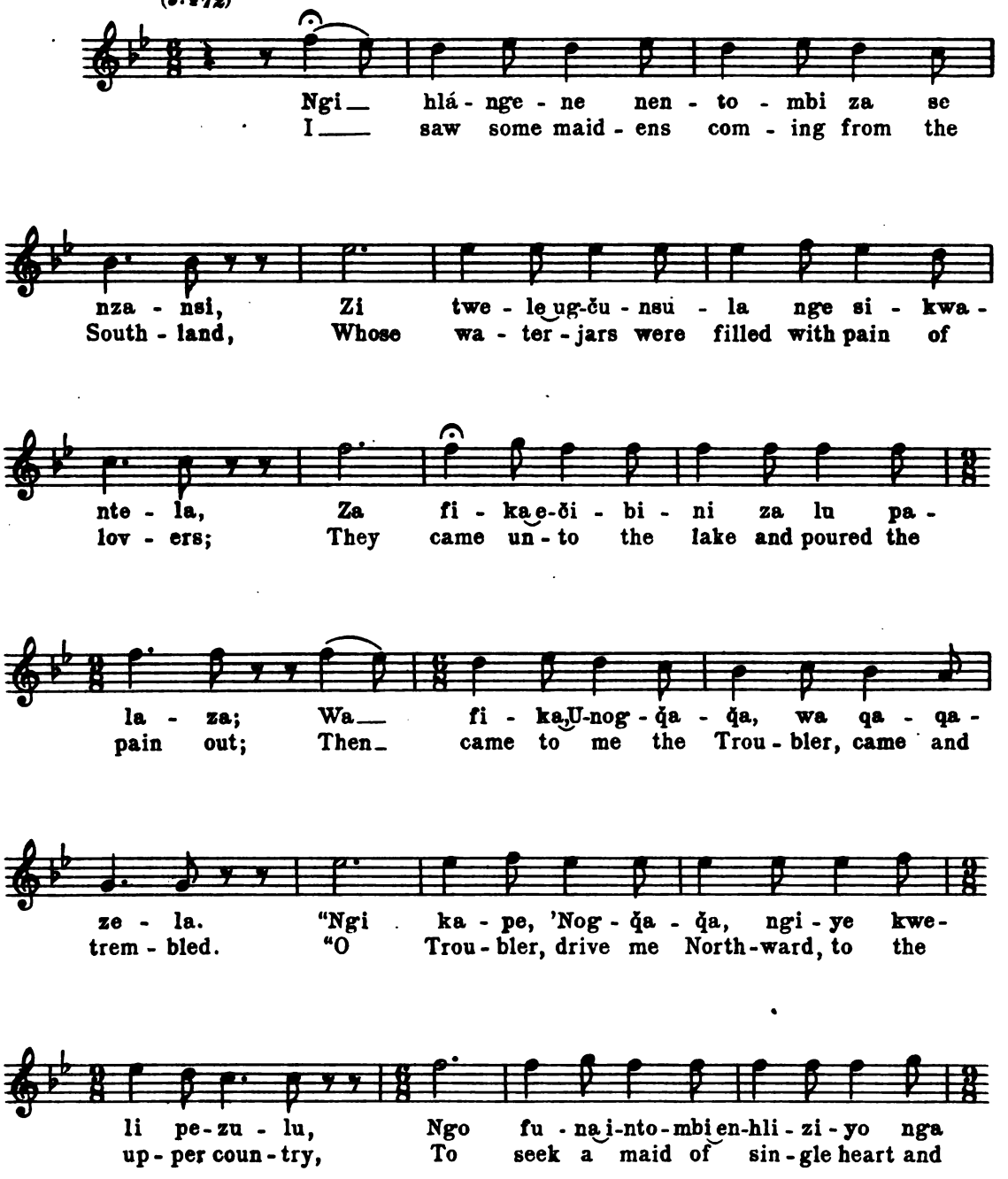
Song of Love

IV

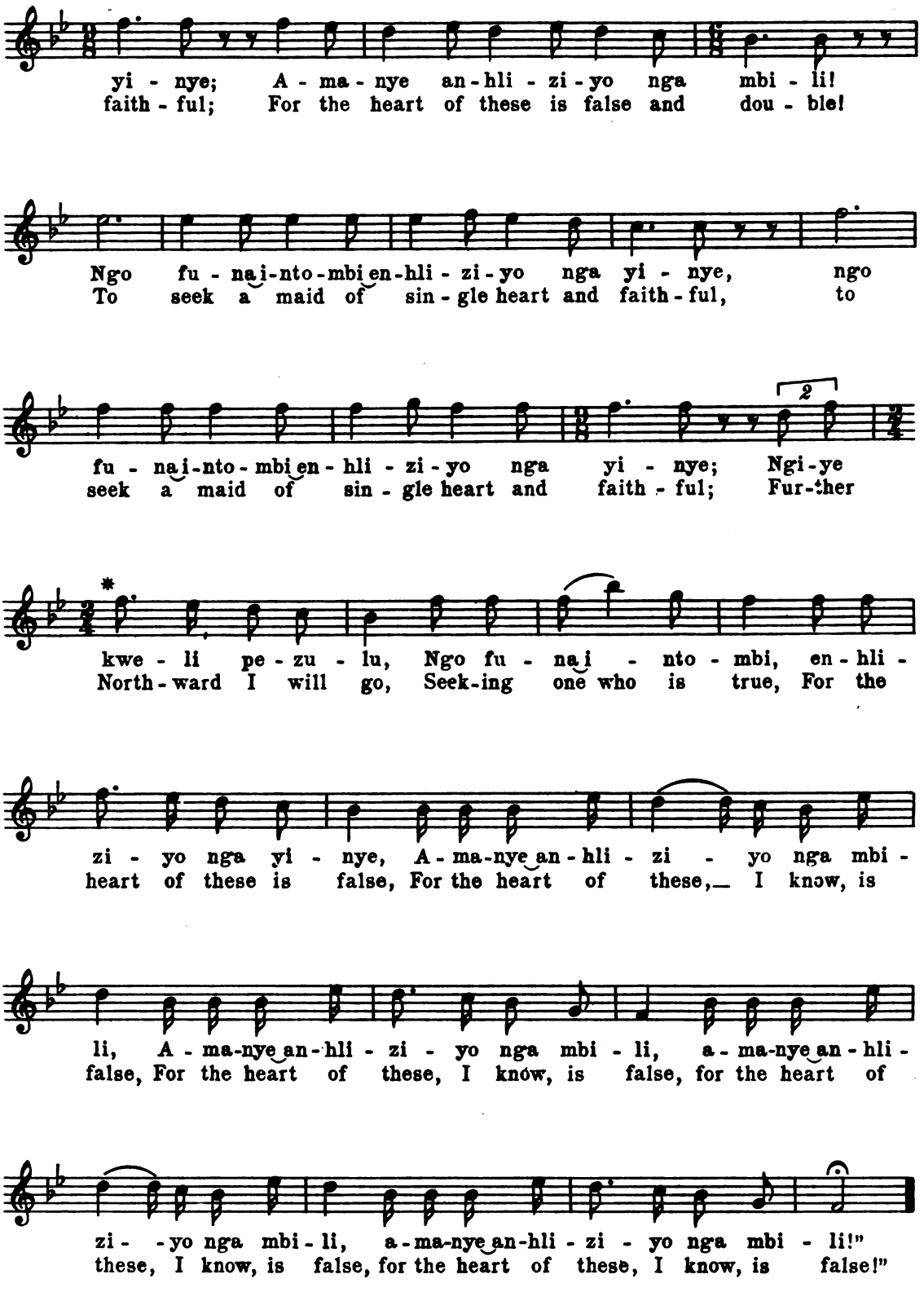
Original pitch, taken from phonograph record.

Even, flowing rhythm; long pauses on the first note of each phrase, as indicated.

(♩.=72)



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* Quarter-notes here have the value of the preceding dotted quarters.

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APPENDIX

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APPENDIX

CHINDAU' SONGS

The following interlinear translations of Chindau' texts have been spelled according to the system of Dr. Franz Boas of Columbia University in collaboration with C. Ka'mba Sima'ngo.

NOTE FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF CHINDAU' TEXT

Vowels are given the Continental sounds.

b and d as in English.
ch as in English.
dj as English j in the word "joy."
f bilabial.
h as in English.
g always hard.
g is a back-palatal spirant.
j as j in the French word "*jeu.*"
k, p, t pronounced with a slight glottal stop.
l has a strong lateral trill, but few repetitions of closure only. It resembles therefore a weak r. In some dialects the r character is more pronounced than in others.
n as English n in "sink."
In the combinations of m and n with following spirant, the spirant begins voiced and ends voiceless.
ph, th, kh are p, t and k followed by a strong aspiration.
s as in English.
s an s pronounced with rounded lips.
sh as in English.
w and y as in English.
z as z in the word "zeal," but pronounced with rounded lips.
All words, unless otherwise indicated have the accent on the penultima.

I

AFRICAN PROVERBS

Ka kulilila	**mu hana**	**che**	**hamba**
We are weeping crying	*inside within breast*	*as*	*tortoise*

(*the word being here used symbolically may be translated by the English word "heart"*)

II

Hove	**dji no**	**tevela**	**mulambo**	**wadjo**
Fish	*they do*	*follow*	*river course*	*their own*

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III

A ndi	**chalambi**	**kunuma**	**pa**	**choto**
I am not	*refusing*	*to melt fat*	*on*	*fire*

ngo po	**ndali**
I on	*it*

IV

A ndi	**nyiswi**	**nge**	**chilo**	**chichina**	**mulomo**
I can not	*be vanquished*	*by*	*thing*	*without*	*mouth*

V

Mulilo	**wo**	**mbava**	**au**	**kotwi**
Fire	*of*	*thief*	*is not (the thing by which one is)*	*to be warmed*

VI

Manthede	**a no**	**vengana**	**pa**[1]	**kurga**	**na pa**[1]	**mfu'mfu**
Baboons	*they do*	*quarrel*	*while*	*eating*	*when in*	*danger.*

a no	**besana**
they do	*help one another*

Mateka

Song of the Rain Ceremony

I

Verse 1

A ndina	**mgana**	**wokwenda**	**naye**
I have no	*child*	*to go*	*with*

(some singers add the word "neni," *me.*)

Vulombo	**mai**	**we**
misery	*mother*	*a syllable used for accentuation to give additional emphasis*
distress		*to a word; might be interpreted "aye!" or "yea!"*
famine		*"forsooth!" or in other cases "indeed!"*
poverty	*Meaning: "I have no child to go with me,—aye!*	
want	*Famine, Mother, woe!"*	

Verse 2

Ngoma	**hulu-yo**	**ngo**	**guva**	**langu**
Drum	*big that*	*is*	*grave*	*my*

"That big drum is my grave."

Verse 3

Ndozo	**vigwa-mgo**	**no**
I shall	*be buried in (the drum)*	*a prefix showing that death is future, thus: "When I shall die."*

[1]The adverb *pa* means, literally, "on" and is idiomatic to the Chindau language. It can be variously translated by "on," "in," "while" and "at."

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ndafa **pano**
I die *when*
"I shall be buried therein when I die!"

Verse 4

Chimukwilo **munochikonavo**
The upland manner *you do know*
The manner of the upland people
"Do you know the upland manner?"

Verse 5

vamge **mba dovo**
Others *(of) the coast*
hava **lu** **koni**
do not *it (the manner of drumming) know*
"Others, the coast people, do not know this way of drumming."

Mateka

Rain Ceremony

II

"Nyamakambala"

"The Thunder-of-the-East"

Verse 1

Nyamakambala **tapela**
Thunder-of the-East *we are dying*

Verse 2

mbuli **yo** **pela** **nyamagka**
race *is* *dying* *this year*
seed
people

Verse 3

Vali **Mukwilo** **talova**
Those of *the upland* *we are dying*
Ye *or highland* *we perish*

Verse 4

Vali **Ku djombe** **tapela**
Those of *by* *sea* *we are dying*
Ye

Verse 5

Vali **Mamboni** **talova**
Those of *Mamboni* *we perish*
Ye *(name of locality)*

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Verse 6

Vali	**Mashanga**	**tapela**
Those of Ye	*Mashanga (name of locality)*	*we are dying*

Verse 7

Vali	**Nyalinge**	**talova**
Those of Ye	*Nyalinge (name of locality)*	*we perish*

Verse 8

Nyamakambala	**tapela**
Thunder-of-the-East	*we are dying*

Manthiki

Spirit Song

I

"Salanyi"

"Farewell"

Salanyi	**ndoda**	**kwenda**	**ka kwenda**
Farewell	*I want*	*to go*	*I am going*

Mgo chisale	**ndo mbuluka**
You remain	*I fly*

(*Meaning: "We part," another way of saying "farewell."*)

Manthiki

Spirit Song

II

"Nyamunjenje"

"The Bird"

Nyamunjenje	**woenda**
(*Name of a certain African bird*)	*he goes*

Kumba	**kwake**	**we-ye-wo-ye**
to home house	*his*	*yes, yes*

Shilimadji	**we**	**madji**
Sea-water bird	(*syllable for emphasis*)	*sea-water*

(**Shili** = bird; **madji** = sea-water)

shili mbuluka	**Wensia!**
bird fly	(*Symbolic "sneeze" of the diviner when the controlling Spirit is expelled from the body.*)

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Manthiki

Spirit Song

III

Vamalova	**njeche**	**va**	**pano**
He who beats the	*little ones*	*he*	*is here*

Manthiki

Spirit Song

IV

"Nyamuziva"

"*He who knows*"

Nyamuziva woye	**eya**	**ye**
He who knows	*yes*	(*syllable for emphasis, denoting* "truly," *or* "verily.")

va	**noziva**	**zo**	**vamge**
he	*knows*	*of*	*others*

eya	**ye**
yes	(*syllable for emphasis*)

[1]Lumbo rlo Ludo

Song of Love

A ndina	**wangu**	**Muziya**
I have not	*my own,*	*Muziya!* (*Proper name of a great king.*)

Mafuve

Dance of Girls

Eyo we	**kwa**	**mai**	**we**
Alas	*to*	*mother*	*syllable for emphasis* (*Meaning: "my mother's home," the expression "to mother," being analogous to the French "chez ma mère"*)

ndoda	**Kwu**	**misha**
I want	*to*	*husband*
I desire	(*My husband's home*)	
or		
I love		

[1] *l* is interchangeable with *r*, according to different dialects. See note on pronunciation of Chindau' texts, page 13.

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Kwa	**mai**	**nda**	**lega**	**eya**
To	*mother*	*I*	*left*	*yes*

(*I left my mother's home*)

ndoda	**kwu**	**misha**
I love	*to*	*husband*

(*I love my husband's home*)

Children's Songs

I

"Mu-to-to-lile"

(*A song sung by children when playing in the rain.*)

Verse 1

To-to	**lile**
(*The sound of rain falling in drops*)	*pour down*

mfula	**ngaine**
rain	*let it rain*

Verse 2

To-to	**lile**
(*The sound of rain falling in drops*)	*pour down*

makandwa	**azale**
pools	*full*

(*Meaning: Rain, let it rain down till the pools are full. The* **"to-to-lile"** *is used as a refrain.*)

Verse 3

Ti-zo	**bumgila**	**mgo**
We will shall	*swim*	*therein*

(**zo** *implies future tense*)

Verse 4

ti	**baye**	**macheche**
we	*spear*	*bullfrog* (*the kind with a red breast.*)

(*The children hunt the bullfrogs with little sharp-pointed sticks with which they spear their prey.*)

II

Cha-komba-komba	**cha**	**Mnth[1]alila**
To hop, limp or go on one leg	*of*	*a proper name* (*from the verb "to jump"*)

(*Meaning: "This is Mnthalila's hop."*)

[1] Pronounced like *t*, followed by a slightly aspirant *h*.

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III

Muvili	**zuma**
Body	*dry (dry off, evaporate)*
Kasila	**o-mai**
quick	*dry ("you are dry" is understood.)*

Laboring Song

I

Song of the Dock Hands

Kwaedja	**no**	**makashot**
(Kunsha, "day")	*dawns with*	*freight boxes to haul*

NOTE: The word "*makashot*" is the augmentative of the Portuguese word "*Caixa*," box. "Malaka" (see below), is derived from the Portuguese "*marca*."

Djika	**malaka**
turn	*mark*
look for	*label*

NOTE: "*Djika*" means to turn, to turn around or over. In this case it means to turn the boxes of freight around or over in order to look for the labels.

Laboring Song

II

"Male Kamben'"

"Money in Kamben'"

Male	**Kambeni**	**wa**	**izwa**	**ndiyani**
Money	*(name of place)*	*you*	*told you are told*	*whom by*

Ti	**noda**	**kushanda**
We	*want*	*to work*

Ti	**ende**	**kanyi**	
We	*go*	*home*	*("in order to go home," is understood)*

Imalenyi
How much money?

Pwita

Dance-Song

I

(Called after the "Pwita," a drum used in this kind of dance)

Ku	**musengele**
To	*hammock*

(a peculiar carrying-chair, or litter, like a hammock, in which travelers are carried in Portuguese East Africa. This litter is called by the Portuguese "machila")

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wa	**Lunde**
for	*(name of a trading-post on the river of the same name)*

we salo	**we**	**Lenda**
you are remaining staying (staying behind is understood)	*(syllable for emphasis) signifying "forsooth" or "indeed"*	*(proper name)*

Mandibaye	**ndini**	**wokwenda**	**kwa**	**Lunde**
(proper name)	*I am*	*going*	*to*	*Lunde*

foya	**yanguyo**	**we**
(a piece of Indian cloth worn as a garment by the African natives)	*mine*	*(syllable for emphasis)*

we salo	**we**	**Lenda**
you are staying	*(syllable for emphasis)*	*(proper name)*

The sentence "you are staying behind?" is an interrogation meaning "will you stay behind?"

Nthokodo

Dance-Song

II

"Chamalebvu"
"The Beard"

Mamani	**wamina**	**chingoda**	**mamani**
Mother [in the Isihlengwe dialect]	*my mine*	*bird-snare*	*mother*

wamina	**chamalebvu**	**dadani**
my mine	*beard (long beard is understood in this song)*	*father [in the Isihlengwe dialect]*

wamina	**chingoda**	**ndeta**	**zokudini**	**salanyi**
my	*bird-snare*	*I do (Meaning: "What shall I do?")*	*how*	*farewell to ye (You remain behind, or, we part)*

muchimga	**kakwenda**	**kuno**
drink	*I am going*	*now*

NOTE: There are so many repetitions in the verse-form of this song, that the above interlinear translation offers only the actual words used in the poem.

Nthokodo

Dance-Song

III

Baba	**va**	**lovala**	**ngwena**	**ino**	**luma**
Father	*he*	*married*	*crocodile*	*that*	*bites*

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Kufamba mu Kadeya

Mocking-Song

(Also sung for dancing and played on the "malimba")

Kufamba	**mu**	**kadeya**		**mbudumbi**
To walk	*you*	*like that (in that way, thus)*		*a youth (meaning a young man)*
eya	**Kutamba**	**mu**	**kadeya**	**mbudumbi**
yes	*to dance*	*you*	*like that, etc.*	*a youth, etc.*
eya	**Kufamba**	**mu**	**kadeya**	**mbupuntha**
yes	*to walk*	*you*	*like that, etc.*	*a maiden, girl, girlhood*
eya				
yes				
Kutamba	**mu**	**kadeya**	**mbupuntha**	
to dance	*you*	*like that*	*a maiden, girl, girlhood*	

NOTE: In this song any verb may replace the verbs *Kufamba* and *Kutamba* in order to mock what the young person may be doing, such as:

Ku-seka = to laugh — *Ku-gala* = to sit
Ku-ima = to stand — *Ku-mba* = to sing

My African informant stated that the nearest English equivalent to the satire implied in the African words would be:

"Is it thus that a young man should walk!
Is it thus that a young man should dance!" etc.

Chililo

Lament

Ndino	**muwana**	**pi**	**inga**	**Balanku**
I shall	*him find*	*when*	*like*	*(proper name)*
mai	**mamaine**			
mother	*(exclamation meaning "Oh mother, alas, woe," etc.)*			
Wa	**kandi**	**zisa**	**ko**	**zakanaka**
He	*did me*	*bring*	*to*	*goodly things*
zese	**izi**	**ndaka**	**ziwana**	
All	*these*	*I did*	*possess ("through him" is understood.)*	
wa	**kandi**	**vonesa**	**kudakala**	
he	*did me*	*show*	*joy*	
zese	**izi**	**zandi**	**gumila**	**vga**
all	*these ("sorrows" understood)*	*have me*	*befallen*	*this*
vulombo	**vgangu**	**vga**	**ndoga**	**inini**
distress misery woe	*mine*	*this*	*alone*	*myself am*
nda	**siwa**	**ndoga**		
I	*left*	*alone*		

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Folk-Tales

Tale No. III

Song I

Chinya njenjeleka nje
Jog-trot-trot trot
(This whole world means a jog-trot.)

Kuputu kuputu bukuta mphu[1]li
(These syllables denote the sound of any four-footed animal loping) *dust* *flying*

Tino	**lu**	**kanda**	**kuna**	***Va*[2]**	**Njou**
I——	*it*	*give*	*to*	*Sir*	*Elephant*
"	"	"	"	"	**Nyati** *Buffalo*
"	"	"	"	"	**Shona** *Bush-Buck*
"	"	"	"	"	**Mphofu** *Elend (a kind of antelope)*

Meaning:
I give the song over to Sir Elephant,
or
I give my place to Sir Buffalo, etc.

Hamba
Tortoise

Bongo
Hyena

Folk-Tales

Tale No. III

Song II

1st Verse

Nandi Shulo kupembela
O You Hare to go away
(A summons,—vocative case)

unoviya lini mangwana[3]
You will come when to-morrow

2nd Verse

Iwe Shulo
You Hare

[1] This is an aspirate *h*. P*h* is *not* sounded like *ph* in English, but like *p* followed by an aspirant, thus: "**m-p-hu-li.**"

[2] *Va* is an honorific, like Mr. or Sir, used by the natives in addressing one another.

[3] Compare with Spanish "Mañana," to-morrow.

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3rd Verse

Kuti	**Shulo**		**wapembela**
If	*Hare*		*he goes away*
Wo	**zo**	**viya**	**lini**
You	*will*	*come*	*when*
mangwana			
to-morrow			

Legend and Song of the Daughter and the Slave

Song I

Lusinga	**dandali**[1]			
Cord	*whirr, vibrate*			
Kuti	**ndi - lini**	**nda**	**ka**	**be**
if	*I it is*	*that*	*did*	*steal*
ganga	**la**	**chide**		
treasure	*of*	*the beloved wife*		
lusinga	**davuka**	**ndi**	**wile**	
cord	*break*	*I*	*fall*	
mga	**Budji**	**ndi-zo**		
into	*or* **Buzi**	*I shall*		
	(*name of the river*)			
fila	**mgo**			
die	*into or within* (*it, the river, is understood*)			

Legend and Song of the Daughter and the Slave

Song II

Mai	**va-i-leva**	**linde**[2]
Mother	*she was saying*	*watch* (*imperative form of verb*)
Kufa[3]	**kwangu**	**pano**
In death	*mine*	*when*
Enda	**ku**	**mukulu**
go	*to*	*elder sister*
Mukulu	**ndi**	**yani**
Elder sister	*she is*	*who*

[1]This word has a nasal sound, the *n* being pronounced as in French. Also there is a subtle sound of *y* (**"dya'ndyali"**) that cannot be expressed with our alphabet. The whole word excellently imitates the twanging whirr of a tightly stretched, vibrating cord.

[2]Meaning: "Watch the birds."

[3]Meaning: "When I am dead."

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Mukulu **ndi** **Mgali**
Elder sister *she is* *(proper name of a woman)*

Mgali **wa-ndi** **lasha**
Mwali *she me* *rejected*

Ngo kuda **mulanda**
To love *the slave-girl*

Legend and Song of the Sky-Maiden

Song of the Sky-Maiden

Samudumbi-we **ndekande**
O youth *prithee or I pray*

("Mudumbi" = *youth.* "Samudumbi" *is the vocative case.* "We" *is a syllable added for emphasis, in this case to denote entreaty.*)

nyalala **wo** **chizwa**
heed not *you* *listen to*

nthuzwa **yanguyo-we**
a musical instrument like a rattle. *my (the final syllable "we" is for emphasis)*

Tongo **lingile-we**
you *look back ("we" emphatic syllable)*

mgana-we **ndoda**
("*mgana,*" *child, here used as a term of persuasion or endearment.* "We," *emphatic syllable*) *I want*

Kupinda-we **wochi**
to go ("we," *emphatic syllable*) *you (this form of the proposition implies entreaty)*

lingila-we **ndoda**
look back ("we," *emphatic syllable*) *I want*

Kwenda-we
to go ("we," *emphatic syllable*)

ZULU SONGS

NOTE FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF ZULU TEXT

a as in "*father*"
b has two sounds; one, as in English and the other as in *bh.*
č represents the "*dental click*" formed by pressing the tip of the tongue sharply against the front teeth
d as in English
e as in "*there*"
f as in English

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g always hard
h as in English
i as in "*ravine*"
j as in English
k as in English
l as in English
m as in English
n as in English
o as in "*nor*"
p as in English
ǧ represents the "palatal click"
r not used in these texts
s as in "*sail,*" *never* the *z* sound
t as in English
u as "oo" in "*moon*"
v as in English
w represents the semi-vowel *u* when combined in sound with another vowel following it. The sound produced and represented by this letter is consequently not so full and broad as in English
x not used in these texts
y as in English
z as in English

Note:—The above is only a slight indication of the subtleties and peculiarities of the Zulu language. As this book is intended primarily for the general reader, the Zulu sounds have been reduced as nearly as possible to letters pronounced as in English, and the explanations of the "clicks" have been simplified as far as possible. The *student* is referred, however, to the excellent dictionaries of the Zulu language compiled by missionaries and contained in the New York Public Library, New York City and the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. The various sounds of the Zulu clicks are produced by suction; the *c* click is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue sharply against the front teeth in *t* position; the *q* click is formed by striking the sides of the tongue sharply against the cheeks as in "clucking" to a horse; the most peculiar "click" consists in curling the tongue backward and striking it against the roof of the mouth—all these sounds are impossible of transcription according to the English use of written characters, and therefore it has been deemed wiser, owing to the nature of this book, to avoid elaborate indications and to offer merely a few general symbols. Clicks are generally indicated by the sign ˇ above a letter, as in "Če'le."

Igama le 'Mpi

Song of War

(*Impi* is the word for war. When preceded by the word "*Le,*" the "*I*" is left off for euphony.)

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Igama
A native song (i. e., the words of a song; the tune is called **"Igama Indhlela."**

le 'Mpi
of War

Senge — *Do I* (*from the aux. verb "sengase"*)

saba — *fear* (*v. fear anything acc. be afraid of it.*)

nakupi — *what, anything* (*from* **"naku"** *or* **"nakhu,"** *demons; pron.*)

we — *ye* (*from* **"wena,"** *emphatic pron.: thou, thee; pl. ye.*)

ma-Kosi
kings
(*abbreviated form of the plural* **"ama-Kosi."** *Sing.* **"i-n Kosi,"** *the King or head chief, of which there was only one among the Zulus. The plural form here denotes Kings of hostile tribes.*)

ukuwela
(*to fall over, or into; from the verb* "wela," *to fall over, into, upon, towards. For singing, the word is abbreviated* "Kuwel.")

odongeni
from **"u-Donga"** *n. sing.: the wall of a deep gully or washed away channel such as are common in the up-country flats of Zululand. Compare phrase* **"ufele odongeni lwamadoda"** *"he has died in the men's pit," i. e., "he has died the death of a brave man;" said of one who has been killed in battle (phrase from Bryant's Dictionary of the Zulu Language).*

tina
we
(**"tina"** *or* **"thina"**, *emphatic pron.: we, us.*)

siya	**hlushwa**	**ngabezizwe**	**na**
we are	*troubled by* (*participle, verb*)	*strangers*	*interrogative*

awu-yelelemama
(*an ejaculation conveying many different emotions, according to when it is used. Sometimes it means admiration or surprise; sometimes it means "alas" or woe"; sometimes it means rapture or joy. In this case "woe" is of course understood.*)

yeka
leave alone (s. k.) verb. let alone, as a person (acc.) who is being tormented by others.

i-Ngane
child
(*infant, or small children; but parents call even their adult children by this name.*)

enčane
(*Literally, "little", but in this sense the whole expression,* "i-Ngane enčane ye nKosi" *means the royal offspring, or the descendant of Kings.*)

ye	**nKosi**
of	*the King*

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Second Verse

Sesi	**bonwa**	**ngabezizwe**	**na**	**lizo**
we are	*seen*	*by strangers enemies*	*interrogative*	*it shall*

duma
flash with lightning
(lightning will strike; the Zulu warrior liken themselves to a storm with thunder and lightning.)

li **mutate**
it *captures him (it, them)*, or *shall capture (the future being implied by the previous "zo", in the word "lizo").*

nose **kude** **pela**
even the *distant one* *(ending for euphony and emphasis)*

ye **nKos**
yea (derived from the word "yebo", "yes"). *(the) King*

yeka	**ingane**	**enčane**	**ye**	**nKos**
let alone	*the child*	*little*	*of*	*the King*
or				
trouble not				

(It is not quite clear whether the expression "yea, King," means that the Zulus will capture even the King of their enemies, or is an affirmation addressed to their own King.)

Igama la Bantwana

Song of Children

O tula	**mntwana**	**O tula**	**unyoko**	**akamuko**
O hush	*child*	*O hush*	*thy mother*	*she is not here (from "amuko". "Akamuko" is an attenuated form of the word "amuko" used for the sake of the rhythm.)*

usele	**ezintabeni**	**uhlushwa**
she tarried she stayed	*in the mountains*	*troubled (by)*

izigwegwe **iwa**
zig-zag trail *(a meaningless exclamation to imitate the sounds made by a baby.)*

O tula	**mntwana**	**O tula**	**unyoko**	**uzezobuya**
O hush	*child*	*O hush*	*thy mother*	*she will return (from the word "uzobuyo", attenuated for the sake of rhythm.)*

akupatele **into** **enhle**
she will bring you *something* *pretty nice*
(in this sense probably fruit or berries.)

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Igama lo Kusina

Song of Dance

I

"Ukusina" = to dance.
"lo kusina" = of the dance.

Bengi	**lele**	**egq̆umeni**
I	*slept*	*on the hillside*
bengi	**lel'**	
I	*slept*	
Bengi	**lele**	**ezizweni**
I	*slept*	*among strangers*

nga	**zenga**	**mu**	**bōna**[1]
till	*I*	*saw*	

sibali	**u-bengi**	**qweba**
my beloved	*she me*	*beckoned*

Igama lo Kusina

Song of Dance

II

Dubula	**ungi**	**bambele**	**into**	**inye**
Shout	*she me*	*kept waiting*	*thing*	*one*
	(*abbreviation of ubengi*)		("*for one thing,*" *is understood*)	

ubengi	**bambele**	**into**	**inye**	**nonyaka**
She me	*kept waiting*	*thing*	*one*	*this year*

Awuyelelemama	**nonyaka**
(*ejaculation, see page 166*)	*this year*

ubengi	**bambele**	**into**	**inye**
She me	*kept waiting (for)*	*thing*	*one*

ubengi	**bambele**	**into**	**inye**	**nonyaka**
She me	*kept waiting (for)*	*thing*	*one*	*this year*

"*She kept me waiting for one thing till this year.*"

Igama lo Tando

Song of Love

I

U-yeze	**mame**
He comes	*Mother!*
is coming	(*Expression of joy, to be translated "O Joy," or "O Rapture."*)

[1] o in the word **"bona"** is pronounced very long.

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U-yeze	**u-moya**
He comes	*he, the wind*
is coming	

(*for as the wind blows and none can stop it, so he*)

nakuba	**seku**	**libantchi**	**lake**
even	*though*	*coat*	*his*
		garment	

ngoshada	**nalo**	**ngomteto**
I will marry	*it*	*I will by the law*

"He comes, O Rapture
He comes, he the wind.
Even though but his garment,
I will marry it,
I will, by the law."

Igama lo Tando

Song of Love

II

[1]**Udali**	**usele**	**ematshona**
He or *she*	*he stayed*	*in the West*
darling	*she*	

Uye ematshona	**ulele**	**ematshona**
He went to the West	*he slept*	*in the West*
She	*she*	

Udali	**uhamba**	**ematshona**	**kančane**
He or *she*	*he walked toward*	*the West*	*very slowly*
darling	*she*		

unengane	**enčane**	**udali**
bearing in his mind the thought of	*little*	*he* or *she*
	one	*darling*

usele	**ematshona**	**yeka**	[2]**mtakwetu**[3]
he stayed	*in the West*	*he is*	*my lover*
she		*she*	*child*

Usele	**ematshona**	**udali**	**ulele**	**ematshona**
He stayed	*in the West*	*he* or *she*	*he slept*	*in the West*
She		*darling*	*she*	

Awu yelelemam!
Alas! (*see page 166*)

[1]*U* is the second and third person, singular, irrespective of gender; it can mean you, or he or she. The word **"Udali"** is a corruption of the English word "darling".

[2]The *m* is sounded in speaking, like a whole syllable—"*um*".

NOTE: This song may be sung by a man to a woman, or by a woman to a man.

[3]This expression, a term of endearment is an abbreviation of the following: "*Mntwana wa Kwetu*, Child of ours," meaning "my child".

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Igama lo Tando

Song of Love

III

Awu	**yini**
(*First part of ejaculation,* **"Awu-yelelemama!"**	*think of of this*

yelelemama
(*Last part of ejaculation* **"Awu-yelelemama!"** *which in this case expresses the man's joy. See page 166*)

ngi	**hlangene**	**nekulu**
I	*met*	*a hundred* (*maidens is understood*)

ngomteto
in truth
(*also means, "by the law"*)

Igama lo Tando

Song of Love

IV

Ngi	**hlangene**	**nentombi**	**za**	**se**	**nzansi**
I	*met*	*maidens girls*	*those*	*from of*	*South (or, the country below the stream)*

zi	**twele**	**ugčunsula**	**nge**	**sikwantela**
who	*were carrying*	*trouble (the pain of lovers)*	*in*	*water-jar*

za	**fika**	**ečibini**	**za**	**lu**	**palaza**
they	*came*	*to the lake* (**čibi** = lake)	*they*	*it (referring to trouble)*	*poured out scattered, spilled*

wa	**fika**	**Unogq̆aq̆a**	**wa**	**q̆aq̆azela**
he	*came*	*he the Troubler*	*he*	*trembled*

ngi	**kape**	**'Nogq̆aq̆a**	**ngiye**	**kweli**	**pezulu**
me	*push drive*	*Troubler*	*I go*	*to the*	*upper land (Northward)*

ngo	**funa**	**intombi**	**enhliziyo**	**nga**	**yinye**
to	*seek*	*maid*	*whose heart*	*is*	*one*

amanye	**anhliziyo**	**nga**	**mbili**
Other's	*heart*	*is*	*two double*

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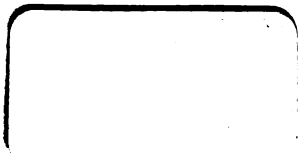
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